



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>











asn in

☐ This edition only

the, pages.

Third

ture and art.

OR periodical article author, place, year series: 1866

Book Title, edition, place, year series: 1866

Book Title, edition, place, year series: 1866

Book Title, edition, place, year series: 1866

Book Title, edition, place, year series: 1866

Book Title, edition, place, year series: 1866

Book Title, edition, place, year series: 1866

Book Title, edition, place, year series: 1866

Book Title, edition, place, year series: 1866

Book Title, edition, place, year series: 1866

Book Title, edition, place, year series: 1866

Book Title, edition, place, year series: 1866

Book Title, edition, place, year series: 1866

please supply

☐ Microfilm

☐ Hard copy

exceed \$

OCIC, or other number if

U of

Ann Arbor

request complies with

08(g)(2) Guidelines (CCG)

other provisions of copyright law (CCL)

AUTHORIZED BY: (full name)

Marcia

TITLE

820.9

A26

ser. 3



LECTURES ON LITERATURE  
AND ART.







THE  
AFTERNOON LECTURES ON  
LITERATURE AND ART.

122349

DELIVERED IN THE THEATRE OF THE MUSEUM OF

INDUSTRY, S. STEPHEN'S GREEN, DUBLIN,

IN APRIL AND MAY, 1865.



THIRD SERIES.

LONDON:  
BELL AND DALDY, 186, FLEET STREET.  
DUBLIN: HODGES & SMITH, AND W. MCGEE.

1866.





## CONTENTS.

	Page
PREFACE . . . . .	vii
LECTURE I.	
ON HISTORY AND PROGRESS. <i>By Professor D'Arcy W. Thompson, Queen's College, Galway</i> . . . . .	I
LECTURE II.	
THE INFLUENCE OF FOREIGN LITERATURE ON ENGLISH LITERATURE. <i>By Rev. James Byrne, M.A.</i> . . . .	35
LECTURE III.	
ON THE PRINCIPLES AND USES OF ALLITERATION IN POETRY. <i>By Evory Kennedy, M.D., E. and T.C.D. (Hon.)</i> . . . .	87
LECTURE IV.	
MILTON'S PROSE. <i>By the Right Hon. Mr. Justice Keogh</i> . . . .	129
LECTURE V.	
DECORATIVE ART IN ITS CONNECTION WITH MODERN SCIENCE. <i>By J. H. Pollen, Esq.</i> . . . . .	155
LECTURE VI.	
BERKELEY. <i>By Isaac Butt, Esq. Q.C.</i> . . . . .	185

10-25-35-34  
 Dec 1

AFTERNOON LECTURES ON  
LITERATURE AND ART.

PRESIDENT.

THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

VICE-PRESIDENT.

THE REV. THE PROVOST OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

COMMITTEE.

SIR BERNARD BURKE, Ulster.

THE RIGHT HON. THE ATTORNEY GENERAL.

EVORY KENNEDY, Esq., M.D.

SIR ROBERT KANE.

DIGBY P. STARKEY, Esq.

MAZIERE J. BRADY, Esq.

EDWARD GIBSON, Esq.

FRANCIS T. L. DAMES, Esq.

PERCY FITZGERALD, Esq.

PROFESSOR INGRAM, F.T.C.D.

DAVID R. PIGOT, Esq.

R. H. MARTLEY, }  
R. DENNY URLIN, } *Hon. Secretaries.*



## PREFACE.

**T**HIS, the third annual volume published by the Committee, contains the greater number of the "Afternoon Lectures" delivered during the Spring of 1865, in the Museum of Irish Industry, S. Stephen's Green, Dublin. Owing to a variety of circumstances its publication has been unavoidably delayed until the present time.

The marked success which has attended the efforts of the Committee induces them to hope that the "Afternoon Lectures" have supplied a want which had been long felt before their establishment, and that they have already taken a place as a permanent institution in Dublin.

The Committee take this opportunity of offering their thanks to the several gentlemen who have contributed lectures to the course, as well

as to Sir Robert Kane and the authorities of the Department of Science and Art, who again kindly placed the Museum at the disposal of the Committee.

ROBERT H. MARTLEY, } *Hon. Secs.*  
R. DENNY URLIN, }

February, 1866.



# ON HISTORY.

BY PROFESSOR D'ARCY W. THOMPSON,

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, GALWAY.









## ON HISTORY.

**T**HE study of poetry maketh a man witty ; and the study of history maketh a man wise.' Thus, or to this effect, speaks the wisest of the Elizabethan wise men. The epigrammatic sentences are familiar to us all. For my own part, I have admired them from the days of my boyhood ; but it was only a few weeks ago that, on selecting them as my text for the following remarks, I discovered to my surprise that I either differed with the great philosopher in opinion : a circumstance that made me apprehensive on the score of modesty ; or else—what was very probable, indeed,—that I had failed to gather the true and full purport of his words.

It would seem to me that we may gather wit and brilliancy from the elaborated, brief, condensed, and easily-remembered utterances of the lesser poets ; that we may store up knowledge from the works of historians by gathering up the facts they record, and that not seldom we may save our judgment by throwing their inferences away ; but that practical sagacity, while to a very great extent a matter of temperament

and inheritance, is a quality of mind improvable now, as in the days of Ulysses, by personal intercourse with other and varied minds, and actual observation of the ways and manners, and habits of other men ; and that charitable wisdom, or a sense of human brotherhood, is to be drawn chiefly from works of cosmopolitan sentiment, humour, and observation ; such as *Don Quixote* ; *Gil Blas* ; the *Essays of Montaigne* ; the comedies of *Shakespeare* and *Molière* ; the *Vicar of Wakefield* ; the *Essays of Charles Lamb* ; and the novels of *Thackeray* and *Dickens* ; that intellectual wisdom is to be derived from the study of the varied works of such philosophers as, from the days of *Aristotle* to those of our own *Mill*, eschewing the glittering field of moonshine-speculation, and the *Will-o'-the-wisp* occupation of leading others into intellectual morasses, have condescended to be useful, and practicable, and reasonable, and intelligible ; and that wisdom, in a higher, more comprehensive, human, and catholic sense of the word, is mainly to be drawn from the biographies of great jurists, statesmen, warriors, artists, and men of letters, and chiefly from the reverent and diligent perusal of those few renowned poets that seem to have drawn into their own brains the concentrated wisdom of their respective epochs, and to have risen, either partially or entirely, above the prejudices of their time and country, under the workings of generous and broad and world-embracing sympathies.

History would be almost a substitute for travel, observation, and experience ; would be, in fact, a training-school for practical sagacity ; if historians from time

immemorial had been more careful to accumulate knowledge and record simply, accurately, and without inference, men's dealings with one another, than to generalize upon scanty data, and to interpret, by the dim light of human intelligence, or the dark lantern of local prejudice, the mysterious but impartial dealings of Providence with man; in other words, the teachings of historians would be infinitely more valuable as a source of mental training, had they chosen to a greater extent the part of a judge rather than that of an advocate, the business of a messenger rather than that of an interpreter.

It would perhaps be impossible to define with exactitude how much, or how little of history is embalmed in the poetry of the *Iliad*. There is, however, in this ocean-poem a confluence of streams; and one of these merged streams is that of history. In one of the latter books you may remember how Achilles pursues Hector round the walls of Troy, while the Gods above and the great Father of Gods and Men are looking anxiously on; how that the prize for which these runners are a-running is great Hector's life; and how with Hector's death is linked the ruin of a great empire, the death of many valiant men, and the slavery of innumerable mothers and maidens and little children. The Father holds the balance in an impartial hand, with the fate of either hero in a separate scale; and, beneath the pressure of inexorable Destiny, the fate of Hector sinks down, to the sorrow of the common Father. There is a breadth of charity in this splendid allegory, which we but seldom, if ever, see exemplified in the pages of a prose historian.

The ostensible subject of the great work of Herodotus is the Persian invasion of Greece, and round the main subject he groups the varied knowledge accumulated during a lifetime of multiform experience. We have a brilliant, but not very valuable stone, a species of mock diamond, set in most rare filigree and purest gold. We have the entertaining works of a curious and observant traveller, rendered unnecessarily complete and uniform by the introduction of a great historical event, picturesquely and dramatically represented. We pick up ever and anon scraps of wisdom from quaint and subtle observations of the old gossip, or from sententious epigrams assigned to king, or priest, or courtier. We smile at the credulity of this guest and questioner of Egyptian savants; but very possibly this historical dramatist would smile at the credulity of his annotators, and the pains needlessly expended in defending or attacking the details of that impossible host of five million men, with women, and horses, and camels, that drank the rivers dry as they marched across the world, or rather across the parchment of the writer, for the conquest of a not very productive earth-corner, about twice the size of Yorkshire. The attention of heaven and earth is riveted to the singular and uneven game of military chess. Prophets prophesy, and monarchs dream dreams. Omens are misunderstood by wise men, though a child might run and read destruction in their significance. Mares give birth to leverets in vain. The stars in their courses fight, obviously to after-wit, against a judicially blinded Sisera. The might of old historic Asia bursts upon the shores of Greece, and

breaks into harmless foam. We remarked that it would be impossible to define how much of history was contained in the poem of Homer; it were almost as difficult, and perhaps as useless a task, to eliminate imagination from fact in the treatment by Herodotus of the great Persian invasion of Greece.

Thucydides occupied years of banishment in detailing the incidents of the Peloponnesian war,—the first writer of history, first in point of time; and, to this very day, the first in point of quality. We have now and then a prophecy, referred to in a spirit of ill-concealed derision. Perhaps the fashion of hot-meat suppers was going out of vogue; for neither Pericles, nor Brasidas, nor Alcibiades, nor Cleon dream a single dream. Degenerate days! How they used to eat and drink at any hour of the night, those old heroes round Ilium! They would come in from a night-surprise, and wake up Nestor, and a few other choice and ever-hungry spirits, and fall to like men. What wonder if a monarch, with half a chine within him, awoke before the dim dawn with the dream-god Oneirus at his side?

The history of Thucydides, so far as it goes, is perhaps the most perfect and reliable of all historical works, ancient and modern. The dry record of facts is relieved from time to time by brief but philosophical speculation, and the chief actors in the scene are made dramatically to express the motives and aspirations of their respective states. But the speeches, put into the mouths of envoys, Athenian, Lacedæmonian, Corinthian, or Corcyræan, are never given as the *ipsissima verba* of the speakers. We are expressly warned that

they are but compendious records of memory or hearsay. The political leanings of the writer are manifest; but his aristocratic tastes never lead him to put nonsense into the mouth of a democratic leader. Indeed, after perusing a speech of Cleon or Diodotus, we find a difficulty in refuting his arguments. The great game for Hellenic supremacy is carried on with the ordinary weapons of valour, skill, common-sense, presumption, ignorance, and folly; and we are not surprised to find, that, when valour is evenly divided, resolution and common-sense eventually determine the issue. The ability of Thucydides as a historian is signally, though unconsciously, attested by Xenophon, who, although successful in almost every other field of literary exertion, in military story, in educational romance, in philosophical biography, in practical and every-day philosophy, yet falls both in style and matter as far behind his predecessor, as does our Smollet behind our Hume.

Livy treats the history of Rome as an inexhaustible subject for grand scene-paintings; and, despite the magnificent efforts of Lord Macaulay, is still the monarch of panoramic history.

Tacitus was miserably circumstanced for a historian. By natural tastes he would seem more fitted for philosophy than for history. In modern times, in the treatment of the latter, he would undoubtedly have chosen the field of philosophic history or political economy, and would have risen from petty and personal details to high and comprehensive generalizations. As it was, he was condemned, to a very great extent, to exhaust

his wit and sarcasm, and his marvellous power of Rembrandt-colouring upon the unimproving ana of the imperial court. Rome was to him what Paris would be to a French historian of the last century. Tiberius was the nucleus of the Roman world; as Louis Quatorze of the French. They, in their respective days, and to their respective subjects, were the centres of the political universe; of centrifugal and centripetal force. When Tiberius was gloomy—and that was not seldom—there was an eclipse of the moon. When Louis changed his mistress—and that was not seldom—there was commotion in far distant planets. The annals of Tacitus form, perhaps, the most melancholy of all historic records. Their details are dismal and sad enough of themselves. But their reader is most saddened by the reflection that a writer of consummate genius should have wasted so much of descriptive power and philosophic thoughtfulness in portraying individual vices, meannesses, and tyrannies. It is as though we had left us cartoons by Michael Angelo, drawn with a charcoal pencil on a large white wall.

It were a pity that the History of Hume should ever lose its place upon our shelves, so long as a value shall be put upon pure and simple and vigorous and unadulterated English. It would be a pity that it should be ever again regarded in the light of genuine history, so long as accuracy of detail and the absence of political bias are held as requisites in a historian. It is a melancholy fact that impartiality was found wanting in a philosopher, so dispassionate, so even-tempered, as the great Scotsman. When cold and phlegmatic wis-



dom warms into political unfairness, who can be trusted? Let us have almanacks again, skeleton Fasti, and genealogical trees; and be left to draw our own inferences.

Perhaps, since the days of the *Æneid*, no work of fiction has been ever written to compare with what we have of Lord Macaulay's *History of England*. The quasi-historical-poem and the quasi-fictional-history may be perused by an ordinary and unbiassed reader without his becoming in the slightest degree interested in, or attached to, the hero of either. In the latter work all the resources of scholarship and rhetoric, and a something very akin to genius, are brought to bear upon the life and adventures of a resolute, obstinate, sagacious, cold-blooded, hard-headed, uninteresting Dutchman. The painter has set in a large frame of solid gold—or of gilding, very thickly laid on—the portrait of a hero, in whose lineaments are clearly discerned the qualities of bull-dog tenacity and uninspired common-sense. Of all the warriors that fought around Troy, Agamemnon is certainly the most uninteresting. This was to be expected from his position as generalissimo. But still he makes a fool of himself, and is a human being, and a weak one, for all his sceptre and his upper-royalty. His character is as fraught with interest when compared with that of William, as is the great Knight-Templar when compared with his rival Ivanhoe. We can sympathize with a historico-philosopher, even though we yawn over the perusal of his latter volumes, when he waxes enthusiastically prolix in detailing the unimportant eccentricities of the Great

Frederick. We can excuse the blindness of a Frenchman, who has gazed long, and without smoked glasses, on a Napoleon-sun. But what mental theory will account satisfactorily for the fact that a writer whose catholic reading had made him familiar with the chief heroic characters of Grecian, Roman, and modern history, should have selected for the object of his life-long worship a most unfortunate although a most valiant warrior; a monarch, who, if he surpassed his own ministers in the respectable qualities of resolution and perseverance, was in no way superior to certain among them and their cotemporaries in statesmanlike sagacity and foresight.

It has been the fashion in very recent days for a historian to confine his attention to some one particular epoch or reign. Special monarchs have been selected, whose pilloried faces have for centuries been the favourite mark for rotten eggs and filth of every description. These monarchs have been subjected to a scrubbing process, and had all the ordinary sins of humanity rubbed off them. The writer takes for his raw material what some predecessor has handed to him as a bigot, a sensualist, or a tyrant, and in his closing volume turns you out a character distinguished for zeal in religion, tempered with discretion; with capacities for enjoyment of unforbidden pleasures, not excluding a severe and rigorous discharge of duty; or one compelled by the exigencies of the times to a reluctant but advisable over-exercise of prerogative. Possibly, in the next generation, the fashion will have changed round to the opposite point of the compass. We shall start with a

hero or a saint, and conclude with a Nero or a Blue-beard.

The kaleidoscopic method has been applied with great success to the treatment of the history, and especially the early history of Rome. Each generation seems to produce a German mole, who for a term of years makes the Eternal City his head-quarters, burrows in amongst old manuscripts and tombstones, and plays havoc with the historical theories of all his predecessors. The early kings flit before us as ærial and dim in form as the blue ghosts on a mountain-side in Ossian. The constitution of old republican Rome is cut and carved, and carved and cut again. It seems to be endowed with some singular crescive faculty. It is a joint off which all the world help themselves; it never decreases in bulk, although its shape is for ever changing.

There are certain crotchets that stick like barnacles on the sides of Grecian history. In former days, three or four men were found to write dull volumes about the Pelasgi; and three or four other men are said to have been found to read them. A historical subject was painted in a room dim with natural twilight, and exhibited in a room darkened superfluously by artificial means. Nobody is supposed ever to have understood the subject; or to have anticipated understanding it. It is a historical conundrum; like the mutilation of the Hermæ at Athens, or the origin of the late Danish war. When a conundrum is very difficult indeed, it is sometimes as well to give it up. It is just possible that the answer would be a poor one, if we knew it. The lost tribes of Israel have very often been found useful in ac-

counting for any homeless set of historical vagrants. Chronology, however, presents a provoking difficulty in the case of the Pelasgi. Regarding these impalpable and impracticable immigrants, it might, perhaps, have been as well to say with the great Busbequius Bungfungus—*ἐξολέσειεν αὐτοὺς ὁ Ζεὺς*.

Shall we never in this enterprising age have an effort made to galvanize into life the prostrate forms of those poor heroes and demigods, out of whom the breath of life has been squeezed by a dull and prosy and realistic philosophy? Should a trifling blunder in chronology of some three centuries blot out for ever the fame of Messenian Aristomenes? A similar spirit of scepticism has already tampered with the renown of a Wallace and a Tell. Heaven knows how it may fare with our own national heroes. It is quite possible that by this system of historical dissolving views, Wellington may fade away into a Druidical god of war, and Nelson be transformed into the figure-head of an old three-decker.

I would venture to say that we have not a school history of Greece or Rome to compare, in point of usefulness, in suggestive lessons of high spirit and wholesome morality, with the inaccurate, but beautifully-written histories of Goldsmith. A boy-reader will derive more benefit, morally and intellectually, from the poetical and unauthentic stories of Aristomenes, Lycurgus, and Solon, than from dry and exhaustive details of questions legal, literary, æsthetic, and political. And, touching upon this point, it seems to me strange that Plutarch, in a modified and English form, should never have formed a text-book, or, at all events, a

popular text-book, in our junior schools. Any inaccuracy of historic detail would be more than counter-balanced by the graphic and picturesque and emulation-stirring presentation of the varying phases of the old world's heroism.

While Roman history has been used as the instrument of promulgating German crotchets, Grecian history has been used in England for the advocacy of conservative or democratic doctrines. *Mutatis nominibus de nobismet ipsis loquimur.*

Furthermore, in the treatment of ancient history by recent writers, a simulated enthusiasm dwells tediously upon the circumstantial details of petty events and unimportant movements. We are annoyed perpetually with lengthened discussions as to the geography of a trumpety townling, or the arrangements of some trivial and indecisive siege. Each separate chapter is a separate essay; with its prelude, its mid-stuffing, and its finale. Volume upon volume of rhetoric obscures the clear view of circumstances that might more profitably be enclosed within the limits of two volumes of succinct narrative. Juvenile oratory is not more flatulent with verbal noise echo-less only of meaning, than are these interminable and bulky volumes with learned, dull, and profitless disquisition.

The grandest work ever composed by one man is perhaps the stately History of Gibbon. A great Frenchman, who stands in the foremost ranks of the men of letters and statesmen of his country, is said to have read the *Decline and Fall* three separate times, and to have expressed himself to the effect that, after the first perusal, he considered the work to be the most

unreliable of all historical records; that, after the second, he found his judgment in suspense; that, after a third and very diligent study of the work, during which he verified every quotation and reference, he closed the last volume with the conviction that he had read the truest and fairest of histories. Despite an eulogy from a great authority, and despite our involuntary admiration of our countryman's colossal work, no lover of fair play and dispassionate criticism, in the perusal of those chapters that touch chiefly on the rise and progress of Christianity, but must deplore the persistent use of sneer and banter and insinuation; weapons fair in the hands of partisan or advocate, but wholly unbecoming a philosopher, and utterly damning to the credit of a historian.

So far as my own reading goes, if I were asked to mention three historical works as being, in my own opinion, most deserving of admiration, I should enumerate unhesitatingly the work of Thucydides, the Imperial History of Gibbon, and that most accurate history in point of facts, but most gorgeous one in point of colouring, Carlyle's History or Iliad of the French Revolution; and if I were asked in what way a historian could render himself chiefly useful to the present generation of English readers and to posterity, I should say unhesitatingly, by compressing into portable sizes such historical works as Arnold's *Rome*, Grote's *Greece*, and Carlyle's *Frederick*; and this I should not say from any want of appreciation for the moral earnestness of the first of these writers, the exhaustive learning of the second, and the unequalled word-painting powers of the third; but I should make the apparently-audacious

statement from the following considerations. In the days of antiquity, style and finish and manner were considered almost tantamount, in point of importance, to substance or matter. With regard to the Greek writers—with the solitary exception of Plato, who has been the most magnificent and splendid of all bewilders of the human mind—condensation and brevity of expression are invariable attributes of style. If brevity was considered a literary duty, when the subjects of human study were few in number, and scantily treated, it is now a question of philanthropy for a writer to be brief almost to repressiveness or reticence, at a time when the old studies of philosophy, logic, history, and mathematics have been immensely extended; and when novel but ever-widening studies of philology, chemistry, physiology, and biology are pressing imperiously but dangerously upon the overtasked nerves and brains of those modern students, that love wisdom not wisely but too well. It is upon such grounds that I would advocate the propriety of pricking from time to time a moralizing wind-bag in the first of the above works; of subjecting to a course of Banting the entirety of the second; and of tapping the third, which is obviously in a far-gone condition of dropsy.

Before closing these desultory remarks on the subject of history, while I would earnestly advocate, especially for educational ends, greater use of biography and storytelling, and lesser doses of moral and political discussion, I would fain record my debt of gratitude to certain great, but unconscious or incidental historians; to the writers of the *Last of the Barons*; of *Quentin*

Durward ; The Three Musketeers ; of Lionel Lincoln ; Barnaby Rudge ; and, last and greatest and sweetest and strangest book of all, the Life and Adventures of Harry Esmond.

After fault-finding with historians, and recommending the works of biographers and novelists, I would now venture somewhat paradoxically to state that the study of history might to a very great extent be assisted, simplified, and illustrated by the photographer. At all events, if I were called on to deliver prelections on history, ancient and modern, in a great educational establishment, and were supplied with the requisite funds to carry out my designs, I should select some large room or dining-hall for my lecture-room, and should cover its walls up to a reasonable height with well-executed fac-similes of the attainable portraits of great men and memorable women ; of the paintings by great artists that represent historic incidents of importance ; and of such paintings as would illustrate the various schools of Florence, Venice, Spain, Flanders, France, and Britain ; and I would have them arranged in groups to illustrate a century or an epoch ; and I would also have representations of great works of architecture and sculpture depicted on the walls ; and in my chronological lines of monarchs I would only supply portraits for such monarchs as had been real kings and queens ; and the places of the make-believe ones would be sufficiently supplied by printed names ; and before delivering a prelection I should read as much and as widely as time would permit ; and in delivering a prelection I should make it as short as I possibly



could, without rendering it incomplete and obscure : and I should expect that my pupils would be saved the annoyance of listening to much twaddle from myself, and the trouble of wading through much unnecessary talk-talk in the voluminous works of others, by the pictorial aids that would decorate beautifully and usefully the walls of my Museum of History.

## ON PROGRESS.



THE old-fashioned and time-honoured belief was that the human race was steadily degenerating ; that by some contradictory philosopher's-stone an age of gold had been transmuted into consecutive ages of silver, brass, and iron ; and that through the iron stage the generation for the time being was journeying surely, and not slowly, to the devil. Of late years it has, unhappily, been the fashion to turn topsy-turvy this and every other reasonable and comforting old doctrine. Vain efforts have been made to overturn grey, venerable structures of belief with the puny levers of argument and arithmetic. Dull savants have cavilled at the brief duration of the creation-week, and measured the capacity of Omnipotence with the ell-wand of a prose philosophy. Adam, and Eve, and Paradise, and the terrible Apple-tree, have been allegorized away into a mirage of unprofitable doubt : piratical scoundrels have

scuttled poor Noah's ark, after making the patriarch and family walk the plank, with their long coats on : commentators, regardless of good manners, have taken the words out of the mouth of Balaam's ass. Shallow thinkers or partial observers now assure us that humanity is continuously advancing towards perfection. A ridiculous and impertinent doctrine, that preaches down our grandfathers, and preaches up our grandchildren. Leave these latter alone : they will be conceited enough without any help of ours. Besides, is there not a tide in the affairs of men and nations ? Assuredly ; for humanity is an ocean, that for ever ebbs and flows, and ebbs again ; and not a monotonous river running ceaselessly one way. There is a periodicity in the fortunes and conditions of individuals and peoples, like as in the movements of the planets and planetary systems : fashions in dress, that are new to-day, died of old age some centuries ago : opinions, and theories, of science, philosophy, government, and religion, move, like storm-winds, in spiral curves.

The doctrine of progress is to many minds associated, most erroneously, with a belief in God's providence ; he that upholds the delusive theory is described as having faith in the future of humanity ; and scepticism upon the point, instead of being regarded as a fair mental condition, is considered almost tantamount to moral obliquity.

At first sight it would appear a superfluous task, and perhaps a cruelty, to disturb a belief so fraught with pleasurable self-satisfaction to the believer. Indeed, it were advisable in this case, as in others, to leave well

alone, but for a somewhat singular and paradoxical consideration. The doctrine of progress is productive of self-conceit; and self-conceit is the great enemy of progress; consequently, he that preaches the said doctrine is exerting himself to prevent its realization; and whoso attempts to demonstrate that humanity is not improving, is trying unwittingly to benefit his species, and give the lie to his own demonstration: in either case the arguer is putting a cog to the wheel of his own argument, and proving, perhaps unnecessarily, the futility of dialectics.

The great features of modern times are scientific curiosity, and the application of science to practical usage. But science is conversant only with knowledge; and knowledge differs from, and is far inferior to, wisdom. Knowledge is a post-natal acquisition; it is generated and increased by the accumulation of facts, and the observation of outward things; we can trace and measure its growth from season to season, as in a building we see the foundation laid, and stone put upon stone, and chamber beside chamber. Wisdom is more mysterious and subtle in its birth and growth. It can no more proceed out of a defective brain than a tree can rise out of unwholesome soil; yet it is as little independent of outward observation as is a tree of light and air. Its growth is imperceptible; when once it sets in, it is difficult to impede, and impossible to hasten it. Knowledge may be made to resemble wisdom very closely, as a chemist may compose a mixture to resemble wine. But as in old wine there is a certain aroma that time alone can give, that baffles science and

defies analysis, so is there in wisdom a certain something that is not to be found in knowledge, and which cannot be put therein by any known human agency. We may intercommunicate knowledge, or we may keep it locked away, selfishly, in our own brains. But wisdom cannot be communicated at will, even by a father to a son; although the son of a wise father has a fair chance of obtaining wisdom by spontaneous inheritance, or of gradually catching it by contagion.

The aggregate amount of knowledge in the world is every day increasing; it is like a rising arithmetic series, whose first term is zero, and whose common difference is a very minute fraction: that of wisdom is probably a constant quantity, subject neither to increase nor abatement. A youth of twenty has manifold more of knowledge now-a-days than a youth of twenty could have had in the days of Solon; and for a time the consciousness of knowledge is fraught with danger to his modesty and judgment. But the teaching of time and experience is the same now as in the days of old; and a modern greybeard, if he be wise at all, is probably as wise as any of the patriarchs in Genesis. But alas! we are a generation too prone to slight the teachings of greybeards and the traditions of antiquity. Like Rehoboam, we prefer the counsel of young men. But Rehoboam is a notable instance of a son not inheriting wisdom. His kingdom was rent with chinks and cracks; and the wisdom of old age would have operated like a cement; but the monarch thrust the advice of youth, like a wedge, into the open places, and split his kingdom into fragments.

Let us take a retrospective view of past times, and compare, in a few of its phases, our own civilization with that of the most famous and refined peoples of antiquity.

Of all the arts, it is perhaps in regard to music that modern times may be most favourably contrasted with antiquity. Our system of notation is certainly superior to any ancient system. At all events, we should infer its superiority from the fact that no ancient one has led to the transmission of a single melody; although, by the bye, it is not improbable that melodies have been orally, though unwittingly, transmitted down to our own days from the very remotest antiquity. However, our system of notation is of itself so ancient, that we may dismiss its consideration.

Antiquity, then, had no instruments to compare in sweetness and compass with the piano, the violin, and organ? Granting this to be the case, we are only allowing the superiority of the moderns in regard to mechanical ingenuity. The perfection of instrumental mechanism assists a composer very little, if at all. The present century has produced great musicians, but possibly no century will produce musicians to compare with Mozart and Beethoven. And Mozart wrote many of his finest pieces on a tavern-table with boon companions around him; or extemporized them upon a jingling spinette; and Beethoven, towards the end, heard only that inner music of the soul, of which all outer and mechanical instruments can give but the faintest of faint echoes.

The grandest, and almost the only, lyric poetry in

our English language is what we have borrowed from the Hebrews. What must that verse be in the original tongue, that defies comparison in a translation !

The lyrical poetry of Greece is second only to that of the Hebrews, and possesses the anomalous quality of untranslatableability. The luxuriant lyric of a Semitic dialect has passed into musical and idiomatic English, while the more chastened lyric of a sister-tongue resists every effort of translation. A passage of Pindar, or a chorus of Sophocles, is a kind of gooseberry ; to enjoy it thoroughly you must eat it off the bush.

Now lyric verse is but the result of music operating on the brain ; as is dancing of its operation on the nerves. Wherever, in the lyrics of a nation, we detect subtlety, accuracy, and variability of rhythm, it is impossible to resist the inference that the music of such a nation must have been delicate and comprehensive. In the 107th psalm we seem to hear part-singers uniting ever and anon in one great choral swell ; in the 137th psalm, we hear the mournful wailings of a most sweet and plaintive lute ; in the 104th, we have the verbal record of the grandest of all human songs of praise. If only these little dots of Aretino had been thought of betimes, what a pleasure to have listened really to a chorus from the Antigone, or to one of the sweet songs of Sion ? For had not these Greeks and Hebrews souls replete with melody ? and is not the human voice the oldest and the best of all instruments of music ? older and sweeter than the reed-music of old, immemorial Pan ?

It is not impossible, but very probable, that in the

earliest styles of severe church music we have some faint traditionary echoes of the choral music of Greece ; and that, allowing for differences of religious feeling, the early Italian painters moved in the traditionary steps of Grecian masters. Indeed, the early painters of Italy belong more to antiquity than to modern times. The secret of their inspiration is lost ; and their style is irreproducible. The difficult field of figure-painting, as combined with the embodiment of vast conceptions, has been abandoned in despair ; and weaker generations have explored the less difficult ground of historical scene-painting, or the delineations of seascape and landscape, or indulged in the beautiful and transparent effeminacy of water-colours.

With regard to sculpture, we have men of native genius in London and in Rome, who, if patronage were liberal, and competition fairly open, might replace with works of beauty the monuments that at present tend only to vulgarize superfluously the national taste, and to render us ridiculous in the eyes of intelligent foreigners. A traveller through London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, ceases, from habituation, to smile at bare-headed monarchs in the costume of Achilles ; mounted generals caracollling upon gateways ; obscure M.P.'s catching halfpence or rain-drops in their hats ; or heroes and statesmen perched on pillar-tops, as high and ugly, but not as useful, as the chimneys of our factories. From what we see of our groundling statues, we should feel disposed to advocate the hoisting of all coming worthies to the summits of still higher columns. The defects or jokes of posture and of costume would be at least par-

tially concealed : even a quid or a pipe might be so inserted in the mouth of an exposed admiral as to be discernible only by the use of a telescope.

In regard to architecture, the Egyptians have a column and simple chapter, supporting masses of horizontal stone ; and the effect produced is the impression of solemnity and strength. By the Greeks the column was thinned, and the chapter varied ; and solemnity was replaced by lightness, and strength by grace. The Romans borrowed somewhat unskilfully and inharmoniously from their more tasteful subjects and instructors, but furnished their own quota of the floral scroll. The necessities of covered roofing and rain-drainage under inclement skies led to the pointed arch, and the single column was fluted into conglomerate *columnulæ* by the unknown founders of the Gothic. The necessity of a rain-proof roofing, and the consequent absence of roof-light, led to the use of windows, and the shaping of the windows was determined by the angularities of a sloping roof. The domestic architecture of the chief cities in the middle ages, Italian, Spanish, Venetian, and Flemish, borrowed indiscriminately from Greek, Roman-Greek, and Gothic. Modifications were made at the suggestion of expedience ; and a pointed window might be flattened to an oblong for the admission of light. In our own days, Architecture is dead, or worse than dead. So far are we from being able to suggest original ideas or fresh combinations, that we are but seldom successful imitators of past excellence. There is some Gorgon influence that operates upon our modern architects, and metamorphoses them into stone-



maisons. Dunedin would probably be the fairest of European cities, if its Calton Hill were swept bare by a beneficent tornado, and its picture galleries, with seven-tenths of its ecclesiastical barns, were uprooted by a discriminating earthquake. To beautiful but ill-used Dunedin may be applied the lines of Busbequius Bungfungus:—

“God gave his best; hill, sea, and plain:  
Man did his worst; thank God, in vain.”

Eloquence is rare in our Parliament, and almost extinct in our pulpits. Certainly, in the former, common sense and practical wisdom command a hearing; but, in the latter, a brilliant and crowded audience can too readily be obtained by gesticulative rhetoric, spurious sentiment, simulated earnestness, or, alas! by an irreverent and coal-heaverish jocosity.

The tastes of a nation's noblesse may to a very great extent be gauged by the nature of its theatrical amusements. To all serious and reflecting men, the stage is now for a reproach and a casting down of the eyes. We pay a silly homage to dead genius by windy speech and tawdry processions; but Hamlet soliloquizes almost real soliloquies; the stern, queenly somnambulist carries her taper before an empty house; and the old king exhausts the depths of pathos to a pitiless, because absent, public. Meanwhile, a metropolitan crowd is hastening pit-wards to cheer the representation of monotonous and wearisome imbecility, or to weep over the ballad-bagwash, and grin at the monkey-gibbering of sooty-faced white-negroes.

Modern and ancient literature have each their specialities; works unique; books that, like Melchizedek, have had no father, and leave behind them no son. Were we to weigh in opposite scales these specialities of modern and ancient literary power, we should in the one scale put the claims of the *Inferno*; Don Quixote; Macbeth; Lear; Hamlet; Othello; the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; the *Merry Wives of Windsor*; the *Essays of Montaigne*; the *Essays of Bacon*; the *Pensées of Pascal*; the *Comus of Milton*; the *Pilgrim's Progress*; *Robinson Crusoe*; *Gulliver's Travels*; *Tristram Shandy*; the imperial history of Gibbon; the *Don Juan of Byron*; the *Essays of Ælia*; the *Ancient Mariner of Coleridge*; the *Platonic Ode of Wordsworth*; the *Cloud of Shelley*; the *In Memoriam of Tennyson*, and all his minor poems; the *Faust of Goethe*; and the *Pickwick of Dickens*. In the second scale we should place the *Iliad*; the *Odyssey*; the *Agamemnon*, and the *Prometheus of Æschylus*; the *Frogs*, the *Birds*, the *Wasps*, and the *Clouds of Aristophanes*; the *Crown Speech of Demosthenes*; the *Plays of Sophocles*, excepting only the *Trachiniæ*; the works of Pindar, Thucydides, Plato, Aristotle, and Lucian, *in toto*; the *Atys of Catullus*; the *Satires and Epistles of Horace*; the *Georgics*; the *Metamorphoses*, and the sixth book of the *Æneid*; the *Second Philippic of Cicero*; and the *Annals of Tacitus* and the *Enchyridion of Epictetus*. I wonder which of the two scales would kick the beam?

If an Athenian gentleman of moderate means were permitted to attend an ordinary dinner-party between

the hours of six and ten P.M., he might possibly make a satisfying, though a lugubrious, meal ; he would probably prefer the claret to the conversation ; but he would most certainly be perplexed by the solemnity of the succeeding drawing-room entertainment. He would see the ladies seated in a semicircle round the fireplace, and black-coated gentlemen grouped somewhere near the door ; the dulness would, from time to time, be rendered more vividly distinct by a tuneless ballad timidly executed by a hopeless vocalist ; he would gradually be impressed with the idea that the dinner had been a funeral banquet, and that the host had lost some near and dear relative, known intimately to the majority of his guests.

If such an Athenian were to attend a dancing-party in one of our middle-class saloons, he would find himself in a quarter of an hour, without once moving from his chair, in a state of perspiration ; which condition would be intensified by his joining the circle of dancers. He would see men in a ridiculously penitential costume walking negligently through an unmeaning quadrille, or pirouetting ungracefully through, to him, an indecorous waltz. He would wonder that the entertainment should be prolonged until nearly daybreak, but would console himself with the idea that a ceremony so barbarous were best enveloped in darkness.

In attending our divine services, he would be bewildered by the ordinary run of our church-singing, especially in such parts of our island where the psalmody escapes chiefly through a single nose ; and he would wonder how sounds, so inharmonious to

human ears, could be supposed as grateful to the ears of Divinity.

Were he to visit our great academies of learning, he would marvel at the absence of music and dancing; the scarcity of mathematical study; and the almost entire absence of oral discussion; and he would be astonished to find that mental excellence was chiefly tested by the ability of a scholar to write correctly or pedantically in two languages that he was never destined to use as instruments of speech.

It is true, he would be appalled by the formidable nature of our engines of war; he would, perhaps, take kindly to our sugar, tea, coffee, ale, porter, rum, whisky, gin, brandy, snuff, and tobacco; and he would, perhaps, draw the contradictory inference that, while we had increased our circle of creature comforts, we had grown more fond of destruction and bloodshed. At all events, he would consider that the comforts, which commerce and science had added to social life; and the majesty, with which science had crowned the damnable game of war, were dearly purchased at the price of bad architecture, unmeaning sculpture, inferior painting, low-pitched oratory, defective and impracticable systems of education, tubular costumes of man, semi-spherical costumes of woman, dulness in social life, asceticism in doctrinal religion, and the universal prevalence of an enervating, debasing, and most vulgar cant.

Were he to visit our theatres in quest of amusement, he would be astonished to find that, notwithstanding the superior scenic effects we were enabled to produce by the aid of gas, we are far inferior to his ancient

countrymen in the substance of our popular tragedy and comedy ; that although we had had a Shakspeare to give us plays superior or equal to the *Antigone* of Sophocles, or the *Frogs* of Aristophanes, our tastes were lowered to the appreciation of the *Green Bushes* and the *Colleen Bawn*.

If such an Athenian were to honour me with a call in my lodgings in the square of Galway, he would probably, after a refreshing meal and a tranquillising cigar, inquire of me the object of mounting two huge iron cannons on a green platform in front of an unoffending hotel. I should, with a blush, inform him that they were placed there by a Christian government to serve as an imperishable memorial, not of a war fought against overwhelming odds in defence of our nation's liberties, but of a somewhat inglorious and altogether purposeless war which we had waged, in union with the greatest military force in the world, against a resolute and gallant people ; and I should tell him how, throughout that war, we had traduced that people and its great ruler in nearly all our public journals ; and that when its great ruler—a loving husband, an affectionate father, and an honoured emperor—was prostrated and killed by the weight of a thousand anxieties, that our weekly exponent of fun and satire had outraged all feelings of humanity and decency by an exulting placard of our enemy as he lay upon a not inglorious death-bed.

And the Athenian would then tell me that in his own old heathen land, when two hosts had fought well throughout a summer's day, and when the vanquished had buried their dead, a simple memorial of wood was

left by the victors on the field of their pride; and that this memorial was purposely composed of a perishable material, in order that, after a few revolving seasons, the record of animosity might be gently and insensibly destroyed by the crumbling and mouldering influences of God's peacemakers, the wind and rain.

But if, perchance, this Athenian stranger were disposed to think, after all he had heard and seen, that we were in all respects inferior to his countrymen of old, I should proceed to tell him that, notwithstanding many political and ecclesiastical anomalies, which I should be unwilling to expose to him, and which I should be afraid to touch upon here, we were after all a great, and wise, and powerful people; that our exports from one sea-port alone were greater than the exports from all the chief harbours in the Athenian empire at its most flourishing epoch; that we had more roads laid down, and that in iron, in Great Britain alone, than were laid down in Europe in the days of Pericles; that we had an empire in the far East, more populous than the empire of Xerxes; that we had continental colonies in the far southern seas and in the western world, all unknown to his cotemporaries; that, with the simple aid of boiling water, we could sail a vessel of iron round the world more swiftly than a wooden galley of Phœnicia could sail the double voyage for silver between Sidon and Gades; that we had weighed the sun in a balance; and that we had broken into special units the fleeces of inconceivably distant nebulae, and solved the mystery of stellar enigmas, kept secret from the foundation of the world; that the wind no longer blew as

it listed, but that we knew whence it came and whither it went; that we could drive a great unwieldy engine to outstrip in speed an eagle or an Eastern hurricane; that, with a hair-splitting more subtle than that of ancient dialectician, we had split the impalpable rays of sunlight, and squeezed out of them metallic secrets of the sun and moon and stars; that the lightning, forgetful of its ancient sublimity, was now our humble servant, and served us as a magic postman. And, even with regard to our prejudices in politics and bickerings in religion, I should tell him that we had great disciples of Adam Smith, and earnest charitable Christians labouring hard and zealously among us, and that with the aid of science, sound learning, and charity, we were hoping that in a coming age we should atone for the unchristian wrangling of Christian divines, and the blunders of tub-rolling, obstructive, one-ideal, self-seeking, and short-sighted politicians. And I should tell him, as our chiefest boast, that in our society, dull and Grundy-worshipping as it was too often, woman held her rightful place as the friend, equal, and help-mate of man; and I would tell him how in the war, wherein our arms had won little glory, and our daily literature had disgraced itself, a woman had arisen to save the credit of her country; a woman, fair, and young, and very gentle, had gone, with maiden-companions, to bind up broken limbs, to cheer the fainting spirit, and to pray at the bedside of the dying; and I should say that my guest would find it hard to find a parallel in his own history, between the days of Salamis and Chæroneæ, to the womanly heroism of Florence

Nightingale ; I should feel bound at the same time to inform him that such high feminine heroism was a rare exotic in our Protestant land, but a familiar plant in all such countries as preserve the more ancient forms of Christian worship ; and I would tell him that there was in the character of a Christian gentleman a certain something wholly lacking in Themistocles, and not found in its perfection in the character of the great Pericles ; a sentiment of chivalric honour, a relic of the misunderstood old feudal days ; I would tell him that the grand words—honour and gentleman—too freely bandied, perhaps, in our daily lives—were, in their full significance, untranslatable into the tongues of ancient Greece and Rome ; and I would astonish him by adding finally that, although there was much of poverty and misery and ignorance in our vast empire, there was not a soul therein from east to west but was as free as the honoured Lady whom we call our Queen.









THE  
INFLUENCE OF FOREIGN LITERATURE  
ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY REV. JAMES BYRNE, M.A.







## INFLUENCE OF FOREIGN LITERATURE ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

**S**CIENTIFIC history is the history of the causation of events ; and a scientific history of English Literature must trace the action of those influences which conspired to make it what it is. Amongst these the influence exerted on it by foreign literature holds a principal place. For though genius springs with all its powers from a native source, and is brought up to its great achievements by the tendencies of thought with which it is in contact at home, it often seeks help and guidance abroad, or participates in a general literary movement which has been propagated from a foreign origin. This authority of foreign models over individual genius, or over the general taste, varies from age to age with the varying condition of the national life, and with the development of its literature, but in almost every age its existence may be noted. Hence it is that only at particular periods we can see the characters of native thought plainly marked on our literature, that even then they are mingled with the traces of foreign influence, while at other periods they are seen

rather as modifying the features of foreign thought which our literature at those periods reflects.

Many interesting questions arise in reference to this foreign influence. Under what circumstances does it act most strongly? Does it tend to increase or decrease with the development of literature? Is its action such as ultimately to assimilate thought in the various nations of Europe, and to obliterate their distinctions; or does its history indicate that it will stop short of this, and leave the nations of Europe, though harmonized with each other, yet distinct? What general result may we regard it as tending to produce in the great system of European thought? Questions like these, and there are many such, can be answered only by studying the history of this foreign influence in the past, and by seeking to ascertain from such study the laws of its action. And it is for the purpose of suggesting such a study to others that I propose now to glance at the most prominent foreign influences which have affected our literature, distinguishing in the principal movements of our literary progress the foreign from the native forces, and noting how these have combined. Of these movements the most important was the first; and it will be useful, therefore, to study the first rise of English Literature with particular attention, to examine the agencies to which it was due, and to observe in what degree it was endowed with a principle of native independent life. But first let me notice one general European condition which has co-existed with the mutual influences of European literatures, and must be carefully distinguished from them.

When the Germanic tribes overran the western pro-

vinces of the Roman empire and established themselves as the ruling class in Gaul, Spain, and Italy, the institutions, manners, and ideas which they brought with them ruled the national life in all those countries, and tended to assimilate the national mind to that of Germany, Scandinavia, and Saxon England. The uniformity thus induced over Europe by the prevalence of one race was further increased by the prevalence of one religion. For already the vital force of Christian zeal had communicated to these nations the Christian life, and had begun the conversion of their conquerors; and as the Church extended, its further progress was stimulated by the temporal advantages which it gained from its converts, and which they gained from joining so powerful a confederacy, until at length Europe was formed into one religious body, and had its mind ruled by one spiritual organization. This union was consolidated by the dread and hatred of the Saracen power, which for five hundred years seemed to Christian Europe threatening as an outbreak of hell; and the Crusades, by formally arraying Christendom against the unbeliever, gave reality to the union, and so mixed together all the leading spirits of the various nations as to give identity to their ideas. Accordingly the intellectual history of Europe during the middle ages is everywhere nearly the same. The learned men being principally ecclesiastics circulated freely through all the parts of their great spiritual organization; and this freedom of intercourse was probably increased by a traditional spirit of roving adventure, as it certainly was by the scarcity of the sources of instruction, and the con-

sequent necessity that those who thirsted for knowledge should repair to whatever fountain was known to yield it. Thus the same ideas, religious, moral, and intellectual, were disseminated through Europe from the same sources. As the centres and means of education multiplied, and habits became more settled, the intellectual progress of the European nations grew to be more independent of each other; but having all started from a common state, and being subsequently influenced by great events which affected them all, it was natural that their development should of itself go through similar stages. Hence has arisen an interesting feature in the intellectual history of Europe—the appearance in various countries, about the same time, of the same tendency in speculation or the same taste in literature, suggesting at the first view an influence exerted by one nation on the others, but proving on closer examination to have arisen spontaneously in all. That such spontaneous similarity of contemporary states between English and foreign literature may not be mistaken for an influence exerted by the latter on the former, it is necessary to watch the course of internal development of English literature and observe the principles of its growth; and I shall therefore notice at each period the native impulse given to English genius, and the literary tradition which it inherited at home.

English literature—properly so called—came into being when, in the reign of Edward the Third and about the year 1350, Chaucer began to give his poems to the world. It was a time auspicious for English genius; for just then a purely national spirit first

animated England. While Normans and Saxons regarded each other as conquerors and conquered, neither of them could create a literature. The Normans speaking the Northern French dialect, and despising the language of the Saxons, belonged really to France, as their country, and drew their literary inspiration from thence. They were, however, too much separated from the French centres of literary cultivation to partake of the fulness of their creative force, and too much mixed with the Saxons to form a pure literary centre of their own. The Saxons, conscious of subjection, and accepting it as an accomplished fact, had neither the elevation of spirit nor the prospect of honour which are necessary for the inspiration of genius. Their real world was too much at variance with the ideal world of genius, for them to enter there. What had they to do with glory, or beauty, or visions of pleasure unrestrained? Even if they did indulge in such dreams, their productions would have been despised as Saxon by the ruling class, who had in their hands the distribution of the highest honours, and would perhaps have met with faint praise from their own brethren; for when a people is quite subdued, a common shame depresses them all, and makes them discountenance one another. But all this had passed away in Chaucer's time. The loss of the principal French possessions of the English crown in the reign of John, had to a great degree disconnected the English court and nobility from France. Edward the First had been wise enough to see that his real greatness was to be sought in Britain, and instead of employing his arms



in endeavouring to recover the French possessions, had employed them in Wales and Scotland. During this and the subsequent reign, the Normans were gradually coalescing with the Saxons into one people; but still French was the language of the upper classes, and French and Latin the only languages taught in the schools. It was when England and France were arrayed against each other in the wars of Edward the Third, that the Anglo-Norman at length looked on the Frenchman as his enemy and on the Anglo-Saxon as his countryman, and on the fields of Crecy and Poitiers Normans and Saxons learned to honour each other as Englishmen. The English language was at once adopted by the upper classes, and the French laid aside; and the change took place with a rapidity which clearly indicates the sudden spring of national spirit and national pride in England. It was at this outburst of national life that Chaucer appeared, and we can readily conceive how it must have quickened his genius. It would awaken within him the consciousness of his powers and elevate his ambition. For there breathed then throughout the nation a spirit of conscious greatness; and the sense of national glory naturally elevated the thoughts of all, and kindled in every finer spirit a deep thirst for fame. Fame, too, was ready to proclaim the founder of English literature; for then first, England, conscious of herself, could take pride in him as her own, and hailing him with the enthusiasm which at that time everything English inspired, could confer on him an honour heightened by all the glory which she had won. Such was the native impulse which

genius received at this time in England. But were its fruits the pure product of this native impulse, or are we indebted for them to the influence of a foreign literature?

There is no poet who seems to be more indebted to foreign literature than Chaucer, and yet there are few in whom we can more clearly distinguish what the author produced himself from what he got from others. It is to be observed, however, that what Chaucer adopted from others and made his own, was, for the most part, taken by him from those who had themselves got it from their predecessors. It formed part of a literary treasure which had been amassed when the European nations, in their upper classes, scarcely differed from each other, and which seemed therefore to belong equally to them all. Indeed, one of the principal centres where this common literature had been produced was the Norman court of the Norman princes; and as it could scarcely be considered foreign literature at their court in London, it was to Chaucer much the same that the previous literature of his country is to every poet. It was, however, though Norman, yet not English, and must, with reference to English literature, be considered foreign; and as it exerted a most profound influence on English as on all other modern literature, we have to inquire from what source it sprang, and what was its essential nature.

Modern literature seems to owe its birth to the union of the Germanic and the Celtic mind. It was born in the South of France, out of the enthusiasm engendered by the high-souled heroism with which Gothic chivalry

gradually won back Spain from the Saracens. The spirit of poetry, which arose out of this exaltation of sentiment, having taken a form, borrowed perhaps in part from Arabian verse, found a congenial home at the end of the eleventh century in the kingdom of Provence, which had enjoyed peace for upwards of two hundred years. There the Troubadours formed the first school of modern poetry; and though in contact with Arabian influences, that poetry seems to have been but slightly and superficially affected by those influences. The sentiments of the Troubadours were those of chivalry; and this at once marks their poetry as springing from a source different from Arab literature, in which, according to Sismondi, military achievement produces no enthusiasm, but is thought only in connection with terror and desolation. The Troubadour poetry may indeed have derived the great artifice and complexity of its versification from Arabian verse, but not that principle of rhythmical harmony and rhyme which distinguishes modern from ancient European poetry. Our modern system of verse, in which the harmony arises from the regular recurrence of accent and rhyme, was known in Europe long before the Saracens made any settlement there. It sprang naturally from the pronunciation and formation of the languages which grew out of the Latin.\*

---

\* The distinction of the vowels as long and short, on which the structure of ancient verse depended, was not strictly observed in pronunciation by the foreign subjects of Rome, when they adopted the Latin language. There was to them no inherent expressiveness of meaning in the quantity of the vowel; but having adopted

If Mr. Hallam gives a correct description of the Provençal poetry, the character of Celtic genius is very plainly marked on it. He says, "In all these light

---

the word as an arbitrary sign of its idea, they always tended to pronounce it in the way most convenient to their organs. Now the emphasis of accentuation not only raises the tone, but also tends to dwell on the sound, absorbing quantity into accent; and it was owing to this natural tendency, that accent gradually supplanted quantity in the Latinized parts of Europe, as it had probably always predominated over it in the strongly accented Germanic languages. Thus the rhythmical harmony of recurrent accentuation is to be regarded as a native feature in all modern European verse.

Rhyme was not employed to increase the harmony of ancient poetry; for in the ancient languages the endings of the words expressed grammatical relations, and the recurrence of the same endings would have made the correspondence of the lines excessive, as it would have conveyed a sense not only of similar sound, but also of similarity in the form of the thoughts. But when those grammatical endings were lost in the Romance languages, rhyme was felt to be an appropriate ornament of verse: and as these were gradually given up the voice, half prepared to sound them, dwelt more fully on the last syllable, and the ear noticed the more readily the correspondence of the final sounds of successive verses. This tendency was promoted in France by the habit, natural to French thought, of rapidly thinking the parts, and then noting the effect of the whole.<sup>1</sup> On the Germanic languages indeed, owing probably to the strength of articulation in Germanic utterance and to the tendency to accentuate the first syllable, alliteration, or the recurrence of the same initial consonant, was originally used to heighten the effect of the verse. But in Celtic utterance, the voice dwells on the conclusion of a clause, and as alliteration was proper to the German, rhyme was suited to the Celt. That English verse has adopted rhyme, and given up alliteration, is perhaps to be noted as a foreign influence on English literature, exerted by Romance poetry.

<sup>1</sup> See "Afternoon Lectures," First Series, p. 5.

## 46 INFLUENCE OF FOREIGN

compositions which gallantry or gaiety inspired, we perceive the characteristic excellences of French poetry; as distinctly as in the best *vaudeville* of the age of Louis XV. This style," he adds, "seems to have been quite original in France, though it was imitated by other nations."

And yet there was mingled with its subject-matter somewhat which came from another source. The Troubadours idealized into chivalry the bravery and the adoration of woman which were characteristic of all the German tribes, and gave to those principles that depth and steadfastness of devotion which breathes the true Germanic spirit. In the Troubadour poetry the Gaul and the German seem to have joined in an outburst of song which, as it afterwards helped to awaken the voice of Petrarch, must be considered a mighty influence in evoking modern literature.

A similar union of the genius of the two races may be observed in the romances which were produced in Northern France, and which are to modern Europe what the epic poem was to Greece. In the epic and in the romance action is idealized, but in the epic it is action pictured with most concentrated individuality, and inspiring poetry by its own particular greatness; in the romance it is action deriving its greatness rather from a series of acts, raising within us indeed a growing admiration of the actor and engaging us in a deepening interest in his adventures, but in no part possessing such vivid intensity as to inspire the narrator with elevated poetry. Now this character of the romance as compared with the epic corresponds exactly with the quality

of French thought as compared with Greek. Though the movement of thought in both is quick, the Frenchman has not the concentrated intensity in the individual acts of thought which the Greek had. He passes more lightly than the Greek over the objects of his thought, looks more to the effect which thoughts derive from each other, less to their intrinsic force, gathers an accumulating interest from a great number of particulars instead of striking forcibly with a concentrated unity; in a word, is narrative rather than epic.\* In the romance, however, French genius appears united with Germanic genius, for all the sentiments of chivalry, which are the soul of the romance, are Germanic in their nature and origin.

It was not only in the romance that the French aptitude for narrative appeared. It is seen even more characteristically in the short metrical tales or *fabliaux* which were produced at the same time in vast number, and which have been represented as treasures of invention, simplicity, and gaiety; † though we must add, if we are to judge from the reproductions of them, that they were stained with an impurity which betrays an

---

\* There can be no better illustration of this than Voltaire's *Henriade*. The opening of the poem is quite in a narrative style; the battles are related in general description, instead of being made present to the eye and to the ear in living reality; even the combat between Turenne and Aumale in the tenth canto is described in general terms rather than given in its individuality. The spirit of the poem is narrative rather than epic, just as French genius supplied with the narrative romance that place in the literary history of modern Europe which the epic occupied in ancient times.

† Sismondi's *Lit. of Europe*, I. 219.

## 48 INFLUENCE OF FOREIGN

uncivilized age. These formed the treasury from which Boccaccio and others took their tales : and it was by those reproductions of them that their influence on modern literature was maintained and propagated. In the novel, the great feature of our present literature, we may perhaps recognize the permanence of that influence ; for the novel, even though it be more lengthy and serious than the *fabliau*, seems to be more correctly classed with it as a narrative of incident than with the romance which idealized action.

The metrical romances were succeeded by metrical allegorical tales, and these seem, from the zeal with which they long continued to be produced in France, to have had complete affinity for French genius. At first sight they would seem to be too serious and elaborate for French taste, but they are to be viewed in reference to what they succeeded. They were innovations on the old romances, in which the passions, virtues, and vices took the place of the knights and dames. Their charm seems to have consisted not so much in the interest of the story, or in the moral truths represented, as in finding that these ideal beings could so well fill the old well-known parts, and be so like the old characters. It was a pleasure arising from that sense of unexpected similarity between things different in kind which suited the quick transitions of French thought and the French tendency to note the additional vividness which thoughts give each other by juxtaposition and combination.\*

---

\* Perhaps we should bear in mind this early French turn for allegory in judging of the allegorical personages with which Vol-

All this early French literature of song, romance, tale, and allegory, commended to the European nations by its own excellence and by the kindred taste of their ruling classes, was the food on which European genius fed during the first period of its growth. Being the genuine product of the highest literary thought and sentiment then in Europe, it possessed the authority which this must ever exercise over its age; and there was no other literature to dispute its dominion as the established model of excellence. The way in which this literature was diffused tended also to make its influence penetrate the rising literature of Europe. Its songs and tales were not addressed to the public in books in which the author speaks for himself in his own pure personality, but by reciters who might vary them as they chose, and in whose performances the original authorship was lost. The audience did not expect originality in what they heard; and as this was not needed for literary success, the authors did not aim at it. As they were permitted to borrow from their predecessors, they transmitted to their successors the liberty of borrowing from themselves; and thus the products of romance literature entered largely into the European literatures which succeeded it, and pervaded them with its influence. It gave a spirit to the poetic

---

taire in the *Henriade* supplied the place of the gods of Homer and Virgil, and the angels of Tasso and Milton. They are plainly unfit for an epic poem, because incapable of real personal action, but the incongruity was perhaps less felt in France on account of a traditional taste derived from the old allegories or the continuance of the same taste from which these had arisen.



genius of Europe and exerted an influence on every European literature like that with which the feelings and images of childhood tinge our mature manhood. It was to this literary tradition that Scott went back in his tales of chivalry, when in the early part of this century English literature, breaking loose from artificial restraints, followed freely its native impulses. The effect produced by Scott's novels showed how congenial the old romantic spirit was to English literary taste. Perhaps, as the spirit of the ancient knight is involved in that of the modern gentleman, so the impression originally made on English imagination by Romance literature had remained through all the changes of English taste, and, though mingling with other ideals, had never been lost, but was ready when these were exhausted to appear again, with all the more freshness for having slept so long. At all events Scott's novels moved the imagination of his age with a feeling as deep as when on revisiting some scene of childhood the old child-life comes back on us and takes possession of us with so strange a pleasure.

But whether or no there was such a fine persistent influence, originally exerted by the Romance literature and abiding in English literature through all its development, there can at all events be no doubt of the Romance influence on English literature at its first appearance in the works of Chaucer. How far did that influence reach? To what degree did it affect and give a character to his poetry?

If we open his works we find translations, and tales, and allegories. In the translations Chaucer sought to learn versification from the Norman models. Of the

tales probably none were original, of the allegories it is hard to say how much. And yet throughout them all his own genius can be discerned in splendid originality, even when combined with a foreign element which he adopts bodily. To understand the use which he made of material prepared by others, and the influence which this exerted on what he produced himself, we must carefully distinguish the two, and also note the early period to which he belongs.

When literature has been cultivated for a considerable time language receives from those who inspire it with their genius forms suited to the various kinds of literary production. Poetry, oratory, history, speak each with a rhythm and tone of vivid words peculiar to itself; and when the poet, the orator, the historian seeks expression, his thoughts almost spontaneously take the form of words which is familiar to him in the works of his predecessors. But when literature has to be created, one principal part of the work is to mould the language into an appropriate form. The most direct mode of accomplishing this is to catch the required rhythm and turn of speech as it exists in another language, and impart it by translation to our own. This work Chaucer performed in his translations, and gave harmonious poetic diction to the English language. That diction was formed on a foreign model, and contributed to the establishment of rhyme in English verse, but in itself it has not much of a foreign character. True, his vocabulary owes much to the French, just as the English language does; but the ideas, the analysis of thought, the structure of expression, all have an English character.

With regard to his tales, all of which probably were originally formed by the Trouveurs and Troubadours, some of them coming to him through Boccaccio, it is to be observed that in early times the known invention of a tale would deprive it of nearly all its charm. The stories were told as true, and on the supposition that if the narrator did not witness the facts himself he got the account of them from some one else. The succession and combination of incident was not, as now, attributed to the author; it was in his way of telling the tale that he was to show his genius. Judged in this way, Chaucer's tales are vivid with original genius. The characters abound with striking traits of individual life; the incidents are heightened in interest with fine touches of nature; sometimes the story, which in its original form never fails to move rapidly, is retarded in Chaucer's version to give room for a development of passion and sentiment altogether original. Now it is this poetic garb in which the tale is invested which is to be regarded as Chaucer's poetry, and it is all quite English\* in its character, and free from any foreign influence.

Nothing can more clearly show how the material which Chaucer borrowed from Boccaccio and others failed to affect the original and native character of what he produced himself, than the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales* compared with the introduction to the *Decameron*. The idea of thus setting his tales in a kind of frame, by bringing together a number of persons to tell them, was probably suggested by the *Decameron*; but

---

\* See Afternoon Lectures, First Series, p. 17.

how different was the Tabbard Inn in Southwark, and the company which started for Canterbury, from the ladies and gentlemen in the Florentine villa, and all their luxurious refinement. There never was a freer flight of original genius than Chaucer's Prologue, and it is English in every line.

The allegory, which flourished at its height in France in Chaucer's time, was adopted by him and his successors in England. It so suited English genius,\* and received so English a treatment, that it cannot be considered as having disturbed the natural development of English literature with any foreign influence. And on the whole it would appear that what the Continent did for England at this time was to supply *form*, which English genius filled with its own original creations,—the form of verse, the form of tale, and the form of allegory. English literature grew after the type of the Romance literature; but with a vital force of its own. It even incorporated the latter; but did so by working interstitially through it, and filling it with the products of its own independent action.

It might, indeed, be supposed that the passionate and soaring poetry which in Chaucer's time had just arisen in Italy from the tomb where ancient genius had been buried so long, did possibly impart to him a thrill of its inspiration; and that the voice of Dante and of Petrarch may have awakened in him a kindred ardour to lead the choir of the poets, and begin again the music of creative thought. Nor is there any

---

\* *Ibid.* p. 18.

improbability in the supposition that their fame may have reached him in early life, and helped to kindle his genius. He probably was acquainted with the Italian language, and may have read their poetry, before he visited Italy and made personal acquaintance with Petrarch; for this was late in his life. But if so, this quickening impulse merely stimulated his powers, without having given them any help or direction. The peculiar circumstances of the time in England account for the rise of English literature, without attributing it to any foreign stimulus; and the first spring of Italian literature about the same time is an instance of that spontaneous similarity of contemporary development which I have already mentioned.

Subsequently, however, Italian literature as it grew exercised over Europe an authority corresponding to the old pre-eminence of the country. There had lingered about Italy all through the middle ages the light of its old pre-eminent civilization. The sun had set, but the glow of sunset was there; and thither the nations looked for enlightenment. This habit was confirmed by the early development of commerce, wealth, art, and literature in Italy, while the other European nations were still struggling out of barbarism. The progress of England was retarded by civil war, while Italy earned the glory of being the chief seat of refinement, and the acknowledged birth-place and home of genius; and when England had leisure to resume her literary cultivation, she naturally looked to Italy for instruction. Accordingly Italian literature began to exert a sensible influence on English literature in the reign of Henry VIII. Sir Thomas Wyatt and Lord Surrey at that

time introduced a new era in English poetry. They gave to their thoughts a polished expression, with such harmony, point, and perspicuity as was then unknown in England. Wyatt had more strength than Surrey, but Surrey more tenderness and harmony. Both were reformers of poetic language in England, and both had qualified themselves in Italy by catching the sweetness of Italian versification. This influence continued, and we are indebted in a great degree to Italy for the harmony of Elizabethan verse.

We now approach a grand era of English literature, and have to inquire what foreign influence affected its great productions. But first, what were its own native tendencies and impulses at that time?

England, at the time of Elizabeth, had gone through a period of trouble, during which the voice of genius had been almost silent; but great changes had been taking place tending to give force to her literature. The language had changed from being a mixture of Saxon and Norman into a homogeneous whole, in which the two elements had become one; and yet so much of the two original vocabularies was in use that the English language has, perhaps, never been so copious. The civil war of York and Lancaster, after having braced and hardened the national character with martial habits, had been followed by that great war of Romanism and Protestantism which led the nation through such deep questionings, and so tried the faith, constancy, and love of truth of both parties, as naturally to discipline them in all these heroic qualities. The discovery of America had opened a new world to their adventure and to their imagination, and the great change in religion at

home had given an additional impulse to new thought. When the nation emerged from its conflicts, and, in the enjoyment of peace, advanced with rapid progress in wealth and prosperity, there was a surprising change of habits in everything connected with riches and pleasure; and it is no wonder that with all these causes conspiring to give strength and originality to thought, there should be a grand outburst of literary genius. It had been long suppressed by unfavourable circumstances; and it was natural that it should spring forth with accumulated force. With what freshness of pleasure must the mind have turned from the wranglings of controversy and the flames of persecution, to the imaginings of the poet! With what an amplitude of thought must it have passed to the ideal world, when the real world had just become so enlarged and so strange! With what boldness and freedom of new thought must it have formed its creations, when all was new, and all still passing into new conditions! There never was a time when a mightier impulse was given to genius, than in the Elizabethan age in England. Now the effect which this impulse would naturally produce was to develope strongly all the inherent tendencies and characteristic qualities of English genius. And that this was the effect we see in Shakespeare. There is one characteristic power of English genius, which may be observed in nearly all the writers of this period—imagination. It illuminates the philosophical writings of Bacon; elevates the diction of all the dramatists; and in Spenser's allegory presents vision after vision of matchless beauty. This poetic second-sight was, perhaps, the special gift of an age which, in passing

through the furnace of religious persecution, had learned "to look not at the things which are seen and temporal, but at those which are unseen and eternal;" and had afterwards, with a mental vision thus purged and strengthened, beheld this world expanding and improving; inviting thought into what was better and beyond. It seems to have been all a purely spontaneous and native outburst of creative thought.

There were also native tendencies, leading the genius of the time into certain paths. It was an age full of dramatic elements; rich in character and passion; one of transition from old to new conditions of society, and containing the peculiarities of both; one in which all the depths of human nature had just been stirred, and its strongest passions revealed; and in which society had not yet arrived at that calm uniformity of manners which has, perhaps, weakened our sympathy for the expression of strong passion. The public mind had grown to be capable of intellectual pleasure, and reading not being a usual acquirement, there was a demand for dramatic exhibition to give it. And so the drama arose with wondrous life in England, as at about the same time it arose from similar causes, and exhibited sudden power in France and Spain. In England the drama was a pure native growth. Its very idea of drama, its structure, characters, and sentiments were all its own. The Pastoral Drama, indeed, bears the mark of Italian influence, but it never attained any considerable development; and Ben Jonson imitated ancient models, but the resemblance to them in what he produced was merely superficial.

Another great Elizabethan production—Spenser's



*Faery Queene*—needs a fuller consideration, on account of its prominence in English literature, and the marks of foreign influence which it bears. It too, however, was a growth of English genius quite natural at that time. Spenser had his English predecessors in allegory, and the serious religiousness of the Reformation naturally communicated itself to the poetry of the time; so that Spenser's allegory of the complete moral equipment of the Christian hero has in its idea nothing which needs to be accounted for by foreign influence.

But when we come to read the *Faery Queene* and see how Spenser carried out his idea, we find traces of such influence. Spenser, in his letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, "expounding his whole intention in the course of this worke," says, that he had followed "all the poets historicall, Homer, Virgil, Ariosto, and Tasso;" but he means by this only what he proceeds to show, that they, like him, had coloured moral precept with an historical fiction. There is certainly no trace in the *Faery Queene* of a classical influence. Classical learning was still in a backward state in England; for though some in the schools and about the court were diligently cultivating it, it had not yet so far prevailed as to affect literary taste. But if Homer and Virgil are not to be traced in the *Faery Queene*, Tasso may be seen in it most distinctly. And as Spenser produced a most profound impression on his own generation and on that which followed, it becomes important in the history of English poetry, to inquire what influence was exerted on him by Tasso and Ariosto.

On comparing the *Faery Queene* with Ariosto's *Or-*

*Iando Furioso*, it seems that all that they have in common is simply the general effect of a great succession of adventures of chivalry. Ariosto probably did by the charm of his poem commend the romance of chivalry to the imagination of Spenser as a fit representation for the exploits of Christian virtue. But there were independent reasons why it should furnish the form of his allegory. There was an original connection between romance and allegory; for the allegory was an innovation on the romance, and the allegorical personages naturally took the form and spirit of the romantic characters which they succeeded. Spenser, too, loved all beauty; but no beauty was more kindred to his lofty and serious spirit than that of deep devotion to a pure ideal and heroic constancy in maintaining it, and this was the spirit of chivalry. It was natural, then, that in his soul that spirit of chivalry should enter into union with the idea of complete virtue, and array itself in visions of beauty which may challenge comparison with all literature. In his verse, a purified spirit of romance entered deeply into the imagination of England, and tinged the fountains of our literature; but we are not to attribute its power to Ariosto. There is no appearance of his genius having penetrated the genius of Spenser with any influence which affected the excellence of his poem. For nothing can be more different than is Spenser's deep impulse to the creation of beauty and the splendid richness of his imagination, from the gay light spirit of Ariosto.

He had deeper sympathy with the genius of Tasso. Tasso's love of beauty, the softness and sweetness of

his poetic genius, his exquisite diction and harmonious versification, are all features of resemblance to Spenser. But Spenser's genius must have been already formed and matured when Tasso's poem was published. He was then upwards of thirty years of age ; and whatever voice of nature it is that whispers music into the poet's soul, whatever touch it is that tunes those heavenly chords within him, and opens those depths that echo the harmonies of nature and the speaking of the heart ; whether genius be an original fineness of spirit, the work of the Creator's fingers, which quivers to fine impressions that other natures do not feel, or a store of sweet influences gathered from life and nature, which transform while they nourish ; whatever be the principles of its birth and growth, genius has assumed its own proper form and its own individual movement by the time that manhood is mature. Afterwards, indeed, as it meets spirits of kindred inspiration and holds communion with them in the outgoings of their essential energy, this high converse quickens its own life, and is apt to stimulate its powers to similar action ; but in the mutual play of this heavenly fire, we may note how it flashes from both, as from independent sources. Tasso may speak to Spenser in his *Jerusalem Delivered*, and Spenser may respond with his *Faery Queene*, but he replies in a fashion of his own, corresponding to the matured habits of his genius. The voice of Tasso no doubt excited his creative powers, and quickened his kindred gifts with additional life, but it was not answered by an echo or an imitation. The *Jerusalem Delivered* issued from the depths of Tasso's genius, and

the *Faery Queene* with equally spontaneous power from the depths of Spenser's. In a poetic age deep calleth unto deep, but it is with their own voices that the poets answer one another. Spenser has a deeper tone than Tasso. He dwells more on the objects of his thought, is more sensitive to their attributes, expresses them with greater fulness. His imagination is richer, and throws over his ideas a more gorgeous robe of poetic beauty. True it is, that, in parts of his second book, Spenser follows closely the footsteps of Tasso, nay, in some of his picture of the Bower of Bliss, he translates him; but mingled with these interpolations are free flights of his own imagination, not at all due to any suggestion from Tasso's poetry, but springing purely from his own subject, and in which he soars on a wing quite as strong as Tasso's. In the rest of his poem, the similarity between them consists rather in some of the qualities of their genius than in what their genius produced, showing that it was not from defect of creative power that he adopted in those parts the poetry of Tasso. Indeed, his undisguised translation is quite distinct from imitation. It is as if he loved the beauty of the passage for its own sake, and had consequently no desire to substitute for it anything else, when it suited his subject so well. It is as if he wished, not to imitate Tasso, but to join Tasso's poetry to his own, that they might sing in concert. It indicates, however, so strong an admiration of Tasso's diction and verse and general poetic excellence, that we may perhaps venture on the statement, that Tasso, by his great epic poem, kindled into a brighter flame the

## 62 *INFLUENCE OF FOREIGN*

inspiration of Spenser, gave greater definitiveness to his ideal of poetic excellence, and awakened within him his utmost power of harmonious versification.

The sonnet came to us from Italy. The genius of Petrarch had given to it commanding influence over the taste of Europe; and it was in itself akin to the earliest literary sentiments of European genius. It sprang from the Provençal poetry, and it breathed into the passion of love the spirit of chivalry; for that steadfast adoration of one object was essentially chivalric and romantic. It was to be expected, therefore, that being akin to European genius, it should be adopted from Italy by the European nations; but in Italy it had been cultivated to excess, and had lost its original soul of poetry amongst the innumerable imitators of Petrarch. It was in itself indeed artificial in its structure and turn of thought, requiring a cluster of ideas in pointed combination, and it had become still more artificial by being the conventional form for expressing the most extravagant passion of love. Its introduction into England seems to have increased a tendency to forced and unnatural thought, which already existed there; and in general the Italian influence seems to have acted in promoting some of the tendencies of English poetry, its harmony, sweetness of thought, and elaborateness, rather than in controlling or interfering with its native growth.

The unnatural elaborateness of thought, which may be traced through most of the Elizabethan and earlier Stuart Literature, has, indeed, been attributed altogether to Italian influence; and as it forms a striking feature in

the development of English literature, we must inquire to what causes it may seem to have been really due.

But first let me explain its nature. In one of the grandest passages in Shakespeare, Lady Macbeth says,—

“Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,  
To cry, Hold, hold !”

Every one feels what noble poetry is here ; yet, as it almost passes from true poetry to false, it may serve to illustrate the difference between the two. In the first place there is a bold personification of nature, night is addressed as a person. This is quite natural in an elevated state of passion or imagination, for then we see everything through the medium of our own emotion as if it was agitated by what has moved ourselves. It may be doubted, however, if even Lady Macbeth's frenzy could thus personify the knife, though one feels, I think, that it could,—

“That my keen knife see not the wound it makes.”

The personification, however, borders on the extravagant, for such personification ceases to be natural when it goes beyond what the tumult or elevation of the soul might naturally produce.

Again, the images in the second line are sublime poetry,—

“And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell.”

There rise before the mind the funeral pall, and the blackest smoke issuing from the mouth of hell. Each

of these images brings with it a sense of death and horror which no other words could express. The speaker is enveloped with death and horror. Her imagination sees everything through this medium, and the images are naturally suggested to her by the colour which passion has given to her ideas. An image is natural, when it is employed to invest an object with a feeling which, under the circumstances, that object naturally inspires; but when the image raises an incongruous feeling, or no feeling at all except surprise, then it is unnatural. What, for example, shall we say of "heaven peeping through the blanket of the dark, to cry hold, hold"?

Again, the strength of the entire passage is quite suited to Lady Macbeth's fury. But we have a better example of the abrupt and condensed language of strong passion in Macbeth's well-known soliloquy—

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly. If the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With this surcease success; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here;  
But here upon this bank and shoal of time  
We'd jump the life to come."

When the spirit is strongly agitated thought is so hurried and intensified that the ideas run into one another, forming massive combinations which break out in strong words pregnant with meaning. Then, too, the transitions of thought are abrupt; the mind passing from idea to idea without our being able sometimes to see the connection, any more than we can trace the path

of the lightning. But when thought flows smoothly, without the excitement of passion, it is neither condensed nor irregular; and if thought is calm, and at the same time thrown into condensed forms, or connected by no obvious suggestion, it becomes overcharged and far-fetched. Such are some of the principal kinds of that forced and unnatural thought which invaded English literature. Donne and Cowley are conspicuous examples. Their personification of nature is excessive. Thus, Cowley writes—

“ All arm’d in brass, the richest dress of war  
 (A dismal glorious sight!) he shone afar.  
 The sun himself started with sudden fright,  
 To see his beams return so dismal bright.”

The images are employed by this school of poetry, not because the object inspires a feeling which can be best expressed by its help, but merely to create surprise. The thoughts, particularly in Dr. Donne’s verses, are strained and far-fetched, the object being apparently only to show ingenuity.

Doctor Johnson considers that this kind of writing was borrowed from Marini and his followers; but Mr. Hallam remarks that Donne wrote before Marini. Hallam classes it with the unnatural styles of writing which about the same time prevailed in France, Spain, and Italy; but hardly attempts any explanation of this simultaneous corruption of literature. The French and Spanish unnatural styles, introduced respectively by Ronsard and Gongora, were evidently due to the influence of classical literature, which put out, as by its superior brightness, the light of native genius, and, by



exciting a violent effort to imitate classical models, made literature artificial and unnatural. In Italy, the same overwhelming classical influence, coupled with the unfortunate political history of the country, had dwarfed native genius and sapped its strength ; so that literature dwindled into pettiness and correctness, and the vigour of poetic thought having fled, there remained only point and conceit to supply its place. But in England there is no sign of classical influence in the unnatural style in question, and certainly political history cannot account for it. It was probably increased by the example of the Italian writers ; but the kindred facts with which it is connected, and the literary movement of which it forms a part, seem to lead to the inference that it was in a very great degree a native growth.

Shakespeare furnishes plenty of examples of excessive personification of nature, extravagance of imagery, and expression overcharged with condensed thought ; yet they seem in him almost natural ; they so plainly spring from the fervour of his own imagination. He was a great type of his age and nation, and in the points just mentioned he was representative of it ; for there seems to have been a general tendency in the literature of his time to be pushed by the very force of its inspiration into similar exaggeration. Nor was it only the literary fervour of the age which caused it to transgress the limits of nature. There was a conspiring influence in a love of novelty, engendered by all the rapid progress which was going on. This appears in the affectations of Euphuism. The alliterations and antitheses and symmetrical sentences of Euphuism were probably

accepted because they were new and artificial. For that check to extravagance which is furnished by attending to what is natural was then to a great degree removed. The natural is that which is established and uniform, and at this time the authority of the established was weakened by universal progress. Thus the force of the literary impulse and the love of novelty both tended to produce exaggeration in literature. It was, however, an exaggeration full of poetic feeling.

But in the time of James the First literature began to be more coldly intellectual. The deep religious and moral earnestness of the Reformation, which had been maintained and intensified by suffering for conscience' sake, diminished when those sufferings ceased. The abolition of the old authority having thrown men on their own reason for guidance, gave a powerful impulse to free inquiry in religious, moral, and political philosophy; and this state of inquiry and controversy developed intellectual vigour at the expense of feeling and sentiment. Hence arose a school of philosophical intellectual poetry, of which Davies and Donne are examples. The ideal aimed at by this school was purely intellectual vigour. It affected striking combinations of thought and condensed strength of expression. This produced a rugged obscurity in Donne, but it gave to the verse of Davies a terseness and point without obscurity, which prepared the way for Waller's and Denham's versification. It engendered that metaphysical school of poetry, all whose thoughts were far-fetched and strained; and which was the first well-developed phase of the forced and unnatural style of English literature.

## 68 *INFLUENCE OF FOREIGN*

In the inquiries and controversies of the time, two parties gradually separated themselves more and more. The Puritan party, who looked within their own breasts for religious authority and individual rights, and the Royalist party, who looked outside for both, to the Church and to the Throne. The Puritans had the deeper soul, and as the separation went on they deepened in seriousness, till at length they gave all their thought and feeling to religion and liberty, and discountenanced literature. There was, however, one illustrious exception. Milton stands apart from his party as from all mankind, though in depth of soul they were in some degree kindred to him. In that deep soul he received all the influences of all literature. Standing between the Romantic and Classical periods of English literature, he belongs to both and belongs to none, for his greatness disdains classification. He was, indeed, the heir of the ages, and seems, by his likeness to each of the greatest, to claim the inheritance of their glory.

The Royalist party gradually recoiled more and more from the Puritans, and already before the Restoration that recoil began to produce those effects in literature which are commonly spoken of as if they began after it. The Royalist poets were Cowley, Waller, and Denham; for though Waller, from his connection with Hampden, was mixed up with the Puritans, he was in sympathy, habit, and genius, one of the court party. The Royalists hated deep thought and earnest feeling, as akin to Puritanism, and in the productions of their poets literature became lighter in thought and feeling.

The intellectual character which literature had acquired in James's time is still indeed to be traced in Cowley's poetry. It is still striking combination of thought that is aimed at, but the thought is less serious, though nearly as elaborate and far-fetched as ever. It consists, however, more of images of love and gaiety, whose object is to surprise the fancy, rather than to enlighten the mind or touch the heart; and which, instead of painting nature, metamorphose it. Such is the second phase of the school of forced and unnatural thought. We may see the features of that school in embryo, in Shakespeare's time, generated by the intensity of literary fervour and love of new invention, afterwards more fully developed in the time of James, by loss of poetic feeling and the substitution for it of intellectual vigour, and lastly become more frivolous in the time of Charles by aversion to serious thought. Its peculiarities may have been confirmed by the contemporary style of Italian literature; but if so, the Italian influence acted in seconding tendencies which already existed.

Waller and Denham did not inherit the intellectual character of the literature of James's time. The light thought and feeling of their poetry had more ease than Cowley's, because they aimed less at intellectual vigour; and in them the poetical and intellectual elements being both reduced, their verse had to depend principally on harmony for its charm. The principal form of their versification is the couplet, which suits light thought and gives it point; and in their management of the couplet they attained, apparently without effort, a smoothness, perspicuity and natural expression, which

made them the fathers of all the English poetry which followed, till Cowper and Burns.

And now a mightier influence than any which we have considered began to control English genius and transform its productions. After the Restoration the ancient classics came to be regarded as the perfect models to which all kinds of literature should conform ; and Greek genius, which had been asserting its dominion in every European country, now annexed Britain to its empire, and began to enforce its laws. What triumphant power Greek thought has had amongst men ! In the far-off ages Greek genius looked at nature and man with such scientific interest and such intense brightness of vision, and saw so sharply the fundamental relations of things and the essential processes of thought, that it then laid the foundations on which men have ever since been raising the great structure of science, and gave the lessons which have taught mankind to think. The spirit of the Greek was so vivid, and his sense of beauty so strong, that he endowed all things with life and beauty ; and earth and sea and sky were to him quick with the life of the gods ; and to him the life of man sounded with the music which genius hears, and moved to its measure. He was born for intellectual empire ; and when Greece was taken by Roman force Greek genius took the savage captor. It shared that captor's fate, and having ruled the world's rulers was buried beneath the ruins of Rome. But its triumphs were not over. For as soon as the spirit of modern Europe came into contact with Greek remains, it thrilled with a sense of their vivid inspiration ; and

Greek genius resumed its dominion. Yet it visited modern Europe as having come from a world that had passed away. The beauty, the greatness, the harmony of its thoughts were felt, but the thoughts themselves had sprung from a different condition of society, and breathed a different spirit. There was besides a difference between the character of mind which nature had impressed on Greek genius, and that which belonged to any of the nations of Europe; and this produced a corresponding difference in the literary action proper to each. The modern nation which felt this difference least was the French, and the French accordingly adopted the classical models more completely and more successfully than any other nation; because, as Sismondi most truly remarks, "they discovered in the classical authors those qualities upon which they themselves set the highest value." Greek thought and French thought agree in being quick.\* Both, consequently, have a strong sense of the whole, and dislike elaborateness in the parts. The parts are with both strictly subordinate to the whole, and justly proportioned to contribute to the total effect. But, as I have already remarked, Greek thought has more concentrated intensity than French thought; and this produced not only greater strength and richness in the parts, but also more concentrated unity in the whole. For according as the parts have more independent strength they need to be more nearly connected in order to form a united whole.

The predominance of classical literature had been

---

\* "Afternoon Lectures," First Series, p. 5.

established in France before it was felt in England. Already, about the time of the accession of Elizabeth, the extravagant zeal for the classics had produced in France the affected school of Ronsard ; but in the time of Charles the First, France exhibited a genuine classical taste in the noble tragedies of Corneille. England was late in cultivating classical learning ; and English literature slower still in yielding to classical influence. Mr. Hallam says that in the knowledge of ancient literature Italy was as advanced in 1400 as England was in 1500, and he considers that the twilight of classical learning in England yielded to its morning about the year 1580 ; even after that, according to him, the Greek fathers were more read by English scholars than the Greek classics. The great stream of Elizabethan literature issued from a native source ; and so strong was its momentum that it resisted the influence of the classics even after they had begun to be studied in England. But when the impetus lessened, and the stream became turbid during a period of stagnation with exaggerated and far-fetched thought, the turn was at hand in favour of classical writing, and the new taste was helped by the condition of the public mind.

At the Restoration a strong reaction set in against Puritanism, and this brought with it a contemptuous aversion for serious thought and deep feeling in general. Now this tended, so far as it went, to assimilate English thought to French thought ; for the characteristic distinction between the two is, that English thought dwells more on its objects, and is, consequently, fuller and heavier than French thought. A lighter and quicker

style of thought than had previously prevailed came into fashion in England, and while this produced a greater affinity for French thought it also caused literary taste to be more in harmony with classical literature. For French and Greek thought, notwithstanding the difference between them, agree in being quick, and are both distinguished by this quality from the movement of the English mind. A French and Classical taste combined prevailed after the Restoration; but the overwhelming power and glory of classical literature gave to it absolute supremacy; and, besides, the French professed themselves to be the pupils of the classical authors, and by their authority contributed to establish the dominion of the ancient models. Thus England, no longer resisting the classical influence by the independent force of its native genius, was moved in the same direction with it by a turn in its own political history, which gave to that influence strength and duration. This new tendency which had been given to English thought instead of diminishing increased. For after the Revolution there came a weariness of religious and political conflicts, which still farther sapped the strength and earnestness of English thought, and gave it a still lighter character. This too was the most glorious period of French history, both in politics and literature; and accordingly there was then an increase of the French influence on English literature, and more confirmed subjection to the classical models. Subsequently, the native strength of English thought gradually revived, but another age had to pass before it could assert its freedom. Thus the period of classical influ-



ence may be divided into three ages : the age of Dryden, in which English literature strove to assume the form and breathe the spirit of the classics, and used the example of French literature to help it to do so ; the age of Pope, in which the new features which it had acquired were further elaborated, and in which its spirit became rather more French ; and the age of Johnson, in which an English spirit took the place of the French, but in which the classics continued to exercise over English genius the same supreme dominion as in the two preceding ages. The effects produced on English literature by this prolonged classical influence were so uniform and all-pervading that they may be summed up in a few general statements.

When English thought lost strength, in the way which I have mentioned, and English genius consequently had less power to draw original inspiration from nature, its poverty was still further increased by its deserting nature for the ancient classics. Thus Pope, in his *Essay on Criticism*, says—

“Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem :  
To copy nature is to copy them.”

But it is nature that reveals to genius those thoughts which move mankind. Her voice gives the oracles which he interprets to the world. And when he renounces her service for that of an imitation of her, however perfect, it is an image that he worships. The prophets of such an idolatry have not the genuine inspiration. They may imitate its form, but they have not the living word which it is the office of genius to con-

vey from nature to man. If the principle which I have quoted from Pope had been fully carried out, it would have blighted English literature. The ancient classics, though they are vivid with life, yet breathe the spirit of a world that is past; and with that world we cannot have such deep sympathy as would enable us to imbibe its spirit. We can only copy the form of classical literature; and in doing so English literature declined in life and substance, and got a formal and superficial character.

The effort of imitation was of course principally directed towards those points in which our literature was felt to differ most from the classical models; and those lay in the construction of the whole and in the elaboration of the parts. Greek genius, as I have already said, gave to its productions a most concentrated unity of the whole. In no department of literature is this better seen than in the drama. The Greek idea of tragedy, as defined by Aristotle, was that it was the imitation of one entire serious action, not told, but represented, and moving in us fear and pity, so as to purify these passions. But the English idea, as expressed by Shakespeare, was that the end of playing was "to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." In the Greek idea, quite conformably to the tendency of Greek thought to look to the whole, the essence of the drama is the entire action. In the English idea, with equal conformity to its tendency to dwell on the parts, the essence is the character exhibited as the play goes

on. Each idea proposed a definite and worthy aim, and was suited to the national genius from which it sprang. And when English genius endeavoured to follow the Greek idea of the drama instead of its own, it necessarily fell below itself, because its energy was drawn away from an ideal which it could attain, to one which it could not. Moreover, the Greek gave intense unity to the action. Indeed, Greek tragedy hardly admits a plot; its entire action is almost concentrated in a catastrophe; and for the most part it was all accomplished at the same time and the same place. This complete unity, which was exactly suitable to Greek genius, was adopted by the English writers, though quite alien from the habits of English thought. And when they gave up the complex plot, which is necessary for portraying character and tracing its gradual development, and confined themselves within the limits which concentrate Greek tragedy almost to a point, they rendered well-nigh impossible the exercise of the peculiar gifts of English genius. Accordingly the attempt to attain classical unity deprived the English drama of its native life and power; and nature and character and passion were lost in the effort to conform to the ancient rules. It is in the drama that we see the most marked effect produced by endeavouring to imitate the ancient models in their construction of the whole; and this effect was unfavourable. But in other departments of literature a regard to general effect was highly beneficial, in giving subordination to the parts and making them conspire, by their due proportions, to the attainment of the end which is in view.

The imitation of the classical authors in their treatment of the parts produced effects which were more profound and general ; because it affected the very substance of our literary thought. I have already said that the ancients did not dwell on the parts as much as English writers were prone to do. Their thoughts were bright and strong ; yet not elaborate, but such as would naturally be suggested by the occasion. They were also subordinate to the general effect, and exactly suited to the purpose aimed at ; therefore just and perspicuous. Simplicity, fitness, and perspicuity characterized the thoughts of the classical writers, and these qualities were most diligently cultivated all through the classical period. Most salutary were the effects of this cultivation. It soon banished all that exaggeration and excessive condensation of thought, all those far-fetched images and wild personifications of nature, all that false wit and conceit which had been the vice of the period immediately preceding. This nice congruity and fitness of thought brought with it, as its necessary vehicle, nicely selected language, arranged in a natural and perspicuous order. And that the mind might pass with a more easy pleasure through the parts to the whole, rhythm both of prose and verse was earnestly cultivated. Thus the classical influence produced a general refinement and polish of thought and language.

But while these benefits were gained, the effort to acquire them caused English literature to decline in nature and truth. Attention was drawn away from the realities of life and nature to the nice congruities and harmonies of thought and expression. The language of

the heart was lost in the roll of harmonious verse, and the real aspects of the world disguised by the false colouring of merely conventional imagery.

There was, as I have said, a French influence combined with the classical influence, at least during the first two ages of the classical period; and this must be noticed before we can understand the total effect produced on English literature. Owing to the readiness with which the French mind passes from object to object, not dwelling long on each, and then passing clearly to another, its thoughts are light and clear of each other. Hence French thought is more apt to resolve into parts than English thought, crumbling as it were into smaller fragments, which adhere less to each other.

The French mind also, after having gone through the elements of a thought, is apt to dwell on the conclusion of it, as if having a sense of the whole of it, and giving it a final emphasis, and point.

The structure of French heroic verse illustrates both these peculiarities. It is longer than the English heroic verse by two syllables, being what we call the Alexandrine verse. Yet it does not give that sense of excessive length and languor which our Alexandrine does—

“That like a wounded snake drags its slow length along.”

The reason of this is that the French verse is not a massive unity like the English verse, but invariably breaks up in the middle into two parts, both of which are light and pointed.

French verse is always rhymed. For there is not

enough accent to give music without it; and besides the monotony of the rhyme is broken by the break in the middle of each verse. It also suits the final emphasis which is natural to the French mind, and adds to the point with which thought is turned.

Now, in the time of Dryden, the French influence was such that a strong party arose under his leadership, who maintained that English tragedy should all be composed in rhymed verse like the French. They overlooked the essential difference between French and English verse, which I have endeavoured to explain; but they produced no permanent influence on the English drama.

In the next age we may observe French influence penetrating more deeply into English literature, marking it to a certain degree with those two features which I have mentioned, breaking up thought into smaller parts, and giving to each a pointed ending.

This effect was in some cases beneficial, in others not. The English sentence became shorter during this age; and thereby language gained in perspicuity, but lost somewhat in strength. When the two effects were combined, and thought was at the same time brief and pointed, the result was brilliant. We see an example of this in Pope; though in his *Moral Epistles* we may observe that the effort to catch French point sometimes produced excessive condensation and obscurity, and that in imitating the quick transitions of French thought he sacrificed the natural connection of his ideas, and lost the clue which this gives to a good arrangement. When thought was not condensed, and yet was terminated by

a strong ending, this so loaded it at the conclusion as to make it heavy and elaborate. Examples of this may be seen in abundance in the Tragedy of that time.

But we must not forget that the brilliancy and sprightliness of French thought developed in English literature a wit and fancy which we should never have had without it. It was when the French influence was strongest that the mighty wit of Swift outshone the genius of Rabelais in the *Tale of a Tub*, and gave such models of the light, easy, witty verse of satire and comic narrative; and then, too, it was that Pope enriched English literature with the *Rape of a Lock*.

During the next age French influence diminished, the classics still reigning supreme. But the classical influence itself, after having affected English literature most profoundly, gradually waned; for each prevailing direction of mental activity has its period, and ceases when it has done its work. So long as striking results could be obtained by the imitation of classical beauties, the ardour of genius was content to strive after them in the trodden paths. But it is Nature only that can be copied for ever. The works of man are limited like himself, and the human mind cannot confine its strivings and longings within the confines of what man has ever achieved. Repeated imitations of established forms of excellence became gradually less excellent; and about the beginning of this century the genius of our country broke loose from literary traditions to slake its thirst at the fountains of nature. There was at the time a general revival of new and earnest thought. The lassi-

tude and slumber of the eighteenth century was over, and in religion and in science, as well as in literature, a fresh and energetic life was in action. Then foreign influence on English literature may be said to have ceased, and the genius of the nation entered on a career of its own.

And now looking back, we may, perhaps, venture to answer the questions which were suggested at the beginning. What then are the circumstances most favourable to foreign influence? If we might draw our answer from an analysis of the causes which established the Classical and French influence, we might say that a foreign influence acts most strongly when a foreign literature offers models of established excellence for a new style of literary creation, when, at the same time, the literary tendencies already in existence at home coincide with the new style, and native genius has lost somewhat of its vigour of originality. For novelty increases the charm of that which in itself suits the general taste; and when native genius has declined in the strength of its own growth, it naturally clings to that which is stronger than itself to help it upwards. On the other hand, the study of Chaucer's age and of Shakespeare's suggests the observation that every native influence which quickens genius and stimulates the literary life of the nation, strengthens it against the influence of foreign literature, and gives originality to its own productions. Such native influences have already been noted as acting in Chaucer's and in Shakespeare's time; and amongst them the origin of a new form of literature deserves to be more particularly noticed. For



new thought is the life of literature, and when circumstances favour the home growth of a new form of literature this stimulates the literary life of the nation, and exalts its independent action. Thus, in Chaucer's time, the combination of Normans and Saxons into Englishmen, and the universal recognition of the English language, favoured the first real production of English literature. And thus, too, in Shakespeare's time, all things favoured a native drama. At such times the influence of a foreign literature is small; or if the domestic literature is still in pupillage to foreign models, its own productions are marked with an originality corresponding to the impulse which its life has received in assuming a new form.

At the commencement of the present century it was natural that foreign influence should cease; for the ancient models had been so long imitated that there was no room for new imitations of them, and there was no new foreign literature sufficiently excellent to exert a similar influence. The tendency of English genius too was towards a native style; for already in Johnson's time it had assumed more of its natural character. And in the generation after him, having rested sufficiently long from the earnest struggles of the seventeenth century, it renewed its own free strivings after truth and beauty, and signalized the opening of this century by founding new sciences, and renewing literature with free native creations. We still retain this vigour of originality; for, though this is an age deficient in enthusiasm, and without much imagination, there never was a generation more bent on seeing the realities of things for itself.

The original national character of the literature of this century suggests answers to the other questions which were mentioned in connection with foreign influence. It would appear from it that such influence does not tend to increase with the development of literature. On the contrary, it seems to decrease, for it never was so small as at present. And it is natural that it should; for as our own literature becomes more copious, and supplies a greater variety of models, there is less need to look abroad for help or direction; and our literary tastes, gratified by our native literature, prompt us less to make acquaintance with foreign genius.

But though it is natural that foreign influence should diminish in force, it seems strange that it should not, by accumulation of its effects during so long a period, have made a more permanent impression on English literature. It might have been expected that the Classical and French influences would have so affected our habits of thought that, however freely literature was cultivated, those influences would still be observable in it. But the literature of this country seems to have quite reverted to the native style of thought, and the French and Classical taste to have disappeared. Pope, who was the great model of all our poets of the eighteenth century, is now so depreciated that it is questioned whether he was a poet at all. Shakespeare, who during the classical period was wondered at as a barbarous genius, is now worshipped with an idolatry which can see no faults. The period of literature which began with Denham and Waller used to be regarded as com-

prising all that deserved the name of English poetry, and they were honoured as its fathers. Now the tendency is rather to exclude this whole period down to Cowper, as one great gap in the development of English poetry, and to confine this to the periods preceding and following it. In accordance with this prevailing direction of public taste, our literature of this century is for the most part marked most plainly with the qualities of English thought, while those of French or Classical thought have almost disappeared. So superficial and evanescent is the impression which can be made on national thought by a foreign literature. Nor will this seem strange if we remember how small a portion of our mental life is occupied with literature; and how vast a proportion of the nation maintains the complete originality of its mental habits by seldom or never coming into contact with literature at all.\*

---

\* The great persistency of national characters of thought and sentiment is a cardinal fact in scientific history. Such national characters are no doubt due originally to the physical conditions under which they were formed; but in their formation there grew up along with them, confirming them and defining them, habits and institutions, social, civil, and domestic, corresponding to them: and these, when they became traditional, formed at least in the intellectual races, a mental world so full and so established, as to preserve the national characters of thought and feeling throughout the migrations of the race, in the midst of physical circumstances quite different from those to which they were originally due. Such national modes of thought and feeling may, of course, be changed by peaceful intercourse with another race which differs in these respects, particularly if such difference is accompanied by a felt superiority. But modifying influences of this kind must penetrate the mass, if they are to produce any

Are there, then, no permanent effects produced by the influence of one literature on another? The works produced under such an influence are permanent literary agencies; and though they may not sensibly change the character of the national thought, they give to it a fuller and more balanced development, by signaling with literary glory other qualities besides those which principally characterize the national genius. The literature, too, is by their means brought into harmony with other literatures; and the nation trained to appreciate these other literatures, so as to derive from them a still wider and more liberal development of thought, while it stimulates foreign genius by enlarging its audiences. Thus the nations are, by these mutual influences exerted on each other's literature, brought as it were

---

effect. Where two different races come in contact, and one of them is in so small a body as to be affected by intercourse with the other throughout a large portion of its entire mass, while the great bulk of the other is unaffected by such intercourse, then the larger body is likely to maintain its original character in perfect purity, and to assimilate the smaller to itself. Thus the Celtic tribes which in early times migrated into Germany became, according to Cæsar (*Bell. Gall.* vi. 24), completely assimilated to the Germans; and thus also the early Norman settlers in Ireland became, in time, more Irish than the Irish themselves. This assimilation of foreign bodies by large masses of a race helps us to understand how the original character may be preserved pure through a lapse of ages. It arises from the same cause as that which accounts for the evanescence of the influence of foreign literature, namely, the existence of a mass which never feels the influence, and which continually reinforces the native against the foreign character, till it has obliterated all traces of the influence of the latter.

into an organized system, in which, while they preserve their characteristic differences, they are fitted to possess, by the instrumentality of each other, a higher life than if they existed separately.

Foreign influences, moreover, give to a literature variety in its successive periods; and this gives vitality. Without new thought literature cannot live; and there is more room for new thought when there are in a literature various styles of recognized excellence which may prevail in succession, so as to give oscillations to its history.

To a nation such as ours this variety is more needful in our literature. There is a Celtic as well as a Germanic element in the kingdom; and it is well for the Celtic element that there has been a period in which a French influence was combined with the classical, so as to mark English literature with features which Celtic genius may recognize as its own, and by which it may be encouraged to aspire to immortality.





ON THE PRINCIPLES AND USES  
OF ALLITERATION IN  
POETRY.

BY

EVORY KENNEDY, M.D., E. AND T.C. D. (HON.)

FELLOW AND PAST PRESIDENT OF THE KING AND

QUEEN'S COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS IN IRELAND,

VICE-PRES. SOC. D'AFRIQUE, PARIS, HON.

MEM. MED. SOC. HAMBURGH,

ETC. ETC.





## ON THE PRINCIPLES AND USES OF ALLITERATION IN POETRY.

**I**N dealing with the subject of alliteration in poetry, I shall endeavour to bring under your notice, for investigation, a page in our English historical literature, obscure and remote though it be, yet not without its interest to those who are naturally anxious to know something of the refinements of the language in daily use amongst us.

In undertaking this, I confess I have been influenced by the dictum of that worthy and sound-judging Prince, Alfred, in his address to Wulfsig, Bishop of London :  
“ Let those learn Latin afterwards that will know more, and advance to a higher condition ; I think better, that all the youth, that are now in England, who are free men and possess sufficient wealth, may for a time apply to no other task, until they first know well how to read English.”

Before entering upon the special alliterative school, we must deal briefly with the general subject.



Alliteration in poetry, has been defined, as the repetition, once or oftener, of the initial letter of a word in the same verse, for instance, "*Had my sweet Harry bad but half their numbers.*" But we shall find, as we proceed, that this definition is inadequate in its present more comprehensive application. In fact, that alliteration is a generic term, whose species it will be our duty to develop in our progress.

Observe the difficulty with which an infant acquires the power of accomplishing the articulate sounds submitted to its imitation. The repeated, nay, the reiterated and oft-multiplied repetitions elicited, ere the accurate result is accomplished. Observe the comparative pleasure with which, whilst new sounds are submitted to him, he returns to those with which he is already by practice familiar; and, further recall to your memory the greater pleasure that he and you reciprocally experienced from the repetition of those words with which he is familiarized. All this is explicable upon a very simple principle.

There are numerous muscles, acting under the impulse of volition, in the organs of voice, and those accomplishing articulation; the exact action and influence of each of which can only be produced by an individual effort of *each*, co-operating with the common consent in all the others. The articulation of every syllable requires a change in the action of the special muscles engaged, as well as in the harmonized co-operation of all the others.

The voice, unlike the pianoforte, is not a mere mechanical instrument, producing an approximation to

a perfect note. It partakes more of the character of the violin, and *can* develop a perfect note with an accurate articulation, depending on the pitch, the modulation, the *stopping*, and the ear of the speaker.

The effort of every speaker is the sustained attempt of the violin player to play in tune, to stop, or articulate accurately. But the multiplied articulation, as we also observe in music, often interrupts the melody; and all musicians know with what pleasure the performer dwells upon a note, repeats a note, or returns to the key-note; and what relief and gratification this affords his audience. The effort ceases, the harmony is more prolonged, the repeated note, from accurate stopping, by repetition is more perfect; and the repose upon it is often a positive relief from the fatiguing ever-varying articulations. An obvious illustration of this is the enjoyment we experience in listening to a simple air, and the same air with elaborate variations; or, better still, the pleasure felt as the air becomes perceptible, peeping out through the often confused mazes of the variations.

Let it be borne in mind that what we have attempted to describe above is the essential element, not merely of alliteration, but of all metre—nay, of poetry itself.

Metre, in its largest sense, may be defined as “a periodic recurrence of syllables similarly affected.” This recurrence may extend to *accent*, *quantity*, or *articulation*. The metre of modern English poetry is based wholly on the recurrence of accent or accentuated syllables, though accompanied commonly by the recurrence of the same articulation in the form of rhyme. Metre

which depends on accent may be exemplified in the following instance, from Milton's first lines of *Paradise Lost* :—

Of man's first disobedience and the fruit of that forbidden tree,  
Whose mortal taste brought death into the world, and all our woe.

The classical metres of the Greeks and Romans, though dependent to some extent upon accent, were characterized by the recurrence of quantity—that is, a succession of long and short syllables, in a definite order, according to fixed and highly artificial laws. The recurrence of an articulation may consist in *rhyme*, *alliteration*, or *assonance*. Rhyme (called by Milton “the jingling sound of like endings”) is the repetition of the same articulation at the *end* of words, whilst alliteration, properly so called, is the repetition of the same articulation at the *beginning* of words. Assonant metre, confined chiefly to Spanish literature and the modern Irish street ballad, is the recurrence of a part of an articulation, most frequently vocal.

We shall now give a few examples illustrative of these different varieties of metre, and in doing so shall select, when available, the earlier writers in our own language, in the first instance, unless when better examples are to be found elsewhere.

An example in rhyme we take from Fairfax's *Tasso*, where he describes the fascinating Armida, sent to captivate and obstruct Godfrey of Bouillon, and the leaders of the Crusade :—

Her cheeks on which this streaming nectar fell,  
Still'd through the limbecke of her diamond eyes,

The roses white and red resembled well,  
Whereon the roary May-dew sprinkled lies,  
When the fair morn first blusheth from her cell,  
And breatheth balm from open'd Paradise ;  
Thus sigh'd, thus mourn'd, thus wept this lovely Queen,  
And in each drop, bathed a grace unseen.

An example of metre in quantity may be given from Horace :—

Miserarum est neque amoris dare ludum, neque dulci  
Mellē vinō lavere aut exanimari mentēntēs.

An example of alliteration from *Piers Plowman's Vision* :—

Ich went forth wyde,  
When walking myn one  
In a wyld wyldernesse  
By a wood syde,  
Bliss of the birddes  
A byde me made.

That Milton held alliteration much higher, as an embellishment to poetry, than he did rhyme, is patent; not merely from the large use he made of the former in his compositions, but also from the slighting tone in which he treated the latter. In fact, he denounces rhyme as no necessary adjunct, or true ornament of a poem or good verse.

We find the earlier writers, Chaucer for instance, occasionally unite rhyme with alliteration, and this although he held the latter rather at a discount. The following gives not a bad example of this combination. It is one of his least objectionable humorous passages, and exhibits a good deal of the broad sense of the ridiculous that was subsequently so conspicuous in the

prose passages of Smollett. It is from the prologue to the *Wife of Bath's Tale*, as rendered by Ogle. We shall first give his description of a lady's occupation in the fourteenth century :—

It so befel, in holy time of Lent,  
That off a day I to this gossip went  
(My husband, thank my stars, was out of town).  
From house to house we rambled up and down,  
This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Ales,  
To see, be seen, to tell and gather tales.  
Visits to every church we daily paid,  
And march'd in every holy masquerade ;  
The stations duly and the vigils kept,  
Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept;  
At sermons, too, I shone in scarlet gay.  
The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array,  
The cause was this—I wore it every day.

Well! she disposed of her husband and married the clerk, but she discovered, when too late, in Chaucer's words :—

Love seldom haunts the breast where *learning* lies,  
And Venus sets e're Mercury can rise.

The clerk's scholastic habits and tone of reading were evidently displeasing to his wife, and this is not to be wondered at from his selection, and his requiring her to act audience. But let her speak for herself :—

My spouse, who was, you know, to learning bred,  
A certain treatise oft at evening read,  
Where divers authors (whom the devil confound  
For all their lies) were in one volume bound—  
Valerius whole, and of St. Jerome part ;  
Chrisippus and Tertullian, Ovid's art,  
Solomon's proverbs, Eloisa's loves,  
And many more than sure the Church approves ;  
More legends were there here of *wicked wives*

Than good in all the Bible, and saints' lives.  
 Who drew the lion vanquish'd? 'Twas a man!  
 But could we women write as scholars can,  
 Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness  
 Than all the sons of Adam could redress.  
 It chanced my husband, on a winter's night,  
 Read in this book aloud, with strange delight,  
 How the first female (as the Scriptures show)  
 Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe;  
 How Sampson fell; and he whom Dejanire  
 Wrapped in th' envenomed shirt, and set on fire;  
 How some with swords their sleeping lords have slain,  
 And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,  
 And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion;  
 And this he read, and read with great devotion.  
 Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and frown'd,  
 But when no end of these vile tales I found,  
 When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,  
 And half the night was thus consumed in vain!  
 Provoked to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,  
 And with one buffet fell'd him to the floor!  
 With that my husband in a fury rose,  
 And down he settled me with hearty blows,  
 I groan'd and lay extended on my side.  
 "Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth (I cried),  
 Yet I forgive thee; take my last embrace."  
 He wept, kind soul, and stoop'd to kiss my face.  
 I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,  
 Then sigh'd and cried, "Adieu, my dear, adieu!"  
 But after many a hearty struggle past,  
 I condescended to be pleased at last,  
 Soon as he said, "My mistress and my wife,  
 Do what you list the term of all your life;"  
 I took to heart the merits of the cause,  
 And stood content to rule by wholesome laws,  
 Secured the reins of absolute command,  
 With all the government of house and land,  
 And empire o'er his tongue and o'er his hand.  
 As for the volume that reviled the dames,  
 'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.

An example in assonance from our Irish ballad :—

Oh ! the groves of Blarney,  
They are so charming,  
All by the purling of soft silent brooks,  
And the banks of roses,  
That spontaneous grow there,  
Planted in order in the sweet rock close.

A further example from the Spanish :—

Aguardate dixo el pavo  
Al cuervo de lejos  
Tabis lo que estoi pensando  
Que eros negro y feo.

Although the harmonious effect of placing the word with a similar sound at the end of a line or couplet has rendered that form of poetry most general, yet the reverse has been the plan sometimes adopted, and the consonance has been produced in the first or other words in the line, as in the well-known Latin production of the Middle Ages, the *Pugna Porcorum per Publium Porcium Poetam*, the first lines of which run thus :—

Propterea properans proconsul, poplite prono,  
Precipitem plebem pro patrum pace poposcit,  
Persta paulisper pubes preciosa ! precamur.

At other times the first letter of the first word has been repeated throughout a canto, or section of the poem, and then another taken up, and so on.

We have a remarkable example of this latter method in the original Hebrew of the 119th Psalm. Here the sacred poet selected the letters of the Hebrew alphabet

as what we may term key-notes, and repeated eight verses in succession with the same initial letter, and then passed to another. Whilst referring to this psalm we may also instance it as an example of that recurrence of ideas which formed a substitute for metre in Hebrew poetry.

Having, up to this, occupied your attention in tracing the general principles and universality of alliteration, we shall now direct our inquiries to that period of our own history in which it constituted a characteristic feature of the poetry of the day.

The world's history, carefully analysed, shows that impulsive waves of development in arts, science, politics, and literature, have been found to prevail at intervals throughout its progress. We are at this moment, and have for the last fifty years, been borne along upon the crest of one of no ordinary magnitude and scope. We point with wonder and astonishment to the progress made in the portion of this century already passed; but if we look back to other periods, we find instances as striking, and waves more sweeping and astounding in their magnitude and grandeur. Although we shall subsequently have to deal with the early Saxon era, it suits our present purpose to dwell for a moment upon one of those historic waves, in the contemplation of that period of our history, which embraced about a century and a-half, commencing exactly six hundred years from this date.

The third Henry, feeble and incapable, nominally filled the throne of England in 1265. Turbulence and disaffection prevailed to such an extent that Leicester



and his committee of peers exercised the regal authority. They, in this year, laid the foundation of one of the greatest institutions that ever the ingenuity of man devised—the British House of Commons, by summoning the representatives of counties, cities, and boroughs, to meet the barons in a great council of the nation.

Strange to say, the fact of this being the sixth centenary anniversary of the formation of the House of Commons appears to have attracted no notice.

Many circumstances had led to the great intestine movement in the people that helped to call forth the swelling wave; but none had proved more potent in its influence than the Crusades. For nearly two hundred years, commencing in 1095, this extraordinary series of fanatic invasions had been persisted in, rendering the Crusaders the carriers of knowledge and civilization into Northern and Western Europe.

That a tone was getting up amongst the Anglo-Saxon population, for some time, to eschew the prevalent habit of using the language of their Norman invaders—which had become so general among the upper classes—and to recur to their native language, is quite evident from Robert of Gloucester's chronicle, written about the year 1297, in which, in the same breath, he condemns the ignorance of those who could not speak French, and taunts his fellow-countrymen for being ignorant of their own language. The Saxon language had been gradually invaded, or more or less displaced, from the period of the Norman invasion; but more than that, it had been following the natural laws of decay and death, like the laws of matter, to break forth into new combi-

nations, the result of new affinities, rising ever higher in the scale of development.

It would occupy an exclusive lecture to deal with the transition of the Saxon in its subsequent changes, from the addition of the Latin, Romance, and other elements; its conversion into Anglo-Saxon, and eventually into English. Suffice it to say, that throughout these transitions we find the taste for alliteration steadily persisted in, despite the temptation to adopt the metrical romance. Its thorough establishment, maintained to an extent that constituted it a school of poetry, carried into a system under their management, together with its general adoption by them, rendered it the especial property of the Anglo-Saxon and English people, at the time of its prevalence, as it is now theirs by the rights of the history of literature.

Whatever doubt may exist on the vexed question of the laws of Anglo-Saxon metre, one conclusion has been arrived at by all authorities—namely, that in it the lines are associated together in couplets by the alliteration; and, when most perfect, that this system contains three recurrences of the same initial letter—two in the former, the third in the latter line of the couplet. Two such recurrences, one in each line, are however held sufficient.

If the alliteral initials are consonants, absolute identity is required, but, if vowels, every one is regarded as equivalent. The Saxon ode on the victory of Athelstane affords an example:—

Scotta leode  
And scip-flotan

The Scottish people  
And the mariners

which depends on accent may be exemplified in the following instance, from Milton's first lines of *Paradise Lost*:—

Of man's first disobedience and the fruit of that forbidden tree,  
Whose mortal taste brought death into the world, and all our woe.

The classical metres of the Greeks and Romans, though dependent to some extent upon accent, were characterized by the recurrence of quantity—that is, a succession of long and short syllables, in a definite order, according to fixed and highly artificial laws. The recurrence of an articulation may consist in *rhyme*, *alliteration*, or *assonance*. Rhyme (called by Milton “the jingling sound of like endings”) is the repetition of the same articulation at the *end* of words, whilst alliteration, properly so called, is the repetition of the same articulation at the *beginning* of words. Assonant metre, confined chiefly to Spanish literature and the modern Irish street ballad, is the recurrence of a part of an articulation, most frequently vocal.

We shall now give a few examples illustrative of these different varieties of metre, and in doing so shall select, when available, the earlier writers in our own language, in the first instance, unless when better examples are to be found elsewhere.

An example in rhyme we take from Fairfax's *Tasso*, where he describes the fascinating Armida, sent to captive and obstruct Godfrey of Bouillon, and the leaders of the Crusade:—

Her cheeks on which this streaming nectar fell,  
Still'd through the limbecke of her diamond eyes,

The roses white and red resembled well,  
Whereon the roary May-dew sprinkled lies,  
When the fair morn first blusheth from her cell,  
And breatheth balm from open'd Paradise ;  
Thus sigh'd, thus mourn'd, thus wept this lovely Queen,  
And in each drop, bathed a grace unseen.

An example of metre in quantity may be given from Horace :—

Miserarum est neque amoris dare ludum, neque dulci  
Mala vino lavere aut exanimari mentes.

An example of alliteration from *Piers Plowman's Vision* :—

Ich went forth wyde,  
When walking myn one  
In a wyld wyldernesse  
By a wood syde,  
Bliss of the birddes  
A byde me made.

That Milton held alliteration much higher, as an embellishment to poetry, than he did rhyme, is patent; not merely from the large use he made of the former in his compositions, but also from the slighting tone in which he treated the latter. In fact, he denounces rhyme as no necessary adjunct, or true ornament of a poem or good verse.

We find the earlier writers, Chaucer for instance, occasionally unite rhyme with alliteration, and this although he held the latter rather at a discount. The following gives not a bad example of this combination. It is one of his least objectionable humorous passages, and exhibits a good deal of the broad sense of the ridiculous that was subsequently so conspicuous in the

prose passages of Smollett. It is from the prologue to the *Wife of Bath's Tale*, as rendered by Ogle. We shall first give his description of a lady's occupation in the fourteenth century :—

It so befel, in holy time of Lent,  
That off a day I to this gossip went  
(My husband, thank my stars, was out of town).  
From house to house we rambled up and down,  
This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Ales,  
To see, be seen, to tell and gather tales.  
Visits to every church we daily paid,  
And march'd in every holy masquerade ;  
The stations duly and the vigils kept,  
Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept ;  
At sermons, too, I shone in scarlet gay.  
The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array,  
The cause was this—I wore it every day.

Well! she disposed of her husband and married the clerk, but she discovered, when too late, in Chaucer's words :—

Love seldom haunts the breast where *learning lies*,  
And Venus sets e're Mercury can rise.

The clerk's scholastic habits and tone of reading were evidently displeasing to his wife, and this is not to be wondered at from his selection, and his requiring her to act audience. But let her speak for herself :—

My spouse, who was, you know, to learning bred,  
A certain treatise oft at evening read,  
Where divers authors (whom the devil confound  
For all their lies) were in one volume bound—  
Valerius whole, and of St. Jerome part ;  
Chrisippus and Tertullian, Ovid's art,  
Solomon's proverbs, Eloisa's loves,  
And many more than sure the Church approves ;  
More legends were there here of *wicked wives*

Than good in all the Bible, and saints' lives.  
 Who drew the lion vanquish'd? 'Twas a man!  
 But could we women write as scholars can,  
*Men* should stand *mark'd* with far more wickedness  
 Than all the sons of Adam could redress.  
 It chanced my husband, on a winter's night,  
 Read in this book aloud, with strange delight,  
 How the *first female* (as the Scriptures show)  
 Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe;  
 How Sampson fell; and he whom Dejanire  
 Wrapped in th' envenomed shirt, and set on fire;  
 How some with swords their sleeping lords have slain,  
 And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,  
 And some have *drench'd* them with a *deadly* potion;  
 And this he read, and read with great devotion.  
 Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and frown'd,  
 But when no end of these vile tales I found,  
 When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,  
 And half the night was thus consumed in vain!  
 Provoked to vengeance, three *large leaves* I tore,  
 And with one buffet fell'd him to the *floor*!  
 With that my husband in a *fury* rose,  
 And down he settled me with hearty blows,  
 I groan'd and lay extended on my side.  
 "Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth (I cried),  
 Yet I forgive thee; take my last embrace."  
 He wept, kind soul, and stoop'd to kiss my face.  
 I took him such a *box* as turn'd him *blue*,  
 Then sigh'd and cried, "Adieu, my dear, adieu!"  
 But after many a hearty struggle past,  
 I condescended to be pleased at last,  
 Soon as he said, "My mistress and my wife,  
 Do what you *list* the term of all your *life*;"  
 I took to heart the merits of the cause,  
 And stood content to rule by wholesome laws,  
 Secured the reins of absolute command,  
 With all the government of house and land,  
 And empire o'er his tongue and o'er his hand.  
 As for the volume that reviled the dames,  
 'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.

An example in assonance from our Irish ballad :—

Oh ! the groves of Blarney,  
They are so charming,  
All by the purling of soft silent brooks,  
And the banks of roses,  
That spontaneous grow there,  
Planted in order in the sweet rock close.

A further example from the Spanish :—

Aquardate dixo el pavo  
Al cuervo de lejos  
Taxis lo que estoi pensando  
Que eros negro y feo.

Although the harmonious effect of placing the word with a similar sound at the end of a line or couplet has rendered that form of poetry most general, yet the reverse has been the plan sometimes adopted, and the assonance has been produced in the first or other part of the line, as in the well-known Latin production of the Middle Ages, the *Pugna Porcorum per Porcium Poetam*, the first lines of which run

Propterea properans proconsul, poplite prono,  
Precipitem plebem pro patrum pace poposcit,  
Persta paulisper pubes preciosa ! precamur.

At other times the first letter of the first word has been repeated throughout a canto, or section of the poem, and then another taken up, and so on.

We have a remarkable example of this latter method in the original Hebrew of the 119th Psalm. Here the sacred poet selected the letters of the Hebrew alphabet

as what we may term key-notes, and repeated eight verses in succession with the same initial letter, and then passed to another. Whilst referring to this psalm we may also instance it as an example of that recurrence of ideas which formed a substitute for metre in Hebrew poetry.

Having, up to this, occupied your attention in tracing the general principles and universality of alliteration, we shall now direct our inquiries to that period of our own history in which it constituted a characteristic feature of the poetry of the day.

The world's history, carefully analysed, shows that impulsive waves of development in arts, science, politics, and literature, have been found to prevail at intervals throughout its progress. We are at this moment, and have for the last fifty years, been borne along upon the crest of one of no ordinary magnitude and scope. We point with wonder and astonishment to the progress made in the portion of this century already passed; but if we look back to other periods, we find instances as striking, and waves more sweeping and astounding in their magnitude and grandeur. Although we shall subsequently have to deal with the early Saxon era, it suits our present purpose to dwell for a moment upon one of those historic waves, in the contemplation of that period of our history, which embraced about a century and a-half, commencing exactly six hundred years from this date.

The third Henry, feeble and incapable, nominally filled the throne of England in 1265. Turbulence and disaffection prevailed to such an extent that Leicester



and his committee of peers exercised the regal authority. They, in this year, laid the foundation of one of the greatest institutions that ever the ingenuity of man devised—the British House of Commons, by summoning the representatives of counties, cities, and boroughs, to meet the barons in a great council of the nation.

Strange to say, the fact of this being the sixth centenary anniversary of the formation of the House of Commons appears to have attracted no notice.

Many circumstances had led to the great intestine movement in the people that helped to call forth the swelling wave; but none had proved more potent in its influence than the Crusades. For nearly two hundred years, commencing in 1095, this extraordinary series of fanatic invasions had been persisted in, rendering the Crusaders the carriers of knowledge and civilization into Northern and Western Europe.

That a tone was getting up amongst the Anglo-Saxon population, for some time, to eschew the prevalent habit of using the language of their Norman invaders—which had become so general among the upper classes—and to recur to their native language, is quite evident from Robert of Gloucester's chronicle, written about the year 1297, in which, in the same breath, he condemns the ignorance of those who could not speak French, and taunts his fellow-countrymen for being ignorant of their own language. The Saxon language had been gradually invaded, or more or less displaced, from the period of the Norman invasion; but more than that, it had been following the natural laws of decay and death, like the laws of matter, to break forth into new combi-

nations, the result of new affinities, rising ever higher in the scale of development.

It would occupy an exclusive lecture to deal with the transition of the Saxon in its subsequent changes, from the addition of the Latin, Romance, and other elements; its conversion into Anglo-Saxon, and eventually into English. Suffice it to say, that throughout these transitions we find the taste for alliteration steadily persisted in, despite the temptation to adopt the metrical romance. Its thorough establishment, maintained to an extent that constituted it a school of poetry, carried into a system under their management, together with its general adoption by them, rendered it the especial property of the Anglo-Saxon and English people, at the time of its prevalence, as it is now theirs by the rights of the history of literature.

Whatever doubt may exist on the vexed question of the laws of Anglo-Saxon metre, one conclusion has been arrived at by all authorities—namely, that in it the lines are associated together in couplets by the alliteration; and, when most perfect, that this system contains three recurrences of the same initial letter—two in the former, the third in the latter line of the couplet. Two such recurrences, one in each line, are however held sufficient.

If the alliterals are consonants, absolute identity is required, but, if vowels, every one is regarded as equivalent. The Saxon ode on the victory of Athelstane affords an example:—

Scotta leode  
And scip-flotan

The Scottish people  
And the mariners

Fage feollon.  
 Feld dymode  
 Siega swate  
 Siththen sunne up

. . . . .  
 Gewiton hym Northmen  
 Magledon eneararrum  
 Obreong daretta laf,  
 On dinges mere,  
 Ofen deep wæter,  
 Dyflin secan,  
 Eft Yraland  
 Æwise mode.

Fated fell.  
 The field flowed  
 With warriors blood  
 Since the sun up.

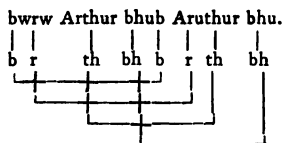
. . . . .  
 The Northmen departed  
 In (their) mailed ships,  
 Gory relic of the darts,  
 On the roaring sea,  
 Over deep water  
 Dublin to seek,  
 Ireland again  
 With a shamed mind.

The same alliterative system prevailed for centuries, from the earliest historic times, in both the Islandic and early Teutonic languages, but is not traceable in the oldest specimens of Celtic poetry. It formed, however, an essential feature in the Irish poetry of the ninth and following centuries. The following is a specimen from an Irish historical poem :—

Bo connarb a Bhrathair Bras  
 Britus tanmuir Niocht Namhnas.  
 Bo grabh Briotus Albain Ain  
 Go roinn Feaghnach Follindain.

Later still, in the twelfth century, the English and Welsh were so fond of this figure of speech, which Giraldus Cambrensis calls "Annominatio," that they deemed no "composition to be elegant, or other than rude and barbarous, in which it was not plentifully employed." To such a pitch was this carried, and so great were the refinements introduced, that it is even difficult, unless prepared to expect it, to detect the alliteration in the construction of the verses. I

here exhibit, in a diagram, an instance of this refinement, in which the consonants of the first and last half of the line must correspond, letter for letter. The cacophony of this passage, combined with its intricacy, render it more prudent not to attempt its enunciation in the Cymric :—



Again, alliteration was carried to such an excess as to give double letters and syllables, as in the following distich :—

Gwyr a aeth Gahaeth fedsaeth Feddwyn,  
FFurf FFrwyklawn oedd Cam nas Cymhwyllwn.

This distich, from Gododin of Aneurim, ascribed to the sixth century by Conybeare, gives a specimen of internal rhyming within the compass of which are contained two or three rhyming syllables.

It will thus appear that all the Gothic nations (including under that term both Scandinavian and Teutonic), from a very early period, used alliteration in its simplest form, as a primitive instinctive principle in improving the harmony of the vocal organs; and that, it may have even been introduced when a scant vocabulary rendered it an important means of embellishing the improvised songs and incantations of the scalds and seers of Northern Europe, or the spirit-stirring appeals of the Saxon bards, at periods when no written language could afford a trace of its existence.

It had been also practised (although not so systematically) throughout the Homeric\* age, and in the hey-day of literature in the Augustan period; † was revived, to a fault, on the emergence of literature from the dark ages in our own country; has been practised unceasingly ever since; and is occasionally used in the most studied and classical compositions (as well in verse as in prose) in the present period. Even our Biblical translators have at times availed themselves of it, and deem it worthy of the psalmist in meditating on the mighty powers of the Omnipotent:—"Who layeth the beams of his chamber in the waters, who maketh the clouds his chariot, who walketh upon the wings of the wind."

Although we do not claim for Saxon alliterative poetry any fixed principle of quantity, or even positively of accent, yet we may suggest that the peculiarity of the intonation of the alliterated words was similar in its application to the "ictus metricus," or "arsis," in Greek metrical poetry; that is, the intonation of the

\* τριχθά τε καὶ τετραχθὺ διατρυφέν ἔκπεσε χειρός.

*Homer.*

ἦτοι ὁ καὶ πεδίον τὸ Ἀλῆϊον ὁλος ἀλᾶτο,  
δν θυμὸν κατέδων, πάτον ἀνθρώπων ἀλεείνων.

*Homer.*

† Apparet Divum numen sedesque quietæ  
Quas neque concutiant venti, neque nubila nimbis  
Aspergunt, neque nix acri concreta pruina  
Cana cadens violat . . . . .

*Lucretius.*

— tales casus Cassandra canebat.

*Virgil.*

— longe sale saxa sonabant.

*Virgil.*

voice rose and struck, as with a blow, each alliterated word in its utterance, which was also generally more prolonged, as in the "arsis," or the first syllable of the foot, in metrical composition.

It is difficult to account for its popularity amongst the rude Anglo-Saxon population, and its renaissance in the subsequent stormy periods of Saxon struggle for equal rights and freedom with their Norman masters, unless we admit it to be possessed of a force and power that does not quite strike us in its present perusal. Much, no doubt, depended upon its vehemence of intonation and the force of utterance by our sturdy progenitors. It was clearly a style of composition more dealt with by recital than by transcription, and owed much of its popularity to the manner of its conveyance: unless, indeed, like the mysterious Homeric "digamma," phenomena may still be discovered in it calculated to elucidate hidden principles that have escaped our detection.

The fact (in all likelihood) is, that the Anglo-Saxon used a true poet's licence in spouting his peculiar verse: untrammelled by the rules of the prosodians, he pitched quantities and accents to the wind; concentrated his physical energies upon the alliterated words, and intoned the rest in such guise as best suited the various subjects in his poem, as told most effectively upon his hearers, and fell in with his own views of oratorical enunciation.

That the practice of alliteration was not confined, however, to the Saxon or Anglo-Saxon compositions of the period we deal with, we have evidence in the writ-

ings of Aldhelm, abbot of Malmesbury, who flourished at the end of the seventh century, as he, who had himself treated of the rules of Latin prosody, introduced alliteration freely into his *Latin* writings.

The progress and prevalency of alliteration developed and increased, as we have seen, from this period down to the ninth century, when it is first observed to have been adopted by the Celtic races, and this although matters deteriorated in the way of general learning at this period.

We have it upon the authority of King Alfred himself, in the preface to his translation of Gregory's *Pastorale*, "That men from abroad (had) sought wisdom and learning in this country, though we must now go out of it to obtain knowledge, if we should wish to have it." This decline has been variously attributed; but the Danish invasion, and the destruction of the monasteries, schools, and places of learning, following upon a torpid, divided policy, and the absence of a common interest among the inhabitants, must have exercised considerable influence. No great master-spirit had arisen since Bede's loss to stimulate them by his precept and example, until King Alfred set himself to meet the difficulty. Not satisfied with mere encouragement of literature (like one of the greatest potentates of the present day), he himself undertook the drudgery of authorship; but he prepared for this by acquiring, through no trifling labour, at comparatively an advanced period of life, a knowledge of Latin. His translation of Bede into his native language was of itself no despicable undertaking. But he rested not here; he invited

the most learned men from all quarters, established schools for the English youth, aye, and for the adult ; and Asser states that he carried the principle to such an extent that, where incapacity or advanced age prevented the nobility from attending and learning themselves, they were obliged to send substitutes, either " sons, women, or servants, to school to learn," that they might read to them.

That the selection of alliterated poetry was adopted from choice, not ignorance on the part of the writers in this style, is evident from the fact that we have extant good specimens of the heroic, elegiac, and other compositions (in which the best classical models were held strictly in view), from the sixth century downwards, produced by the pens of such men as Bede and Sedulius, whose writings were as available to the clerks and scribes as were the alliterational compositions.

It is a somewhat remarkable circumstance, and one that I should not be justified in suppressing from my present audience, that two of our most successful Anglo-Saxon scholars and explorers have been ladies. To her honour be it mentioned, that the translation by Miss Gurney of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* was that selected by Dr. Giles as the groundwork of his excellent edition of that work, now in general use. The other Anglo-Saxon scholar alluded to is Mrs. Elizabeth Estob, who published, in 1709, her translation of an English-Saxon homily on the birthday of St. Gregory, anciently used in the English-Saxon church. Her apology for the study of Saxon is so much to the purpose that we must be excused for giving it :—" What is this Saxon ? What has she (a woman) to do with this barbarous antiquated



stuff? So useless! so altogether out of the way! But how came they to know that it is out of the way and useless, who know nothing of it? And they seem to have forgot the sentiment of their polite masters, who judged not any part of learning to be out of the way. I fear, if things were rightly considered, that the charge of barbarity would rather fall upon those who, while they fancy themselves endowed with the embellishments of foreign learning, are ignorant, even to barbarity, of the faith, religion, laws, and customs, and language, of their ancestors. I assure you these are considerations which have afforded me no small encouragement in the prosecution of these studies."

We now approach the period of renaissance in literature as in art. The Norman population in England was gradually losing its supremacy. The loss of Normandy had detracted from its prestige and the apparent superiority of the Normans. This superiority consisted rather in their organization, chivalry, and popular accomplishments, than in any real excellence, as has since been proved by the development of those sterling traits of character in the Teuton, which, blending as they have done with the Norman element, have resulted in true greatness. The ebullition before alluded to as working in the Anglo-Saxon population, soon after burst out in Wat Tyler's insurrection; but, in the meantime, the extraordinary work to which I have now to draw your attention had been circulated, and assisted in rousing the sturdy resistance of the commons against the king, clergy, and the other dominant powers.

The *Vision of Piers Plowman*, which is the great

example of alliterative poetry in its most systematic form, may be termed a satirical allegory, in which every class of society is scarified with an equally unsparing hand. And although the author may appear to bear more hardly on the church than upon other professions or occupations, yet, when we recollect that he was, as far as can be ascertained, a monk himself, and that the church then occupied the most engrossing position in society, it is not to be wondered at that it should attract his especial notice, or engage so much of his attention. At the time of the book being written—about 1350—the Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, the Masters in Chancery, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Chamberlain of the Exchequer, the Lord Treasurer of England, the Treasurer of Ireland, and the Master of the Jewel Horse, were all in holy orders.

Various attempts have been made to fix the exact date of the writing of *Piers Plowman*, based principally upon the incidents referred to in the book itself. All that is known of it is given pretty concisely by Robert Cowley, in his introduction to the reader of his black-letter edition (the book I now exhibit to you), published by him in the year A.D. 1550. Cowley states, “I have learned that the author was named Robert Langlande, a Shropshire man, born in Clayberrie, about eight miles from Malverne Hills,” and conjectures that this book was written about two hundred years before that time, in the reign of Edward III.

Although the hexameter, or proper garb for satirical versification, was not that adopted by Langlande, the *Vision of Piers Plowman* comes strictly

within the denomination of a satire, or satirical poem, as defined by the Abbé Garnier, namely—"A poem without any regular action, of a certain length, either indulging in invective or of an ironical character, and directed against the vices and failings of men, with a view to their correction."

It is clear that the writers who adopted the alliterative style of composition, in preference to following the refined classical models extant, were equally convinced as Horace that the style of the poet, or rather of the speaker in the poem, should not be unsuited to his station in life, else his efforts would only excite ridicule. It was in fact the interest and the cause of the plain simple-minded rustic, not that of the refined merchant-traveller that was to be considered in the composition. The savage Colchus, not the voluptuous Assyrius; the dull "Thebis nutritus," not the proud Argis, was to be represented, to render the poem popular with those for whom it was penned.

A comparison naturally forces itself upon our minds between Robert Langalande and his almost contemporary author Chaucer. In this the style of the former, which is comparatively obsolete, throws the latter into the shade.

Chaucer adopted generally the Italian ten or eleven syllable metre, and pleased our musical tastes with his rhythm; whereas Langalande discards rhyme, and varies from eleven to thirteen, or even occasionally a greater number of syllables. Indeed, if we count the *e* mute as a distinct syllable, he at times rivals Swift in the numbers and irregularity of his metre, as he does in the

terse severity of his style. The propriety of omitting the pronunciation of the *e* mute (occasionally at least), in the renaissance period, is in my mind quite established by the versification of Chaucer; as, if *invariably* pronounced in the last syllable of the line, where it presents itself, the rhyme would be destroyed.

In Langalande's sagacious investigation of character, in his keen cutting dissection of the springs of action, in his satirical delineation of classes, and severe castigations of their shortcomings and vices, in his absence of hesitation in calling a spade a spade, when he comes to denounce what he deems wrong, and applaud what he esteems right, or, as he terms it in his graduated scale of eulogy, "Do well and do bet," he is quite a match for his great contemporary; but it must be admitted that in wit and poetic description he is infinitely his inferior. In fact, if we substituted "fortibus" for "lenibus," Julius Cæsar's\* comparison of Terence with Menander, would have applied pretty accurately to our two mediæval poets.

Chaucer used alliteration sparingly, and alludes disparagingly to it. There does not seem to have been much in common either in position or feeling between him and Langalande. The sentiments of *Piers Plowman* were clearly those of the popular reformer of the day; while the sympathies of the other were those of

---

\* Lenibus atque utinam scriptis adjuncta foret vis  
Comica, ut æquato virtus polleret honore  
Cum Græcis, neque in hac despectus parte jaceres;  
Unum hoc maceror et doleo tibi deesse, Terenti.

humourist, and a man of taste and pleasure, moving in a different sphere. No doubt Chaucer's foreign travel and his intercourse with Petrarch and other men of letters influenced his tone and writing.

The style of writing in *Piers Plowman* may be termed *Early English*, and though at first it sounds a little obscure, the ear soon becomes familiar with it. The plan of Langalande's work, if indeed it have a plan, is a supposed discursive pilgrimage, made by the hero, *Piers* (the) *Plowman*, who goes through the world condemning vice and applauding virtue in their various guises, dealing with real or figurative characters, as suits his purpose; and calling in to his assistance every variety of personage, from the Demon to the Deity, as the urgency of his case demands. The gist of his writing is generally in his dialogue.

I shall now give a few extracts from *Piers Plowman*, requesting you to observe the alliteration as we proceed.

Piers' disquisition with the Lady, the Knight, and Wastour, followed by that with "Hunger," is a fair specimen of his dealing with the extravagance and habits of luxury that were even in the fourteenth century creeping in amongst the better classes. This, the sixth passus, opens with a laudable anxiety on the part of Piers to see the pilgrims occupied in some useful labour.

The knight, however, disclaims all knowledge of labour, skilled or unskilled, in rather obscure language, and offers his services to any *suitable* occupation, which Piers accepts thus :—

"By Saint Paul," quoth Perkin,  
 "Ye profer me fayre,  
 That I shall swynke \* and swete,  
 And sowe for us bathe,  
 And other labours do for thy love,  
 Al my lyfe tyme,  
 In covenaut that thou kepe  
 Holy kyrke and myselfe  
 Frō wasters and frō wycked men  
 That this world destroyeth."

This was evidently the carrying out of the feudal arrangement on a small scale. But Piers does not deny the knight reasonable amusement in allotting him his occupations, as he continues :—

"And go bunt bardely  
 To bares and to foxes,  
 To bores and to brocks,  
 That breken adowne my hedges,  
 And go affayte the fawcons,  
 Wylde foles to kyll.  
 For such cumeth to my croft,  
 And croppeth mi whete."

In the third couplet, "And go affayte the fawcons." Langalande takes a licence in his alliteration, and places the first alliterative *f*, the second letter in the word, making another exception to the general rule laid down early in this lecture.

Before starting on his pilgrimage, Piers deems it judicious to make his will, and commences by making worthy mention of his wife, son, and daughter, whose names being somewhat unusual, both in length and

---

\* Work.

derivation, and not uninstrusive to the rising generation, we shall give "in extenso:"—

Dame werche-whan-tyme-is,  
 Piers wyfe hight,\*  
 His daughter hight, Do-right-so  
 -or-thee-dam-shal-thee beat,  
 His son hight,  
 Suffer-thy-souverains-to-have-her-will,  
 † Deme-them-not-for-if-thou-dost,  
 Thou-shalt-it-dere-abye. ‡

The two principal bequests he makes are his soul and body, or *carene* (carrion), as he terms it. These are so worded as to leave the distribution of these portions of his property an open question to the gentleman of the long robe, and exhibit a higher order of wit and polish in his sarcasm than he generally aims at. We do not imagine that anything irreverent was intended in the first bequest, although to us it sounds rather equivocal. In this respect it bears a strong resemblance to many of those keen, but questionable passages with which Swift startles his readers.

#### PIERS PLOWMAN'S WILL.

For thi I wole er I wende  
 Do write my bequeste,  
 ("In dei nomine Amen,")  
 I make it myselve.  
 He shall have my soule  
 That best bath deserved it,  
 And fro the Fend it defende,  
 For so I bileve,

---

\* Was called.

† Judge.

‡ Atone.

Till I come to hise accountes,  
As my credo me telleth,  
To have a relees and a remission,  
On that rental I leve.

In the meantime matters went on very badly with Piers' labourers. Piers turns to the knight to oblige Wastour to give over his bad habits and

Abigue by the law.  
I was nocht wont to *werche* quod *Wastour*,  
And now will I not begynne,  
And leet fight of the lawe  
And lesse of the knyghte,  
And set Piers at a pese,  
And his Plough bothe.

Piers, finding the knight unable to cope with Wastour, shouted for Hunger to come to his assistance, who speedily brought matters to a crisis by attacking Wastour violently :—

And wrong him so by the wombe,  
That bothe his eighen watride,  
He buffeted the Bretoner  
About the cheekes,  
That he looked like a lantern,  
Al his life after.  
Suffer hem lyve he seide,  
And lat hem ete with hogges,  
Or ellis benes or bren,  
Y'baken togederes,  
Or ellis milk and mene ale.

Mean ale is scarcely improved upon by its present conversion into "small-beer." The effect of this treatment was magical, as immediately,



*Faitours* \* for *fere* hereof  
*Flowen* into *Bernes*,  
 And *flapten* on with *flailes*,  
 With *spades* and with *shovels*,  
 And *dolven* and *dikeden*,  
 To drive away hunger.

Eventually they got lazy and fell into ill health.

Hunger's rules of dietary are perfection, and should be stereotyped on all our memories :—

I woot well, quod Hunger,  
 What sicknesse you cycleth,  
 Ye have manged over much,  
 And that maketh you grone,  
 Ac I bote † thee, quod Hunger,  
 As thou shyn bele ‡ wilnest,  
 That thou drynk no day,  
 Ere thou dyne som what,  
 Ete noght I bote thee,  
 Er hunger thee take,  
 And send thee of his sauce,  
 To savore with thi lippes, §  
 And keep some time till soper time,  
 And sitte not too longe,  
 And rys up er appetit  
 Have eten his fille;  
 Let noght sire surfet  
 Sitten at thi borde;  
 And after many manner metes,  
 His mawe is a fyngered.

Had Hunger rested here, he would have commanded our undivided admiration and approval; but he proceeds to utter sentiments with reference to a certain

---

\* Idle fellows.

† Health.

‡ Order.

§ Portion.

learned profession that I could scarcely be expected to indorse :—

And if thou diete thee thus,  
I dare legge myne eris  
That *Pbisik* shall his furred hodes  
For his fode selle,  
And his cloke of calabre,  
With all the knappes of golde,  
And be fayn, by my feith,  
His *Phisick* to lete,\*  
And lerne to labour with lond,  
For life-lode † is sweet,  
For murderers are many leches,  
Lord hem amende.  
They do men dye through hir drynkes,  
Er destynce it wolde.

I regret to be obliged to add that Piers, convinced by these atrocious imputations upon the healing art, becomes an apathist:—

By saint Paul, quod Piers,  
Thise arn profitabill wordes,  
Wend now Hunger whan thou wolt,  
That wel be thou evere.  
For this is a lovely lesson,  
Lord.it thee for-yelde.‡

We have hitherto simply considered alliteration in its relation to metre; we have now to deal with it briefly in relation to embellishment, when used for the purpose of euphony, and of adding point or pungency to composition, the author making the euphony ancillary to his wit, by isolating the alliterated words into such prominent positions in the verse as render it

---

\* Stop

† State of life or living.

‡ Repay.

impossible that the gist of the matter could escape the reader. In this way it has been applied for the purposes of simple euphony ; of bringing into relief similes and contrasts ; of emphasising epigram ; of perpetuating proverbs, and of intensifying style, more especially in the repetition of adnouns.

Shakespeare, in his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, gives us a good example of its use in simple euphony. It is one of his most lavish applications of it :—

Thou rememberest,  
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
 And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,  
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;  
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,  
 To hear the sea-maid's music.  
 That very time I saw (but thou could'st not),  
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
 Cupid all armed, a certain aim he took,  
 At a fair vestal, throned by the west ;  
 And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts ;  
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon ;  
 And the imperial votaress pass'd on  
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

In the following alliterated passage by Milton, out of eleven words, nine (including the terminal *s*) are alliterated. In it he exhibits one of the most skilful applications of the refinement in authorship in which the means used are kept out of sight, whilst the object is accomplished to perfection :—

Thus saying from her husband's hand her hand soft she withdrew.

## USES OF ALLITERATION. 117

The use of alliteration in contrasts offers, in addition to the prominence given to the opposing words, the temptation of combining euphony or harmony in the sound, with the discrepancy or antagonism in the idea. Such examples are afforded by Pope's *Essay on Man* :—

Thus nature governs (let it check our pride)  
The virtue nearest to our vice allied.

By *Piers Plowman* :—

For he biddeth us *be* as *brethern*,  
And *bidde*\* for our enymes,  
And *loven* hem that *lyen* on us,  
And *lene* hem what hem nedeth.

As instances of popular or proverbial contrast or similitude in alliteration we may mention :—

As dead as a door-nail.—As green as grass.  
As bold as brass.—As blind as a bat.

Swift, who delighted in exhibiting his powers of terse and pithy composition, often on the most insignificant themes, gives us one of the best examples of alliterative similitudes in his *New Way of New Similes*. We give him full credit for his rhyme, but his similes he has evidently stolen from Ray, *en masse* :—

My passion is as mustard strong, I sit all sober sad,  
Drunk as a piper all day long, or like a March hare mad.  
Pert as a pearmonger I be  
If Molly were but kind,  
Cool as a cucumber could see,  
The rest of womankind.

---

\* Pray.

Plump as a partridge was I known,  
 And soft as silk my skin,  
 My cheeks as fat as butter grown,  
 But as a goat now thin ;  
 I, melancholy as a cat,  
 Am kept awake to weep ;  
 But she, insensible of that,  
 Sound as a top can sleep.  
 Hard is her heart as flint or stone,  
 She laughs to see me pale,  
 And merry as a grig is grown,  
 And brisk as bottled ale,  
 The God of love, at her approach,  
 Is brisk as any bee,  
 Hearts, sound as any bell or roach,  
 Are smit and sigh like me.  
 Ah me ! as thick as bops or bail,  
 The fine men crowd about her ;  
 But soon as dead as a door-nail  
 Shall I be, if without her.  
 As fine as five pence is her mien,  
 No drum was ever tighter,  
 Her glance is as the razor keen,  
 And not the sun is brighter ;  
 Full as an egg was I with glee,  
 And happy as a king :  
 Good Lord, how all men envy'd me,  
 She loved like anything.  
 You'll know me, truer than a die,  
 And wish me better speed,  
 Flat as a flounder when I lie,  
 And as a herring dead.

A proverb is defined as an "instructive sentence, or common and pithy saying, in which more is generally signified than expressed." Its three essentials have been described as shortness, sense, and salt. Dr. Johnson defined it as a short sentence frequently repeated by the people.

In this definition Archbishop Trench concurs, looking upon its popularity as essential to constitute it a proverb, as are the three *esses*. These wise saws, then, as they are also termed, press into their service the embellishments of rhyme and alliteration; first, with the object of rendering them more attractive to the public, by the melody; but chiefly, in the case of alliteration, to render them more pointed and enfixed more durably upon the memory.

Proverbs have prevailed throughout all ages. They are a substitute for argument with the ignorant classes, whilst they tend to confirm the reasoning of the philosopher, and have demanded the attention and approval of the most learned of every age. Every language and people possesses a supply of proverbs peculiar to it. Again, the same proverbs, more or less modified, are often found to prevail in different languages and countries. As we have only to deal with those in which alliteration is used for the purposes explained, we shall repeat a few examples, premising that the proverb is always the more pointed when the alliteration is upon the key words in the sentence, although it is not absolutely necessary that this should be the case.

The following give us examples in what we may term practical proverbs:—

Young *men may* die, old *men must*.  
 God never sends *mouths* but he sends *meat*.  
 All are not *friends* that speak us *fair*.  
 A *bird* in the hand is worth two in the *bush*.  
*Morgen-stund* hat Gold im *Mund*.

The following, alliterated from the Greek, are applicable to human follies:—

He puts a bat on a ben.  
 He fans with a feather.  
 He strikes with a straw.  
 He cleaves the clouds.

Examples of proverbs used in a jocular tone :—

Love me little and love me long.  
 Femme sotte se cognoit à la cotte.  
 Delays are dangerous.  
 There is luck in leisure.  
 Faint heart never won fair lady.  
 Money makes the mare go.  
 A woman's mind and winter wind change oft.  
 A grunting horse and groaning wife seldom fail their master.  
 Fair and foolish, pury and proud ;  
 Long and lazy, little and loud.

Proverbs often exhibit certain national characteristics :—

Hunger is bard in a bale man.  
 He that canna mak sport, should mar nane.  
 Haud a hank in your ain hand.  
 Gae shoe the geese.

Epigram has been defined “ a short poem terminating in a point.” Alliteration has been always a favourite expedient adopted to render it more telling, on the principles already alluded to. Byron affords us several good epigrammatic examples in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* :—

Yet mark one caution, ere thy next review  
 Spread its light wings of saffron and of blue,  
 Beware lest blundering Brough'm destroy the sale,  
 Turn beef to bannocks, cauliflowers to kail ;  
 Thus having said the kilted goddess kist  
 Her son, and vanish'd in a Scottish mist.

In the *Corsair* :—

USES OF ALLITERATION. 121

His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,  
And those who loathed his life, may gild his grave.

Pope gives us many such instances, but few that so exactly meet our requirements as the epitaph inscribed on the tomb of Lord Chancellor Harcourt's son:—

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near,  
Here lies the friend most loved, the son most dear,  
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,  
Or gave his father grief, but when he died.

Another example furnished by Pope in the latter couplets of his epistle to Mr. James Craggs:—

Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways,  
Nor wish to lose a foe, these virtues raise.  
But candid, free, sincere, since you began,  
Proceed, a minister but still a man.  
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)  
Ashamed of any friend, not even of me;  
The patriot's plain but untrod path pursue,  
If not, 'tis I must be ashamed of you.

Milton was full master of the power exercised by alliteration, when he had recourse to it for the purpose of intensifying composition in giving force to his figures:—

As when, to warn proud cities, war appears  
Waged in the troubled sky.

Again:—

When his darling was  
Hurled headlong to partake with us the curse.

In the following alliteration he sinks the euphony, and, as if to intensify still further the passage, by the manner in which he strings his vowels and consonants



in juxtaposition, renders it purposely almost harsh and grating to the ear :—

In discourse more sweet,  
(For eloquence the soul; song charms the sense),  
Others apart sit on a hill retired,  
For thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high,  
Of Providence, fore-knowledge, will and fate,  
Fixed Fate, free will, fore-knowledge absolute.

The more modern poets, down to the present day, afford us abundant examples of the use of alliteration. Whilst we freely admit its beauty, when judiciously and sparingly had recourse to, we equally object to its abuse, or forced application. Whenever brought too palpably under our notice it ceases to please. In fact, its correct use consists in carrying out the “*ars celare artem.*”

A few brief examples of the more modern poets who have adhered to this principle will suffice.

Moore, whilst he avails himself freely of it, acts on this principle in *Lalla Rookh* :—

Not such the pageant now, though not less proud,  
Yon warrior youth, advancing from the crowd,  
With silver bow, with belt of broider'd crape,  
And fur-bound bonnet of Bucharian shape.

Byron succeeds in the copious and happy application of alliteration to such an extent that in his opening lines of the *Corsair* he gives thirty-one alliterations in three-and-twenty lines, without appearing to force its application, or stamp his composition with mannerism :—

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,  
Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free,

Far as the breeze can bear the billows' foam,  
Survey our empire, and behold our home.  
These are our realms, no limit to our sway,  
Our flag the sceptre, all who meet obey.  
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range  
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.  
Ah! who can tell; not thou luxurious slave,  
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;  
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease,  
Whose slumber soothes not, pleasure cannot please.  
Ah! who can tell, save he whose heart has tried,  
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,  
The exulting sense, the pulses' maddening play,  
That thrills the wanderer of the trackless way.  
That for itself can woo the approaching fight,  
And turn what some deem danger to delight,  
That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,  
And where the feeble faint can only feel,  
Feels to the rising bosom's inmost core,  
Its hope awaken and its spirit soar.

No poet understood the true value of alliteration better than Byron. It was a favourite device of his, and his best and most telling passages owe much of their beauty and force to it. We shall extract a few examples from Byron and other poets, illustrative of the different applications already dwelt upon:—

Byron:—

He who has bent him o'er the dead,  
E'er the first day of death has fled,  
The first dark day of nothingness,  
The last of danger and distress.

The rapture of repose.

The doom he dreads yet dwells upon.

So softly worn, so tender weak;  
So tearless yet so tender kind.

Cowper's *John Gilpin* :—

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,  
 Though wedded we have been,  
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
 No holiday have seen.

Hood's *Lady's Dream* :—

And still the coffins came,  
 With their sorrowful trains and slow,  
 Coffin after coffin still,  
 A sad and sickening show ;  
 From grief exempt, I never had dreamt  
 Of such a world of woe.

Tennyson's *Princess* :—

There at a board by tome and taper sat,  
 With two tame leopards couch'd beside her throne,  
 All beauty compass'd in a female form,  
 The Princess ; liker to the inhabitant  
 Of some clear planet close upon the sun  
 Than our man's earth.

Two recent poetical productions display such an excessive use of alliteration, that our observations on this subject would be incomplete without glancing at them. I allude to *Tanhäuser*, and the *Season*. For example of its lavish use we give from *Tanhäuser* :—

Careless of the wrath  
 Roused by his own rash song, the singer trod ;  
 Rapt in remembrance, or by fancy fool'd,  
 A visionary Venus to pursue ;  
 With eyes that roam'd in rapture, the blank air.  
 Until the sharp light of a hundred swords  
 Smote on the fatal trance, and scatter'd all  
 Its fervid fascination.

And again from the same :—

From yonder tower the wheeling *lapwing* loves,  
Beyond all others, which o'ertops the pines,  
And from his one *white*, *wistful* window stares  
Into the sullen heart o' the land—*erewhile*  
The *wandering* *woodman* oft at nightfall heard  
A sad wild strain of solitary song  
Float o'er the forest.

Examples of its lavish but not unpleasing use exist in Austin's *Season*, in which the alliteration assists in imitating the sounds he describes :—

Be *dumb*, ye *dawdlers* ! whilst his spells confound  
The gather'd—scatter'd—*symphonies* of sound.  
*Cymbals* barbaric clang ; *cow'd* flutes complain  
As the sharp cruel *clarion* cleaves the strain ;  
To *drum*, *deaf-bowell'd*, *drowning* sob and wail,  
Scared *viols* shriek, that *pity* may prevail ;  
Till, with *tumultuous* purpose *swift* and *strong*,  
Sweeps the *harmonious* *hurricane* of song !

A further example of Austin's lavish use of it :—

You knew *Blanche Darley* ? Could we but once more  
Behold that *belle* and pet of '54 !  
Not e'en a whisper, vagrant up to Town,  
From hunt or race-ball, augur'd her renown.  
*Far* in the wolds sequester'd life she led,  
*Fair* and unfetter'd as the fawn she fed,  
*Caress'd* the calves, coquetted with the colts,  
*Bestow'd* much *tenderness* on turkey poults ;  
*Bullied* the huge ungainly *bloodhound* pup ;  
*Tiff'd* with the *terrier*, coax'd to make it up :  
The farmers quizzed about the ruin'd crops,  
The fall of barley and the rise of hops ;  
Gave their wives counsel, but gave flannel too,  
Present where'er was timely deed to do ;

U. 207. 11

Known, loved, applauded, pray'd for far and wide,  
 The wandering sunshine of the country side,  
 So soft her tread, no nautilus that skims  
 With sail more silent than her liquid limbs,  
 Her hair so golden, that, did slanting eve  
 With a stray curl its sunlight interweave,  
 Smit with surprise, you gazed but could not guess  
 Which the warm sunbeam, which the warmer tress.  
 Her presence was low music; when she went  
 She left behind a dreamy discontent,  
 As sad as silence, when a song is spent.

In bringing our observations to a conclusion, we must again briefly refer to that portion of our subject when alliteration stood out, stamped as a system or school of poetry in itself. I feel that it is impossible to enlist the minds of *literati* of the present day in admiration of the beauties or attractions that it must have offered to our forefathers in the fifteenth century. It is difficult, nay, impossible, for us to take up that strange book, *The Vision of Piers Plowman*, so largely quoted, and now to form a correct estimate of the effect it may have produced upon the minds of our rude ancestors. Centuries have passed over, and circumstances changed to such an extent, that it is impossible to enter into the spirit of our own language as then uttered.

There is however a view of philology which, although it strikes a knell fatal to much of the erudition and sentiment that invests the subject of written language, yet may help to elucidate our difficulties and influence the present estimate of the branch we have been considering to a far greater extent than we are aware. I allude to the inherent tendency to decay and become

extinct, which is now admitted by our best authorities to constitute an essential characteristic of all language.

It is difficult for the ardent admirer of the literature of Rome to accept this view of language. It is a hard task for the accomplished scholar, familiar with the spirit-stirring verse of Homer, from his earliest boyhood, whose beau-ideal of perfection in expression, force, and rhythm, is the language of Greece as perpetuated in his majestic verse, to say, "'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more." But we can reconcile him by asking him to imagine what the language would have sounded had it been uttered by Plato, Demosthenes, and Thucydides. Or, if he wish to test the matter on a small scale in a modern language, let him read a passage from Dante, and afterwards listen to pure living Etruscan as it ravishes the ear, in its rolling gush of liquid cadences.

Life may be defined as the aggregate of those powers that *resist* death—*resist* you will observe, not *prevent* death. Spoken language is the utterance or enunciation of life, and partakes of the characters of life itself; but the attributes of life are development, decay, and eventually extinction or death. Language, as the utterance of life, is, consequently, a property of life, or a living property. Its successive mutations, then, are as certain as are those of life itself. We are too much in the habit of looking upon *litera scripta* as language. Language is better defined as human speech, and so partakes in its characteristics of the elements essential to life, that it requires, if we may use the phrases, circulation, nutrition, and reproduction, and that by living, speak-

ing, and breathing beings, to prevent its stagnation, decay, and death. In fact this view, so far from detracting from, exalts, and elevates language. By establishing its claim to be considered a vital phenomenon, we place it on a par with God's greatest gift; we will accept for it nothing less, and we demand for it nothing more.





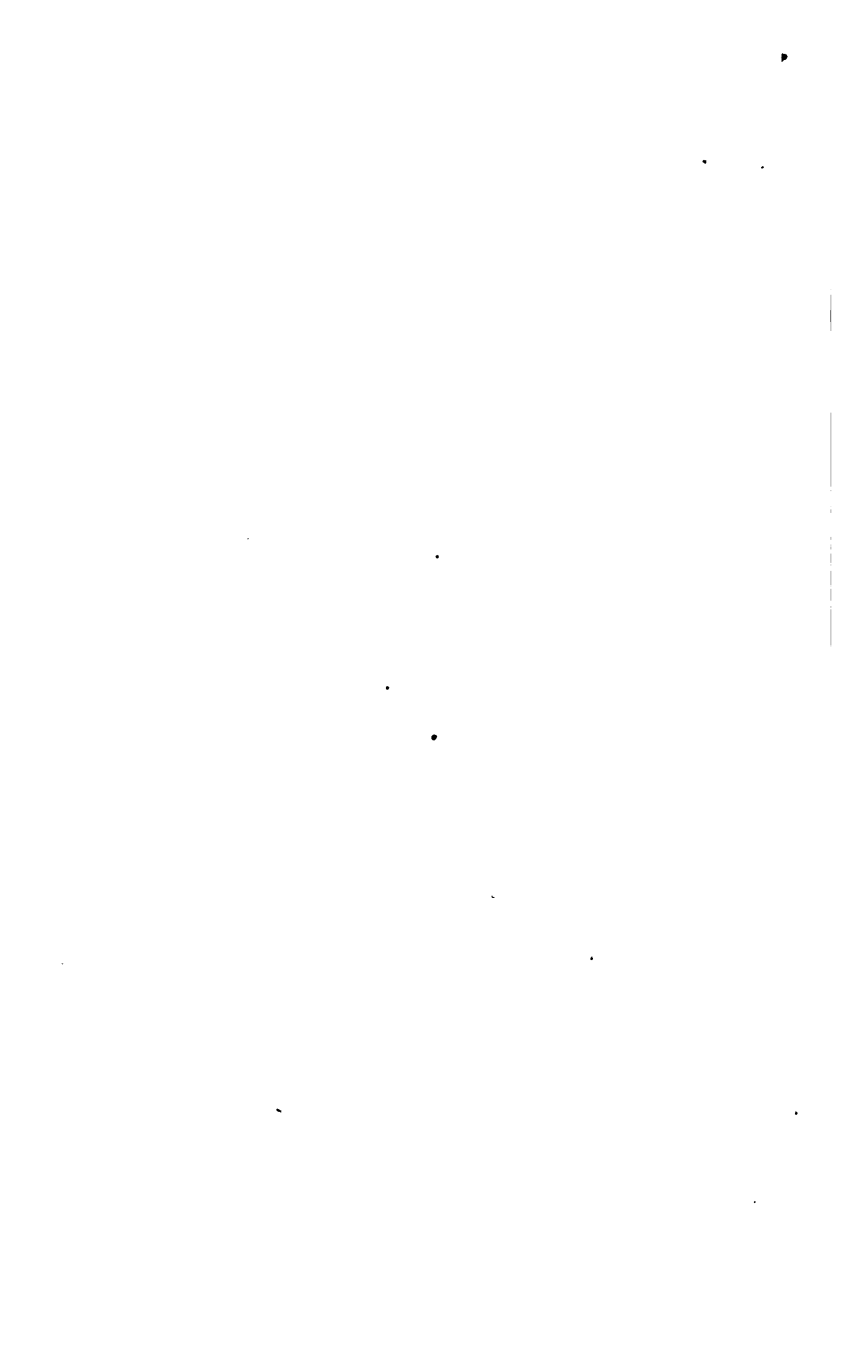
MILTON'S PROSE.

BY

THE RIGHT HON. MR. JUSTICE KEOGH.









## MILTON'S PROSE.

**W**HEN your committee did me the honour of asking me to meet you here this day, I did not feel at liberty to decline an invitation, for which I was indebted to their too partial kindness. I do not entertain any vain expectation of being able to bring before you special attraction, much less that I could produce any discourse worthy of being classed with the many admirable and telling addresses you have heard from my predecessors in this place during the present and past season; but though I well knew that neither from ability nor information I could dare to instruct a company which I believe to be as well informed upon all subjects of general literature and as well disciplined in all contentions of fair and upright thought as any that could be brought together in such numbers in any city of the empire, yet I hoped that, without making pretence to any power of lofty thought or ambitious speaking, I might, as an humble friend, render some service to those amongst you who are not familiar with the prose writings of him under the protection of whose name

I appear here to-day, could words of mine prevail to induce you to devote some small portion of your leisure hours, stolen though it might be from the pleasant paths of sensational or periodical literature, to those great productions of John Milton, in which the stanchest friend of freedom and of truth that ever lived has made the most successful war against tyranny and falsehood—in which he has proclaimed, in tones not unworthy of the Apostle of the Gentiles, that education really free is the only genuine source of political and individual liberty—the only true safeguard of States and bulwark of their renown—in which he has for ever “justified the ways of God to man” by asserting the right of all men to exercise unrestrained their intellectual faculties upon all the gifts of God—to determine for themselves what is truth and what is falsehood—to circulate their thoughts from one to another, from land to land, from tribe to tribe, from nation to nation, free as “the winds that from four quarters blow”—to raise their thoughts and to pour forth their words above the level of vulgar superstition, unrestricted by any illiberal or illiterate licenser. There you will find that he has risen, as mortal man never did before, to the height of greatest argument, and proclaimed, in language which is affecting the fate of millions, even at this hour, on the banks of the Mississippi and in the remote forests of the far West, that He who has made of “one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth,” willeth not that man shall any longer hold in bondage as a property the bodies or the souls of men, but that all alike shall have, unobstructed by any ordinance, a

free book, a free press, a free conscience. If any words of mine shall tempt you to approach these considerations, to ponder upon them as they are to be found in the tractates of Milton, in a tranquil, in a large and comprehensive spirit, and, when you have done so, to make their fit application not only at home but abroad, not only abroad but at home—then you and I shall not have met in vain in this assembly.

And now let me say to you;—I am well aware that in some of those writings opinions are maintained upon the most important subjects which may not find entire acceptance in any mixed assemblage; and which, indeed, as applied to our present limited and happily established institutions, have lost, in Great Britain at least, much of their point and significance. I must beg of you not to suppose that, whilst I give my unbounded admiration to the eloquence with which those opinions are maintained, I adopt all his conclusions, or that, as regards this distinguished audience, if they wish to form an estimate of Milton's character as a politician and a statesman, I desire any more than that they should themselves read and impartially consider the productions of his mind, and calmly decide how far these were justified by the times in which he lived, and to what extent their wisdom is still applicable—though not required in this enlightened country—to other parts of the world, more favoured mayhap by the gifts of nature, whose prosperity is still marred by the ignorance, the infatuation, and the oppression of man. For this purpose it is not necessary, nor within my intention, in the brief period during which I shall occupy your time, to go in chro-

nological order, or, indeed, at all in detail, through his numerous tracts. I shall confine myself to a rapid sketch of those with which I am most familiar; nor shall I stop to indulge in any verbal criticism of the language in which they are written (exhaustive as it is of the English tongue), or indulge in any vain commentaries upon styles of composition, already justly characterized by the late Lord Macaulay in language which I shall not spoil by attempting to paraphrase. "As compositions which deserve the attention of every one who wishes to become acquainted with the full power of the English language, they abound," says that distinguished man (himself, like Milton, poet, orator, and historian), "with passages, compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth of gold. The style is stiff with gorgeous embroidery. Not even in the earlier books of the *Paradise Lost* has the great poet ever risen higher than in those parts of his controversial works in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find a vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture. It is, to borrow his own majestic language—

'A sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.' "

In truth, I know no English writer with whom to compare him either for matter or style. He arose in the best era of the English language—that which witnessed the publication of the authorized version of the Scriptures—never since, and never likely to be surpassed for vigorous simplicity of style and stern purity of expression. He lived beside Hooker and Tylor

and Raleigh and Bacon and Spenser, and may have spoken with Shakespeare, as he certainly was familiar with his works. But none of the writings of these can stand comparison with the gorgeous panoply in which he arrays his arguments, or the resistless flow of rhetoric and eloquence with which he overwhelms his antagonists. His pathos—and he is often profoundly pathetic—will stand comparison with the lamentations of Job. His invocation of the liberty which is to be sought from within, not taken from without; his appeals to the purity, the chastity, the charities of human life, will not be found unworthy of being placed in juxtaposition with the eloquent words of him who said, “Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal; and though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.” In that sacred volume I believe he found his great prototypes and earliest inspirations. There, and there only, or, if elsewhere, within himself, Milton against Milton, can we find his parallel.

I have said that Milton arose ere yet the great Elizabethan writers had passed away. He was in early boyhood instructed, by a father who had sacrificed for conscience' sake a fair inheritance, in all scriptural lore, of which he drank with a thirst which was never satisfied. In his youth he was already a lyric poet of the first rank; in his middle age he had to bid a long farewell to cherished hopes and beloved studies and gird

himself to fight the battles of civil and religious liberty. He was born when the clouds were gathering which were presently to burst in lightning upon the heads of the oppressors of his country. His heart ceased to beat after fifty years of struggles amongst "evil days and evil tongues"—those days, as Lord Macaulay describes them, "never to be recalled without a blush—the days of servitude without loyalty, and sensuality without love—of dwarfish talents and gigantic vices—the paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds—the golden age of the coward, the bigot, and the slave." Long before that hour had come his glorious eyes were sealed with blindness; yet he did not repine, but rather congratulated himself that there was a way to strength through weakness; that the Deity regarded him with more tenderness and compassion, in proportion as he was able to behold nothing but Himself. "Overshadowed by heavenly wings, he believed himself illuminated by an interior light more precious and more pure." Reproached by his enemies with the loss of sight as a punishment of God for the services he had rendered to man, he appeals to that great Work-master whose eye was ever upon him:—

"So much the rather thou celestial light  
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence  
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight."

I know nothing more tenderly touching than his constant reference in prose and verse to this visitation. He submits himself without murmur to the providence of

God, but not without devoting to public execration the malignity of those who made that infirmity a ground of attack. I have often thought that a similarity could be traced between the writings of our great countryman Burke and those of Milton. In both can be found displayed the same marvellous knowledge, the same rich possession of classical attainment, the same appreciation of nature's works and effulgent blazonry of illustration. Like Milton, Burke has thoroughly mastered the sublimity and beauty of the sacred writings. From no author does he quote more frequently than from Milton. The ideas of Milton are constantly visible through the purple and gold of his glorious imagery. Burke fought the battle of society against the furies of revolutionary anarchy—

“Gorgons and Hydras, and Chimæras dire”—

and all Europe stood embattled at his call. John Milton fought the battle of regulated freedom against that worst Anarch—despotism, affecting the attributes of the Most High. Both were assailed and calumniated in their lifetime by men of high and low degree. Both in the anguish of their hearts cried to Heaven against the inhumanity of their enemies. I have given you Milton's protestation against his cowardly assailants. You will not object to my now reading to you one of my favourite passages from that letter of Burke's, in which, broken to the earth by the loss of his only, his beloved son, but not on that account the less exposed to the barbarous attacks of a noble calumniator, he thus deplores his bereavement:—



“The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth. There, and prostrate there, I recognize the Divine justice, and, in some degree, submit to it. But, whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. He submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes; but even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending those ill-natured neighbours of his who came to his dunghill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, I greatly deceive myself if, in this hard season, I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me are gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation which ever must subsist in memory that act of piety which he would have performed to me; I owe it to him to show that he was not descended, as the Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent.” Such is the fate of genius; but there is a compensation in time. The assailant of Burke will be remembered as a Duke of Bedford, not otherwise than when recalled as his assailant. The fame of Burke will live as long as the English race.

The calumniators of Milton were also potent in their day; they had all the bigots upon their side, a loathsome, Stygian brood—

"Tristius haud illis monstrum, nec sævior ulla  
Pestis."

They seized and insulted his person living. Before and after his death they condemned to the flames the works which he had published in defence of the rights of mankind. Oxford, in her celebrated decree in 1683, nearly ten years after his death, raged against him with all the fury of the Inquisition; and one of her divines would fain have seen burning in the same flame, to which they impotently consigned his writings, Milton himself—"a name unloved by earth and heaven."

"In medio videas flamma crepitante cremari,  
Miltonum terris cæloque inamabile nomen."

But ever whilst he lived, against all detraction, against every visitation, his consolation was (I quote from his exquisite sonnet upon the loss of sight)—

"Cyriac, what supports me, dost thou ask?  
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied  
In liberty's defence, my noble task,  
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.  
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,  
Content, though blind, had I no other guide."

Noble, sublime words! What a confidence in the rectitude of his intentions and the eternity of his fame! Yet calumny, far and near, did her work; and although now nearly two centuries have elapsed since, in the heart of London, with much honour his remains were carried to their lowly resting-place, yet only in this century has general interest been directed to those masterly performances which excited the malignity of all his enemies, but are no less interesting for the subjects

upon which they treat, and the marvellous, almost inspired, eloquence with which they are written, than for the light they throw upon the whole career of that greatest of English writers, and the minute information they give us, under his own hand, of the vicissitudes of his life from his cradle almost to his grave.

He was early destined, as he tells us, to the service of the Church; but the spirit which afterwards led him to pursue

“Things unattempted yet in prose or verse,”

would not readily submit to be bound by the canons of any Erastianised system, and in his pamphlet on the Reform of Church Government he frankly tells us that, “perceiving what tyranny had effected in the Church, that he who would take orders must subscribe *slave*, and take an oath withal, which, unless he took with a conscience that would stretch, he must either straight perjure or split his faith; he thought it better to prefer a blameless silence before the sacred office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing.” From such resolve thus early taken it was not difficult to conjecture what would be his future course. Nor are we left long in any doubt; for in the same soul-stirring tract he tells us, “That after he had from his first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of his father, been exercised to the tongues and some sciences, by sundry masters and teachers, it was found that whatever he wrote prosing or versing, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live.” He “began”—I use his own words—“thus far to assent

to them, and not less to an inward prompting, which grew daily upon him, that by labour and intent study, joined with the strong propensity of nature, he might, perhaps, leave something so written to after times as they should not willingly let it die." Here was, indeed, a prophecy, destined to be more than fulfilled. But for him the accomplishment of that great work, which was to confer immortality upon him, lies not but in a power above man's to promise, as being, he tells us, "a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite, nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her Syren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." Surely never was the future destiny of genius more clearly foreshadowed. What prophecy can we fix upon with a more distinct fulfilment? He is engaged doing battle with all the enemies of truth, and yet there is much to conquer. He foresees the gifts of heaven as of the spirit descending upon him; yet full twenty years are to elapse before he can claim his destiny. He is fighting the good fight for that which he was ever wont to call, as Sydney called it upon the scaffold, "the good old cause," but he does not "bate a jot of heart or hope," for his confidence is in immortal truth. His longing for the time when the great work is to be produced is earnest; but a greater call is upon him and must be

obeyed, and not till then, is there for him, solemn chant of epic muse or heroic verse—

“Ascending by degrees magnificent  
Up to the wall of heaven.”

Hear his glorious prayer, which I extract from the Second Book of his tract on *Reformation* :—

“Thou therefore that sittest in light and glory unapproachable, Parent of angels and men! next thee I implore, Omnipotent King, Redeemer of that lost remnant whose nature thou didst assume, ineffable and everlasting love! And thou, the third subsistence of Divine infinitude, illumining spirit, the joy and solace of created things! one tri-personal Godhead! look upon this thy poor and almost spent and expiring church, leave her not thus a prey to these importunate wolves, that wait and think long till they devour thy tender flock—these wild boars that have broke into thy vineyard, and left the print of their polluting hoofs on the souls of thy servants. O, let them not bring about their damned designs, that stand now at the entrance of the bottomless pit, expect the watch-word to open and let out those dreadful locusts and scorpions, to reinvolve us in that pitchy cloud of infernal darkness, where we shall never more see the Sun of thy Truth again, never hope for the cheerful dawn, never more hear the bird of morning sing. Be moved—hitherto thou hast but freed us, and that not fully, from the unjust and tyrannous claim of thy foes—now unite us entirely, and appropriate us to thyself, tie us everlastingly in willing homage to the prerogative of thy eternal throne.”

Then and then only he hopes for his long-wished retirement. Then will be accomplished the mighty voyage from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth, before which the travels of Æneas "the tale of Troy divine," shall pale their ineffectual lights. "Then" (I quote his words):—

"Then amidst the hymns and hallelujahs of saints, some one may perhaps be heard offering, at high strains in new and lofty measures, to sing and celebrate thy divine mercies, and marvellous judgments in this land throughout all ages; whereby this great and warlike nation, instructed and inured to the fervent and continued practice of truth and righteousness, and casting far from her the rags of her old vices, may press on hard to that high and happy emulation to be found the soberest, wisest, and most Christian people at that day when thou, the eternal and shortly expected Saviour, shalt open the clouds to judge the several kingdoms of the world, and distributing national honors and rewards to religious and just commonwealths, shalt put an end to all earthly tyrannies, proclaiming thy universal and mild monarchy through heaven and earth."

It was then, and whilst nurturing the hope of this great inheritance of fame, that he could speak of all he had done before as of nothing that would go down to posterity. What a living spring and overflow of genius must have been in him who, having then purchased fame if he had never lived to write another line, by his *Comus*, his *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*, could write of all he had done as trifles scarcely to be held in memory, undeserving the encomiums which had

been heaped upon them in the refined, enlightened, and undesecrated societies of Italy, ere yet "Tasso's echoes were no more;" and whilst Machiavelli could address a prayer that he might see the Prophecy of Petrarch fulfilled, and the unity of Italy established under the magnificent Lorenzo, long, too long delayed to a later, but it may be a happier hour. Milton was in Italy in his thirtieth year, and was there received with that marked distinction which the Italian, then at least, was not forward to bestow on strangers from this side the Alps; but his fame had gone before him. There it was his fortune to visit Galileo, a prisoner to the Inquisition "for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought." There Milton would have continued, or passed from thence into Greece, had not the intelligence reached him of the civil commotions at home; and then he altered his purpose, as he tells us, "thinking it base to be travelling abroad while his fellow-citizens were fighting for liberty at home." It is upon this passage that Johnson in his *Life* founds those miserable sneers which should never have proceeded from his pen—"For this Milton is a man of great promises and small performances, hasting home because his countrymen are contending for liberty, and when he reaches the scene of action vapouring away his patriotism in a boarding school." How contemptible is this attack from one who had himself pursued the honourable calling of schoolmaster! How untrue to speak of promises which were never made, but, had they been so, were nobly redeemed by sixteen years of intellectual labour devoted

to the liberties of his country. If all the works he produced were cancelled and forgotten; if neither the treatise against Prelacy, nor that on Church Government, nor that on Reformation in England, nor those glorious defences of the people of England against the assault of Salmasius and Morus or Du Moulin, were remembered—if he had never scattered to the winds the flimsy sophisms of the *Eikon Basilike*, now known to be the production of a mitre-seeking prelate (Gauden), and not of the first Charles—yet give me in hand the treatise for the liberty of unlicensed printing, the *Areopagitica*, and I would boldly maintain not only that he had satisfied every call which his country could make on the most devoted of her sons, but that he had vindicated their rights and sustained his own reputation as the greatest prose writer in the English language. He wrote, as he tells us, this treatise to deliver the press from the restraints with which it was encumbered, that the power of determining what ought to be published and what suppressed might no longer be entrusted to captious lawyers or knavish priests, or even to grave chancellors and venerable chief justices: and he lived to lament that the very party he had supported when they reached to power were the first to put forth an *ordonnance* which would have delighted the heart of a Laud or a Polignac, a Charles the First here or Tenth elsewhere; yet it is mainly owing to that wondrous treatise, for which he dared the disapprobation of his own party, that we to-day enjoy a free press and a large modicum of religious liberty.

I shall give you, even at the risk of trying your



patience, some extracts from this treatise; but first let me tell you that it establishes in the clearest way, not only that Milton was the fast friend of toleration, but that the charges of being an enemy of all order and of all monarchy, so industriously made against him, are without foundation. Milton was no leveller. In the *Paradise Lost*—

“Order and degrees jar not  
With liberty, but well consist.”

Again, referring to the Constitution of England, he says:—

“There is no civil government that hath been known, no, not the Spartan, no, not the Roman, though both for this respect so much praised by the wise Polybius, more divinely and harmoniously tuned, more equally balanced, as it were, by the hand and scale of Justice than is the Commonwealth of England; where, under a free and untutored monarch, the noblest, worthiest, and most prudent men, with full approbation and suffrage of the people, have in their power the supreme and final determination of highest affairs.”

And in the very front of the tract, which Macaulay says every “statesman should wear as a sign upon his hand, and as frontlets between his eyes,” he tells us:—

“This is not the Liberty which we can hope, that no grievance ever should arise in the Commonwealth; that, let no man in this world expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained that wise men look for.”

And then he gives expression to this noble sentiment, fit to be engraven in letters of gold. Let statesmen hear it, and tyrants, civil and ecclesiastical, dwell upon it:—

“Although I dispraise not the defence of just immunities, yet love my peace better, if that were all. Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.”

I cannot bring myself to hurry over this noble tract. I have read it over and over again. I read it years and years ago, and often since; and now again, for the purpose of addressing you;—and the oftener I read it the more I take it to my heart. If such be its effect upon me, as I fondly hope it may be upon many of you, then what must have been its power in the days when it flamed as a blazing sword in the face of the oligarchy, lay or clerical, who would fain strangle in its birth the breathing of every master spirit? I will venture to say that there are many now here, ay, even amongst the fairer portion of my audience, who have, in their travels abroad, and perchance at home, heard of an Index to which is consigned many a dangerous book—prose or poetry, or gay romance—Spenser or Byron, Scott or Goldsmith,

“Or sweetest Shakespeare, fancy’s child.”

You have heard and marvelled, and, perchance, smiled at the perverse and improbable tale. But what think you of a licensing system, which is but “*Index Expurgatorius*” freely translated, existing in “*merrie Protestant England*” during the reigns of the Second

Charles, and still later, though not so wonderful, under the Second James? And what say you to its holding its ground even after the coming of "our glorious deliverer," William the Third, who, though his name has been the Shibboleth of a party, was justly described by our Edmund Burke "as an enemy to all persecution!" Yet so it is; and not until William had been firmly seated on the throne did the licenser disappear: and under the Second Charles that immortal epic, the *Paradise Lost*, which Denham, himself a poet, spoke of as the noblest poem that ever was written in any language or any age—which Dryden described as "cutting us all out, and the ancients too,"\*—which Voltaire considered "the noblest work which human imagination ever attempted"—which Dr. Johnson was obliged reluctantly to admit was "not the greatest of heroic poems only because it was not the first;" that heroic poem narrowly escaped the condemnation of the English Index;—and why, can you conjecture? Because of the last lines in this magnificent comparison—

"As when the sun new risen  
Looks through the horizontal misty air,  
Shorn of his beams, or, from behind the moon,  
In dim eclipse disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs."

It was not without reason that Milton pleaded with all

---

\* Praise not unlike that applied by the late Lord Dudley to Napoleon the Great. Asked his opinion at Vienna, Lord Dudley replied, "He has made past glory doubtful, future fame impossible!"

his soul against the licenser. "As good," he cries out,—

"As good, almost, kill a man as kill a good book—who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life blood of a master-spirit, imbalm'd and treasur'd up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; but revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that season'd life of man, preserv'd and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life."

And then referring to the history and origin of this war upon intellect and truth, he says:—

"We have it not, that can be heard of, from any ancient State, or policy, or Church, nor by any statute left by our ancestors elder or later; nor from the modern custom of any reform'd city or Church abroad; but from the most anti-christian council, and the most tyrannous inquisition that ever inquir'd. Till then, books were ever as freely admitted into the world as

other birth; the issue of the brain was no more stifled than the issue of the womb. No envious Juno sate cross-legg'd over the nativity of any man's intellectual offspring; but if it be proved a monster, who denies, but that it was justly burnt, or sunk into the sea. But that a book in worse condition than a peccant soul should be to stand before a jury ere it be born to the world, and undergo yet in darkness the judgment of Rhadamanth and his colleagues, ere it can pass the ferry backward into light, was never heard before, till that mysterious iniquity, provok'd and troubled at the first entrance of Reformation, sought out new hells wherein they might include our books also within the number of their damned. And this was the rare morsel so officiously snatch'd up, and so ill-favour'dly imitated by our inquisiturient bishops, and the attendant minorities chaplains."

Next, in answer to those crouching and tremulous slaves who in all ages will not be brought to believe that truth is an essence of immaculate purity, which, handle it as you may, will still be pure and cannot combine with error or take a stain, he boldly exclaims:—

"Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing."

And then, with more than a poet's fire and a prophet's eye, he sees and prophecies the future greatness of his own glorious country:—

“Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her as an eagle muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzl'd eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and mocking birds with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amaz'd at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.”

I now feel that I have occupied your attention long enough. I could continue; nor do I stop for want of matter to engage your attention; for it is at hand and in rich abundance. I could take you through the *Eikonoklastes*, published in reply to that pamphlet, the *Eikon Basilike*, long falsely reputed as the production of the Royal Martyr. I could point out to you many passages rich in eloquence and convincing in argument, which are to be found in the first and second *Defence of the People of England*, written by Milton in Latin, but translated, more than a century ago, in no inferior characters. I could tell you how, like Burke's wondrous appeal against the French Revolution, thousands of Milton's *Defence* were largely bought up in every part of Europe, notwithstanding the burnings at Paris and Toulouse, and afterwards at York and Oxford, and elsewhere in England. I could recount to you in his own language, how, as soon as his *Defence* appeared, and had begun to excite the public curiosity, “there was no public functionary, or any Prince or State then

in London, who did not congratulate him, and desire his company at his house, or visit Milton's abode for cause of honour, for even Royalty itself courteously favoured him who had apparently written against kings, and bore to his integrity and veracity the noblest testimony." I would, if time permitted, have wished to read to you that grand apostrophe to Cromwell and Fairfax—to Fleetwood, who excelled as much in "humanity and gentleness as in military fame"—to Lambert, of whom even Clarendon speaks in terms that now would entitle him to be thought the Murat of the Republican armies. But it is far better that I should leave you to gather for yourselves these sweets and treasures, spread richly through the pages of John Milton.

I will not attempt to conceal from you that there are tracts of his over which I have intentionally drawn the veil, as strangely conflicting with our notions of the married state, of which no one more than he ever sung in strains more holy—

"That wedded love, mysterious law,  
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets."

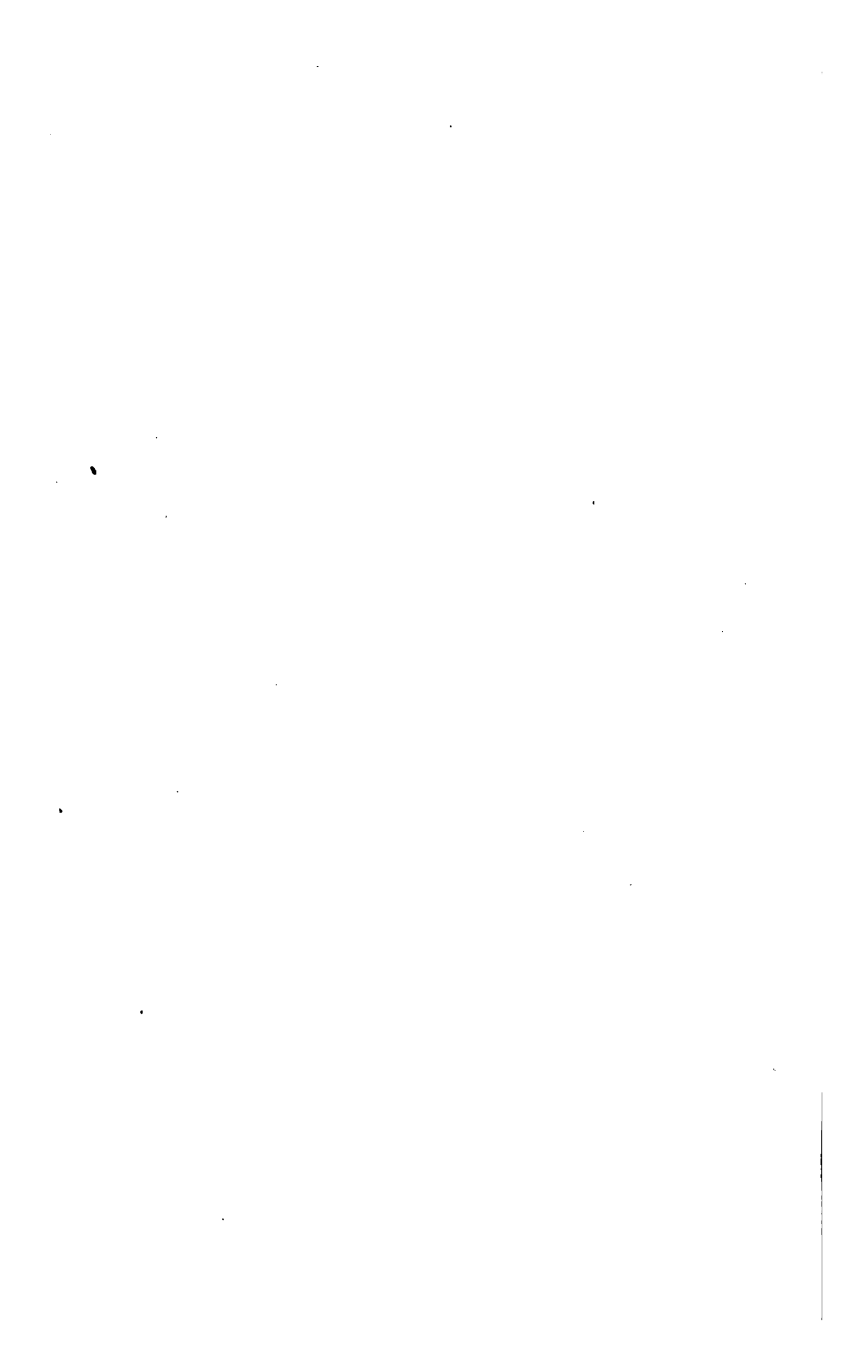
But here I pause; and should a dusky thought cross your minds when perusing these or any other parts of his writings, let me bespeak from you "a holy feeling and a sweet regret." Tread lightly upon hallowed ground—a great man lies beneath. Remember—remember, no man ever yet was able to tarnish the truth, the honour, the abiding virtue of John Milton—no, not even his greatest enemies. Follow him if you can, where early he traced, as on a celestial globe, his bright career:—

"Mortals that would follow me,  
Love virtue—she alone is free ;  
She can teach you how to climb  
Higher than the sphery chime ;  
Or if virtue feeble were,  
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

Learn from his chequered life the inscrutable power of truth proclaimed with honesty and zeal ; and if in that great, almost holy character you discern some few infirmities—call them, if so inclined, extravagant prejudices—let them teach you the lesson of charity, that the ways of the Most High are as varied as mysterious, and believe with me that to no man, to no sect, to no nation, to no colour, to no creed, has an exclusive possession of the divine favour been accorded by the Omnipotent Ruler.









DECORATIVE ART IN ITS CONNECTION  
WITH MODERN SCIENCE.

BY J. H. POLLEN, ESQ.







## DECORATIVE ART IN ITS CONNECTION WITH MODERN SCIENCE.

**A**T a time like the present, when Dublin presents to us under one roof a collection not simply of pictures or statues, but of artistic work in every form, the scope and meaning of decorative art draws from us unusual attention. I address myself to lovers of art. For such the scientific side of such an exhibition will not have so great an attraction as the more artistic and agreeable. I consider that the general interest will lie in that class of objects that claims to be attractive—works of art of all kinds, or scientific productions, more or less decorative in form and character. It is not only that more general pleasure is imparted by this side of the exhibition, but it is here that the refining and humanizing influence of such a display makes itself felt. Works of art are not specimens of useful production. They are something beyond the useful ;—above it, as we hope to show : but at any rate, as personal beauty is an attraction superadded to personal strength and adaptation to the wants and requirements of life, so the artistic and

decorative beauty of shows like the present are evidence of national aspirations above and beyond the mere requirements of material well-being,—they express the national aim at cultivation and refinement.

Indeed, it is the artistic element that makes us thus gregarious. While we put forward the results of long and laborious thought, in order to meet some pressing mechanical want, the world will find it out fast enough. The value of scientific discoveries, especially in mechanism, is measured by the want they supply. Their exhibition to the general public is not their publication. It is what adorns our homes and cheers and delights the eye that draws us to such exhibitions as we see this year in Dublin.

And the Dublin Exhibition is singularly illustrative of this position. In comparison with the manufacturing and commercial portions of the building those devoted to painting, sculpture, and music, are very large indeed. This is art unapplied to the objects of daily or occasional use.

Immense pains have evidently been taken by Mr. Doyle and his assistants to impress this artistic character on the institution, and, as far as the modest means so disposable would allow, on the decoration of the structure itself.

The taste and elegance of the various stalls of objects not of art, but borrowing from art more or less of their attraction, have been evidently matters of inconsiderable study, the different countries vying with each other in the race, and that not only for the production, but for the better setting off of their wares.

Attractiveness thus becomes one of the leading features of this, as of other exhibitions, quite apart from the display of wealth, scientific success, and the like. And though, indeed, this is supposed to be altogether subsidiary to the importance of the useful, so much is made of it that it is quite evident that the nation is conscious that to acquire wealth, and exhibit the means of doing so, is not all that a nation has to do. It is of national importance not to be behind in the refinement of art. It is part of the business of a nation to teach, encourage, and insist on the necessity of having daily personal life as decorative and beautiful as outward appliances can make it, leisure and means considered.

I wish then to discuss decorativeness, or decorative art, this afternoon. And in the first instance by itself, distinct from scientific productions. I think, too, that some confusion of thought lies over the connection between science and art, and over the sphere and function of their correlative faculties in the cycle of human energy and production, as I shall endeavour to show further on. I confine myself, for the present, to the subject of decoration, or the attempt to make beautiful the places or objects that are daily about us.

Art, indeed, is sometimes spoken of as a mere, and not an important, adjunct to useful production, and the immense moral significance of weaning the thoughts of the day from an exclusive fixity on wealth or ambition is overlooked. But part of the refining influence of art is this very sense, that there are better things than gain to think of; that there are subjects on which poor men and rich men may meet on equal terms; that there

may be enjoyment without possession ; and that beauty is more to be desired than the satisfaction of appetites, so soon satiated, and that so easily destroy all power of enjoyment whatever. Let us begin, then, by meeting the question, *Cui bono?* What is the use of being attractive? For what purpose do we decorate our houses, our persons, or the things we use in daily life? What is the use of decorative art? What possible good is there beyond a vain distraction in pictures and statues? We repeat that, however little the importance and advantage of the pursuit of art to nations, as to individuals, may be generally reasoned out, however shallow or general the defence put forward, all nations, even all governments, are unanimous on the matter when they come to act.

If it is urged that governments hold it as a question of the production of salable things, and so a source of national wealth, this is wholly insufficient to account for what we see. It is *felt*, whether it is so expressed or not, that there are further and deeper grounds for attributing to art, and to its encouragement, an immense importance in national action, and we cannot be saying too much, in accepting the Exhibition of this year, as those of 1862 and 1851, as expressions of this feeling. Every nation of Europe is doing, as it finds opportunity, the same.

So far as to the intrinsic importance of art, and the dignity of the pursuit of it. I proceed to consider the more particular side of art, which we call the decorative.

Art, the embodiment of poetic images and concep-

tions, special visions and seizures, as it were, of what is most beautiful and most expressive of the types of beauty in nature, is confined chiefly to statues, pictures, and other distinct representations of human beauty, and we might well be asked to quit the world of daily life and sit down, as we do, in museums and galleries, and look at nothing else.

But this very isolation of works of art from daily life is the evidence of the effort we make to prize art, and impress on the world its value. *For art has been dissociated from daily life.* It should be—I hope it is—a national object to break this isolation, to restore us to art, and art to us. Then art would become, once more, decorative.

The art of tradition, as history hands down its progress to us, is decorative almost universally. Most devotional works of art fall under the same rule. All that is greatest in art has been executed to decorate a place. It has had a direct connection with architecture, furniture, or utensils. The divorce of the ornamental from the necessary or the useful is of comparatively late occurrence in all countries. That antique works of art were special objects of attention, according to our modern notion, is indeed true; that is, pictures, statues, gems, and the like, were made for special private keeping, and were, in this way, objects by themselves, movable furniture of rooms, or rather movable treasures. But we have no reason to suppose such a use of works of art to have been frequent, or comparatively common.

How few movable works have survived the break up of the classic world! Of original Greek statues of



the great men, how many have reached our day? The famous Greek sculpture of the Vatican has almost all been disinterred in Italy, and consists of copies, or reproductions of older works well known. The Greek chisel, in Greek fingers, cut these and countless others out for their Roman masters in the great times of the "Roman peace." They filled niches, alcoves, arches, presided over altars, or formed regiments round the galleries of the Septizonium, the Halls of the Cæsars, and those stupendous public recreation grounds, the baths. If we except sculptures buried or forgotten long before this final crash, little movable art has come down to us. The Elgin marbles were part of a temple. The Trajan and Antonine columns were massive marble towers. Paintings, ornaments, and furniture have survived in tombs. But they either formed part of the decorations of the tomb itself, or were articles of furniture or dress that had been in use as such by the deceased.

The overthrow of Pompeii and Herculaneum—the former place especially—has proved a wonderful event for our times. But, though movable and distinct works of art have been recovered from the ashes of these cities, I think few of them, if any, were ever executed but with a decorative intention. The quantity of art, such as would be placed in galleries, multiplied as the quality of sculpture declined. It is in the days of the later Cæsars that the extravagant and the vulgar profusion of indifferent sculpture obtained the most extension. The toil and care we now bestow on a statue or canvas, that can be exhibited and bought and sold a

hundred times over, was thought well bestowed on a piece of frieze or the panel of a wall, in the earlier and greater times of art. In later classic times, as now, this decorative connection of art with architecture and objects of daily use was less consistently maintained. Still, maintained, on the whole, it *was*.

Going to classic times, indeed, is plunging at once into the undeniable arguments of art logic. But if we go further back into its history, the same fact meets us everywhere. No people preserved so long, from times so remote, or so faithfully their art traditions as the Egyptians. In two thousand years how slight is the change! How little even does the Greek influence, that could produce the Antinous of Hadrian, change Egyptian ideas! Whatever amateur Egyptians may have done, the old tradition changed but little in the national mind itself. And, perhaps, no art, not even Greek, was so eminently decorative. No portion of Egyptian architecture—not the walls, outer or inner—not the sails of their ships, were otherwise than elaborate in ornament. Their wonderful sun and sky have kept these monuments better than the cinders of Pompeii, and they affirm, still more emphatically than those of the Roman cities of pleasure, the principle I am now maintaining.

But let us come down from the old world, which, with its old principles, its sense of beauty, and its worship of it in nature, perished amidst struggles and throes of anguish so long continued and so terrible. If ancient art found its expression thus in the natural way of decoration, is not modern art, in this respect,

identical with it? By modern art I mean that of the Christian era. From the fifth to the fifteenth century, during a period of one thousand years, the art of Europe was, like the ancient—decorative. The great sculptures, the noblest paintings, have all been, if they are not still, parts of architecture. It is recently that art has, to a great extent, separated itself from its intercourse, of this nature, with daily life. It faded from our architecture, then from our furniture, then from dress. Art grew weak. It would require a more intimate acquaintance with the history of Central Europe than I can pretend to, and a disquisition foreign to our present purpose, to trace this decline through the disastrous periods of war to which Europe was subjected during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But beyond a doubt, it is to the frightful devastation long continued, incessantly repeated during so many years, that the decline of national artistic vigour, the loss of the old traditions and training, and the oblivion of the secrets preserved in guilds and brotherhoods of art, must be traced. From the times of Louis XIV. to those of Frederick the Great, Central Europe was a prey to these destructive influences. What leisure was there for art? How could young men be spared from the exactions of armies, or cities that were alternately sacked by enemies, and devoured by friends; find the means for, or enjoy the productions of art?

The religious changes of the sixteenth century subjected thought in Europe to a heavy shock. But this is insufficient to account for what is certainly a fact, that decorative art was still vigorous in the middle of

the seventeenth century, and that vast multitudes of works and objects of a period that went later on in the century, are still of great value, while, for the greater portion of the succeeding century, this number, and the classes and kinds of art, are comparatively few.

So it is that we consider ourselves as "reviving" art. Our museums seek backwards, as do our schools and critics, for what is good in artistic decoration. Everything we say almost, as everything we collect, goes to set a value on older work, and to the acknowledgment of a thorough decay, an hiatus in the life of art—of decorative art certainly.

The civilized world, in the seventeenth century, was fermenting. New powers were rising to the surface. Old authorities were growing impotent or crumbling under foot. Northern and Central Europe had little repose till late in the last century, and the years that succeeded were a period of exhaustion, corruption, and degradation. Our own country suffered with the continent. I do not think it possible that, under a moral overclouding, art, if it lives, can be said or expected to flourish. Art is the healthy exercise of a joyous delight in all that is beautiful under the sun. Physical sufferings, famines, plagues, and other afflictions, prevent the exercise of such an energy.

The shadows of human suffering, however, if they depress, add nobleness to character. Not so moral evils. And that great convulsion known as the French Revolution was the crisis of old and deplorable moral evil. A period so fatal to healthy moral energy of all kinds could not be favourable to the growth of art. At

no period had it been so low in aim, so poor in form, so unnatural and affected. Hoops and patches for the ladies, curly wigs for the gentlemen, rouge and pearl powder for both! Society saw scarcely a shadow of the old splendour that surrounded and honoured the great civilization descended from the middle ages. The enlightenment claimed by *savans* and by the society of the day had other aims. To enjoy life it did endeavour, but it was at the cost of moral obligations. The court and the city, the exclusive circle, absorbed everything. Society was in a measure living on its capital, and this could end only in exhaustion. Like the exhaustion of the old classic world, this, too, led to something like dissolution. It is within our own times that the social state of Europe has recovered freedom and repose, and that art has made a stir, and forced itself into life.

Without venturing on any judgment of the art of our day, which has immense merits, the side of it we are now examining requires all our attention—I mean its decorative aspect.

We have come to make a strange divorce between art and daily life. What the reasons are of this oblivion of what was once so universal, I have not space here to consider. But speaking not, of course, of people whose objects are such as ours, and who meet to discuss a subject for which we have a common interest, and that a keen one, but speaking of the large majority of society of all classes, this principle is but little understood.

Lectures and societies are not uncommon, but good street architecture, beautiful furniture, jewellery, and so on, are uncommon. What is this but saying that though

many people can appreciate such works as those of Raphael and Michael Angelo, of which it would be heresy to speak disrespectfully, they are yet but little imbued with a sense of what is beautiful in itself. Such a sense would be furnished with susceptibilities, it would have disgusts and antipathies. Then we should not see city architecture, railroad stations, and other opportunities of agreeable structure, turned to such account as we do now.

Some of our neighbours beat us hollow in these respects. French art is by no means free from very grave faults; but the eye rests on stately and agreeable structures in the French capital, turn which way we will. And this because the general feeling for decorative beauty is so much more real.

We do not, I repeat, fail in enthusiasm for great and notable works; but the delicate sense that requires and appreciates a more universal expression of beauty of some kind, and repudiates ugliness more instinctively, this is our deficiency.

We may associate the two in one sense—that is, we may hang our pictures on our walls, but we do not prepare our walls for a picture and get an artist to paint the wall, and so enjoy it while the wall holds together or leave it for the enjoyment of others. Houses are not built with any definite desire of unlimited endurance, and their decorations are of the flimsiest. The plaster cornices and marble chimney-pieces are bought by the yard—say the mile or the ton. So, again, in furniture. Indeed, we do not miss artistic decoration, and should not, perhaps, appreciate it. I think if we are bred up

amidst art, though we may often appreciate particular works insufficiently, we shall love art long before we can give just and critical reasons for our love. Another sign or effect of the altered mind of Europe, and a powerful cause of the low state of decorative art, is modern dress. Till quite modern days the honour in which station or office, age or service was held expressed itself, without vanity, in splendour of dress. The change of dress powerfully affects the love of art. If we do not feel objections to our sombreness of dress, why should we look for art about us in other ways. These remarks apply to the dress of men. Ladies, happily, still clothe themselves in colours. And yet even the ladies owe but little to art—even here. Paris, in this matter, promulgates an arbitrary law called fashion. Continual change in dress is fatal to artistic decoration. Gold thread and embroidery with the needle imply a longer life in each particular vestment than would be consistent with any kind of subordination amongst the milliners, not to speak of their fair employers. I must own that I think modern dress greatly against the general revival of decorative art, as well as the wide-spread restlessness as to our homes, and the unlasting, flimsy character of our domestic building; for architecture, in our town streets, it can hardly be called.

A further drawback is one involved in a very favourite principle of modern political economy—the division of labour. Division of labour is fatal to any system of decoration in its productions. A craftsman, in artistic times, with the aid of his workmen, made the cabinets, caskets, salvers, cups, sword-hilts, or whatever they

were, from first to last. A painter or engraver was called in sometimes, but one mind designed and executed one work. But now! how should he set about it. How many hands are employed on a table, a cabinet, or a sideboard? And if the honest pride of authorship is chopped up into so many shares, how much of the unity so specially characteristic of art will remain?

Other causes might, no doubt, be assigned for the decay and the difficulty of reviving art in its decorative character. Definite and valuable art works are now marketable objects; but we get useful things on which decoration was once wont to be found, made by so many and such rapid processes, and in quantities so large, that those who make them are not expected to know much about art, or devote their time to make these things artistic.

And here I come to another part of my subject, of which indeed it is very important to have a clear understanding—and that is, the limits of the “decorative” side of art.

Let me now define what I mean by the word decorative. I oppose to it, for the sake of distinction, the word picturesque. Picturesqueness I conceive to be the characteristic of our modern painting. The object of such art is, or ought to be, not objects or persons simply, but persons or objects seen under peculiar circumstances. What history does in thus bringing a meaning out of confusion, art does in rightly discerning the passions, motives, objects, which lead to, which rule the moment represented. The painter of history is great more in proportion to the power with which



he seizes on this key, and possesses himself of the true motive-power of his subjects, than on the mechanical completeness of his painting. Mere outdoor studies are insufficient for true landscape painting. It is not a mere transcript of nature unless under special conditions. We want something ideal—nature seen under certain human impressions, and suggestive of those impressions to us. It is the painter's faculty to seize this character, to note the way the wild forces of nature modify, or give force to this feature or that, and to express it. It will be allowed, too, that the most power is shown when the most homely scene is chosen, and a painter succeeds in making it impressive. The reason is that it is only profound observation that detects in homely scenes anything impressive at all. Thus I explain the picturesque character of pictures. The objects painted in them are painted not absolutely, but under conditions. But by decorativeness, or the specially decorative character of art, I mean a different selection and treatment of objects altogether. In decorative treatment we use natural forms altogether on abstract grounds; and we use them treated in an abstract fashion. Thus the leaf of an acanthus or the flower of a honeysuckle were, in Greek hands, of service without any reference to the fact that they were representations of actual leaves. Positive representations they really were not. A certain arrangement, viz. gracefulness of line and composition, made them useful, not by way of giving an idea of what an acanthus or a honeysuckle ought to be, but in order to decorate something else—a capital, a frieze, or the edge of a jar—

things to which they have no necessary reference at all, but which they can set off by the intricacy of colour. Then, again, the colour of objects used in decoration has often no reference to those things, only to the things they decorate. Even the human frame has to be severely controlled, and its lines expressed in the most abstract way.

The first principle, then, that distinguishes art in a decorative from art in a pictorial character, is that of limitation. If we look at house decoration, or engraving of plate, or other modern ornamental work, we are struck with the redundancy of it, or with the ill-judged attempts at finishing, rounding, shading, and so forth, as if the object were not to set off the thing decorated, but to give room for all the airs and graces of the artist. Decoration to be effective must, on the contrary, be limited. We cannot, except on occasions, do all that we might do in a picture. The leaf, scroll, fretwork, or whatever it is, has to be expressed as gravely, and with as little appearance of detail, as its representation will admit of.

The painter or engraver places himself within limits. What he does on a wall or a casket he does with all his power, but he has to remember that too much attention must not be attracted to his work. That work is the decoration or setting off of something else, not the sounding of its own trumpet; I take, for instance, these Parthenon marbles, or the Greek capital or frieze.\* It is not to be doubted that Phidias could have done more with his horsemen or his Athenian women. The horses might have borne a truer proportion to the men. The

\* Illustrated by drawings and engravings.

sculptor could not but see so broad a truth. He could have carried his heads, limbs, or draperies further. So also in these leaves and friezes Nature could have been followed further. But such an extension or following up of Nature would have made the ornament a representation too complete and exact to have been fit for its place. The column, the wall, or whatever the field that bore it, would forthwith have become something distinct. The sculpture would have been a good natural representation, but no part of the building. An evident addition, hung or stuck on. We cannot observe modern ornament closely without being struck by this inappropriateness. It is not that the ornaments are, in themselves, otherwise than well executed, and, frequently, good studies of natural form; all that they ought to be, if only they were distinct studies, and not professedly ornamental elements carefully selected and grafted into the objects they are meant to adorn, so as to form actual parts, and to be subordinate, as being parts, only, of those objects.

Take the most splendid instance I can produce of such a misapplication of power. These carefully coloured panels are from the pilasters of the Loggie of the Vatican. Raphael, in his palmiest days, was appointed by the Pope to paint or give designs for these fanciful decorations. Nothing can exceed the beauty of portions, and many portions, too, of these designs. Taken to pieces they would form a *liber studiorum* of enormous power and splendour. They are, however, carried too far to be appropriate as decoration. The scrolls and flowers are shaded and rounded up to life. Hence they are out

of proportion to their proper position and duty, which is to subordinate themselves to the general effect of the whole building, and specially to pictures proper, which they surround, and which are finished in the same proportion.

A Greek would have treated the whole in a simpler and broader manner. The admirable drawing of the detail would have been more telling and more suggestive, though stopping short of its present realization.

Raphael could never give designs for, or approve of, vulgarity in art, and the enormous power displayed throughout these works will give, as they always have given, a wide-felt pleasure. But what Raphael initiated with all his varied powers became a starting-point for a wide school of decorative art all over Italy and the rest of Europe.

The revival of the antique that so enchanted those artists was not the Greek antique that has come more fully to light in our own days, but the Roman, or Roman Greek art, that had held so wide a dominion under the Roman empire in Italy itself. A later and more luxuriant period, indeed, the full and final consummation of the art of the world had there reigned. It explored every lead, and worked out and exhausted every suggestion that power without rivalry, and luxury without restraint or sense of moral responsibility, could open out.

One great principle, then, of decorative treatment, or of the application of the art to decorate and set off rooms, places, or objects, is this one of limit as to aim. Not indeed a limit as to the pains we take, for the artist should do the utmost that his fixed rule will allow

of, and do it in the best way. Often, indeed, not to say always, the imagination is exercised to no small extent in this very mode of omission. How difficult it is to say much in few and simple words, to bring within the limits of an epigram that amount of wit, wisdom, pathos, or all three, that the subject suggests. The effort is to be expressive in few words. Well, in art this is the same. To be decorative is to be expressive and suggestive in the fewest and broadest forms; to represent man, or lower animals or objects, with truth first, then with dignity, *because* of the modest use of our power. If we look for this in our decorative work of the day we shall not often find it. Not, I am persuaded, because we have not artists capable of such representations, but because they would either think their work wasted if it were not its own especial end and object, or they would fail to recognize this law of limit and subordination, and would make their work their main object, rather than employ their work for an ulterior object.

And here I come to another great principle that is at the root of effect in decorative art, I mean the limits of the material.

I consider it especially important to notice this principle from the circumstances under which useful objects and utensils are now produced. We have for many years been living on the conveniences of rapid mechanical production. Three thousand years ago, and we may almost say two or three hundred years ago, men made almost everything they did make, with their own hands. The plough, the loom, the potter's wheel, wind and water, and a few rough cog-wheels comprised pretty nearly all

the mechanical appliances for production. There were no steam saw-mills, spinning-jennies, nor any of those innumerable patents which either make everything for us without hands at all, or use our hands as so many intelligent ducts or channels that apply the raw material on one side of the mill, and tie it up and send it over the globe, completed, at the other.

Hence, of course, every workman got well used to the capacity, convenience, or special perversity of the material out of which his object was to be made; he became handy at giving it such convenience and elegance of form, and adding such decorative features as the matter lent itself most readily to bear. Marble, coarse-grained stone, metals, according to their ductility or hardness of surface, pottery, and so forth, objects that had to be passed through fire, and of which the colours would undergo changes in that process, all these suggested instinctively a certain mode and amount of work, and a certain capability of rough and ready, or of laborious decorative process, that suited each material and each form of object respectively. A steel sword would bear chasing and damascening out of place on a pewter pot. And a water-jar of rough clay would not bear or justify the laborious enamel suitable to the mounting of a cup of sardonyx. Glass, which is easily blown, and of filmy delicacy, was not carved as if it had been a crystal jar.

A certain justness and appropriateness of decoration, both as to kind and to amount, suggested itself naturally. But in proportion as vast fields of industry have been occupied by machinery that readily produces any conceivable number of the same objects, all identical in size

and form, so the workman has lost sight of this very obvious rule. The more so, because art, when it comes naturally to a man's head and hand, does not go by argument or by expressed rules, but unconsciously acknowledges them in the form of principles that use and propriety bring home without words into the heart and the head together.

If carpets or tissues are made by mechanical means on an enormous scale, there is no workman's eye adjusting and balancing by a kind of instinct the pleasurable proportion of the colours. The Oriental fabrics exhibit still this charming human sympathy throughout. Not so our European system of tints, which is wholly mechanical, and places the excellence of the colour in the absolute identity all over of every atom of each colour employed.

To our Birmingham work the same remarks will apply, though much excellent handwork is still done there.

And here let me express a hope that one great branch of national industry, the Irish lace, will long maintain its ground.

To return, however, we may observe that not only is the sense of the proper decoration of every object confused, but that, this propriety being lost, novelty, or an ingenious application of the decoration proper to very different objects, very often takes its place. Ingenious *tours de force*.

Now decoration depends on the due feeling of the capacity of the material, even more than of the object decorated, for we may decorate everything with the very

---

best and highest matter or form of decoration, but the material imposes very definite and important limits. And it is here especially that the mechanical help that science has discovered to relieve the human hand of much of its proper labours touches the interest of art. So much of this facility of production and, in a certain way, of ornamentation seems so wonderful and attractive, just because it does what we cannot do, or does so much more, and makes it so much more uniform.

All this darkens the real truth of the matter, for the mind of man and the grasp of his imagination are far beyond anything that his mechanism can produce, as far as his place in the universe, his history and his prospects are beyond and above those of all the steam-engines, Nasmyth hammers, spinning-jennies, or other similar giants and slaves of his that seem to do so much all over the world.

The principles of art, on the other hand, cannot alter, because once true they must be so always. Those limits, that sense of the "prepon," the right and becoming, that sorted out and apportioned different artistic talents to their several fields of labour, must be maintained if art is to revive and prevail, over all things universally, as it always has prevailed when a living tradition. Materials must have their limits of capability.

Let us remember, too, that the human intelligence that works on decoration is the real agent that produces pleasurable in the designs. This capacity of interesting and pleasing the beholder will be greater or less precisely in proportion to the amount of mind and sentiment conveyed in the designs. Hence, mere traceries,



patterns, diapers, and so on, exquisite as they are in much European work of the middle ages, and in the Oriental design of our times, have not, and never will have, the full beauty and interest of European productions of the same relative rank of merit where higher subjects are studied.

The highest decorative subject is the human form. With this, as with the animal form and with foliage, we may decorate anything. But not everything to an equal extent or with equal completeness. The Greeks decorated their houses, their furniture, mirrors, urns, and even their kitchen utensils, pots and pans, with representations of the human form, but with a feeling of how much or little each object would bear. We may reflect on the forgetfulness of all these laws and restraints in the gaudy efforts after fulness of our modern decoration. It may be possible now to paint branches of flowers on a plate or jar nearly approaching, in round fulness, to a finished picture; but is that the place for such a full performance? Such treatment is picturesque, not decorative. It ill sets off the place it is intended for, and becomes a picture awkwardly placed. Absolutely perfect natural representation does not really decorate. It is itself its own object. The capital, or the base, or window, or whatever it is, is not decorated by such additions; but it is merely the ground, the accidental canvas, as it were, that the artist has whimsically chosen instead of a better and more convenient one. On the other hand, we must carefully put from us the notion that the freedom with which we are obliged to straighten natural forms is intended to be, in any sort of way, an improve-

---

ment on nature, it is the necessity of space and material. Cast metal, e. g. admits of surface completion with the graver after casting, and its character generally should be massive. Wrought metal, on the contrary, exhibits those essential qualities of metal—ductility and strength, the capacity of being laminated out into the thinnest, most graceful, and delicate twists and turns. As a rude specimen, we might take the gates from Hampton Court, of which some portions are now in the Dublin Exhibition, removed from their site because of their extreme state of dilapidation, to be repaired in London.

But look at the large majority of objects of ornament in iron, what do we see? The forms of wrought iron, or forms that would be admirable in light beaten metal attempted in casting, at once heavy and ineffective. And if, on the other hand, we ask for wrought-iron work, ten to one we find it as heavy and massive as if it had been cast.

Another favourite development of modern iron invention increases the confusion of this special nature. We now construct buildings or houses of iron. Not by any means a bad contrivance when certain special advantages are required such as cannot be obtained from building materials, say, e. g. the Britannia Bridge. But if we are to construct in iron, let us keep to the conditions and the special function of iron. Iron shed roofs, of light tension rods, or glass roofs upheld by lattice girders, are a real gain, because we could not by any other known means enclose spaces so large and unbroken.

But if the metal appears in the form of architectural

columns and other details as massive as the stone would be, is not this to lose the real lightness of iron, which would do as much as the stone with something like a fifth or sixth of its bulk? What looks well in stone is not so in iron.

It is by no means right, either, to despise certain materials, as plaster, for instance, for building decoration. True, a long street with compo-classic details all of one mould, and the wall divided into imitation stones, is poor enough. But plaster has a capability altogether its own. Witness the ceilings and wall decorations of so many palaces in Italy, not to say the large number of houses in England of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, so elaborate inside and out with plaster decoration,\* and the Dublin ceilings of the last generation.

Here again we might notice how softness and plastic easiness are, or should be, impressed on plastic decorations, rather than the sharp precision proper to marble, and obtained in moulds, which give cornices and such ornaments the look of being, as indeed they now are, separate pieces of work stuck on after the ceiling is done, or chosen from a heap (perhaps applied, without much consideration, to thousands of other rooms and ceilings wholly different in size and circumstances).

And so it would be easy to go on to a multitude of instances. I hope, however, that what I have here said is sufficient to suggest them to any one who turns his thoughts in that direction.

The sum of what I maintain is, that if art is of vital

---

\* Illustrated by drawings.

importance to a nation, so that Governments, that have plenty to do with the public money, find it absolutely necessary to forward art by every means in their power, and if all Governments are so doing now, it is the decorative side or aspect of art that needs to be insisted on. I distinguish "decorative" from pictorial art in its way of treating nature, and I cling to decorative as distinguished from Gallery or Museum art, as being art, not in a formal posture, but as an every-day friend. Beauty all about our daily life, which we should miss if we did not find it.

To establish or revive this want of decorativeness is our great object. Of its important bearing on the other form of art we need not dwell at length.

Decorative art embraces everything that will bear decoration as its field. Hence an enormous expansion of artistic power. In proportion as we enlarge and vary our field of work are the resources our enlargement calls forth. It is because decorative art is so universal in its aim that it becomes so powerful an engine, not only in forming artists, but in acting on the minds of men. And here I meet the question I put at the beginning—*Cui bono?* What good is there in decoration? Putting aside, then, all the material advantages to a nation, all the wealth that such powers may help to produce, which are not, I hold, the true end of art, but something beside that end, I look to that which really gives the faculty of art its rank. It is good in itself. It elevates men and nations. In so far as it gives them delight in something beyond mere necessity or mere utility, it sets before them something desirable, not for these baser reasons, but for

itself, in that contemplation and value of beauty which is its object and out of which its powers arise. If beauty, if attractiveness, may be abused, this is the fault, not of the object, but of the shallowness or other imperfections of men. Beauty may be called the subject-matter of the contemplative faculty, as it studies the face of the natural world—a perishable world, but exquisitely clothed, in order to be a perpetual symbol and image of that which cannot perish. As regards art, I apprehend that the International Exhibition has a special aim to encourage this broad character, and to elicit universal resources which I have tried to indicate by the term *decorativeness*. Science is, in one sense, the very opposite to art. Art is the produce of that faculty which observes and represents the beauty of the natural world. Science is the result not of external contemplation, but of dissection and examination. Science, indeed, discloses to us the wonders that lie below the surface of things, and gives immense delight from the comprehension of the wonders of that tremendous laboratory. When we apply the word beautiful to the order, ingenuity and resources we there behold, we mean by beautiful that which is astonishing and satisfactory to the mind rather than to the eye, and, strictly speaking, that is not beautiful. Art sees the living object, science requires its death. Not the less is science admirable and elevating, when wisely pursued, to the human mind, for we have faculties of different orders, and to know is part of our privilege as well as to see and to love. But there is a connection, practically spoken of, between science and art which we are apt to misunderstand—I mean the ways

in which science produces results somewhat similar to art. Art, in fact, cannot be cheap, and cannot be got without labour and thought. Nor are scientific productions, when beautiful, art, or works of art. Let us take the crowning instance, photography. Are photographs works of art? Certainly not, unless we credit the sun with a personality, a will, an intellect, and affections. I think no astronomers go to this amount of indulgence. The sun does with the chemicals just what it cannot help doing any more than the looking-glass. The reflections in that useful piece of furniture are just as much works of art as photographs; and I fancy if a personal character attached to that faithful servant it would not be allowed the familiarity in boudoirs and on toilet tables it now enjoys so freely. Photography has done one infinite injury to art—it has nearly driven miniature painting out of the field. Science, however, and art are and ought to be close allies. As a rule, art will occupy one vast field, which it must work upon and which it can never exhaust, and science another. To become really and soundly popular, it must assume that decorative character which shows itself in all great periods of art, and which educates artist workmen.

It would be an immense error to suppose that art can never be practised but by thoroughly educated hands. On the contrary, the large workshops of former days were those of a great master, whose pupils were a sort of family, and where help was required of very various kinds. And we have now an immense mine of ingenuity and very teachable love and taste for art amongst our higher artizans that needs only direction, and that

will not only do a vast deal, but give help to artists of a higher stamp, as well as take it from them.

Art is under a republic, in which as much ought to be done, and is done by pushing upward from below, as by disseminating from above ; and a wide and universal pursuit of beauty that will not be satisfied without finding it everywhere, is the surest and safest source of sound art tradition.

NOTE.—This Lecture was illustrated by diagrams and drawings, to which reference was made during its delivery.



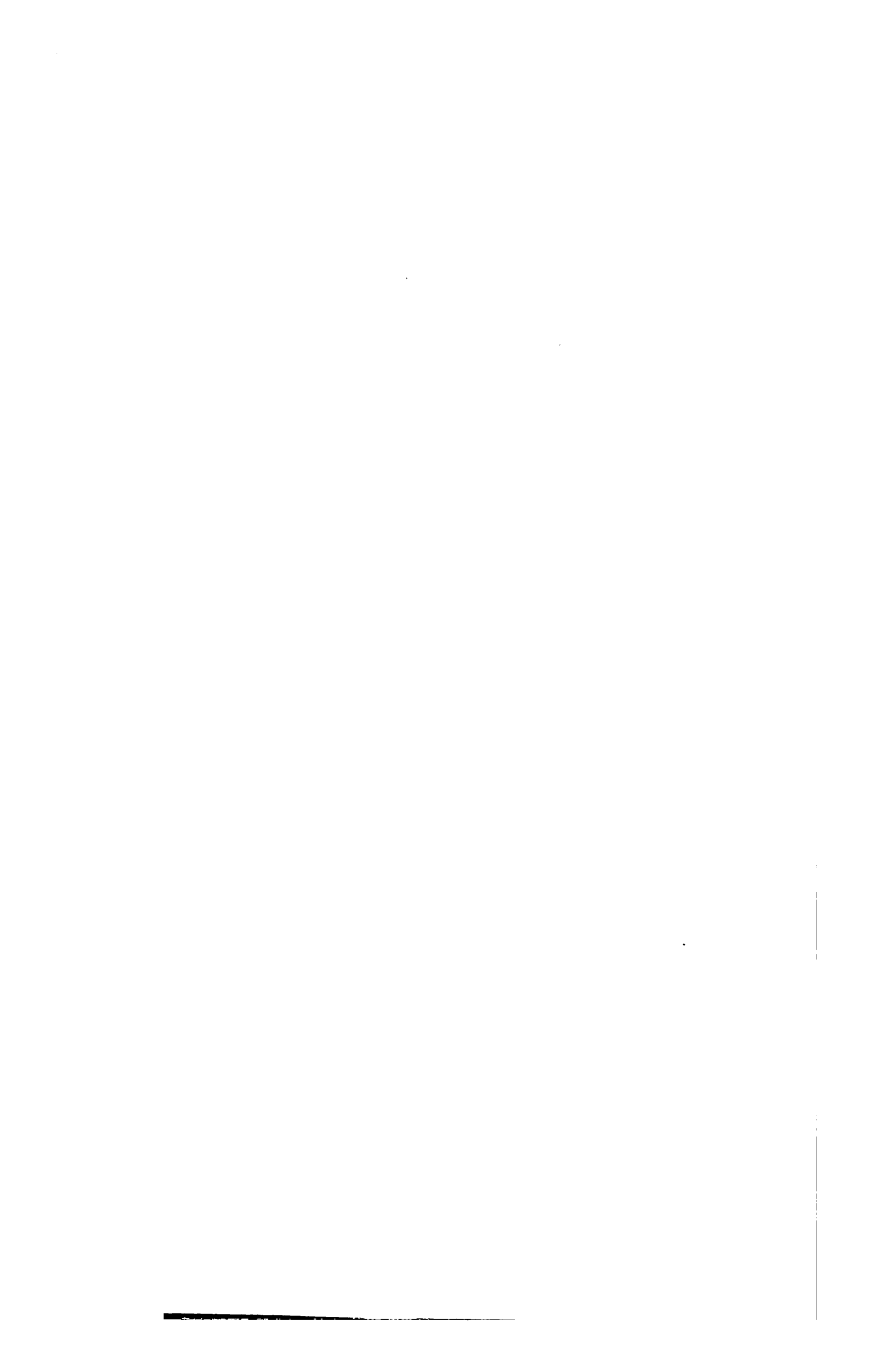


BERKELEY.

BY ISAAC BUTT, ESQ.









## BERKELEY.

**I**N the choice of the subject which I have selected for this address, I do not think I have been unduly influenced by associations which invest the name of Berkeley with a peculiar interest to me. If I rightly understand the object of these lectures, it will be best attained by making them suggestive. I am not vain enough to believe that it is possible for me to convey instruction, in the ordinary sense, to an audience like this. It is, I believe, possible to make these occasions interesting and useful, by directing attention to portions of the field of literature which are not generally, or at least not familiarly, known. Each of us can thus bring, from the sources of his own reading or his own thought, some slight contribution to the materials of that intellectual inquiry which it is the object of these afternoon lectures to promote.

For such a purpose as this it would not be easy to find a subject better suited than that which I have chosen. Few men have added more than Bishop Berkeley to the fame of our University and our country. In spite of all the ridicule which has been directed





## BERKELEY.

**I**N the choice of the subject which I have selected for this address, I do not think I have been unduly influenced by associations which invest the name of Berkeley with a peculiar interest to me. If I rightly understand the object of these lectures, it will be best attained by making them suggestive. I am not vain enough to believe that it is possible for me to convey instruction, in the ordinary sense, to an audience like this. Still, I believe, possible to make these occasions interesting and useful, by directing attention to portions of the field of literature which are not generally, or at least not familiarly, known. Each of us can thus bring, from the sources of his own reading or his own thought, some slight contribution to the material of that intellectual inquiry which it is the object of these afternoon lectures to promote.

For such a purpose as this it would not be easy to find a subject better suited than that which I have chosen. Few men have exerted more powerfully than Berkeley to the fame of our country and civilization. In spite of all the ridicule which was once directed

His theory of vision was first given to the world in 1709, in a work entitled, "An Essay towards a New Theory of Vision." Twenty-four years afterwards he defended his theory in a tract\* which is not published in any collected edition of his works, but which has been reproduced within the last few years by the pious care of an Englishman. In 1710 he published that which (adopting the usual, though inaccurate, designation) I may call his immaterial theory. He did so in a work entitled, "The Principles of Human Knowledge." This argument was supplemented a few years afterwards, in "Dialogues between Philonous and Hylas," a mode of stating his opinions of which Berkeley was particularly fond. Upon these essays rests his character as the originator of the system of mental philosophy which has borne his name.

Perhaps, indeed, I ought to add to these the essays in which he proved that mathematical doctrines do not rest on axioms of absolute certainty, but involve a belief in mysteries and an assumption of metaphysical contradictions. These mathematical tracts pursue a train of thought not wholly unconnected with his views as to the existence of the material world.

The most generally read of all his writings was one entitled, "The Minute Philosopher," a series of dialogues discussing the objections raised by infidels to the Christian revelation. "The resemblance of these

---

\* "The Theory of Vision Vindicated and Explained. By the Right Reverend G. Berkeley, D.D., Lord Bishop of Cloyne. Edited, with annotations, by H. V. H. Cowell, Associate of King's College, London. Macmillan and Co., 1860."

tellectual qualities, with high moral virtues,—an opinion which has come down to us in the appellation which described him as “the great and good Bishop of Cloyne.”

The task I have assigned to myself is not an easy one. I cannot present to you the intellectual, indeed the moral, character of Berkeley without some attempt at explaining the peculiar views with which his name has been associated. I am conscious of the difficulty of doing so without wandering far beyond the limits of a lecture such as this. I can only hope for your indulgence when I ask you to accept what I say, as an attempt, however imperfect, to offer a tribute to the memory of a great man in whom our country feels a just and honourable pride.

In common opinion Bishop Berkeley is best known in connection with that celebrated theory which denies the existence of any material world. In philosophic circles his fame rests upon his “new theory of vision,” in which he is supposed to have made the discovery that the ideas we derive from sight and touch are wholly unlike each other, and that our inference of either distance or extension from the form presented to the eye is, in reality, a judgment of the mind, correcting our visual perceptions by the experience we derive from the sense of touch. This theory of vision has been, I might say, almost universally accepted, while his theory of non-existence of matter has been as generally rejected; yet, in the mind of Berkeley, they were intimately connected, and it may be that, in strict reasoning, they are not very distinct.

against that which has been called the paradox of his ideal theory, his reputation as a philosopher and a thinker is established wherever men employ themselves in investigating the science of the human mind. In the century which has passed since his death that reputation has grown and increased, and we point to him with pride as one of those who vindicate for Ireland a high place in the annals of intellectual distinction. Yet little, very little, is known of him among ourselves; and even in an assembly like this, I presume to say I am addressing many whose opinion of him has been chiefly formed from the lines of Byron:—

“ When Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter,  
And proved it, ’twas no matter what he said; ”—

and who expect that a discourse upon his character and writings must be little else than a narrative of the wild unrealities of a speculative dreamer. I shall, perhaps, have fulfilled that which I have said to be the object of such a lecture, if, in the rapid and imperfect sketch of this great philosopher which its compass admits, I can suggest that in his writings you will find more, much more, than the mere sophisms of an ingenious puzzle. Without involving you in the subtleties of metaphysical inquiry, I may be able to satisfy you that the reputation he has borne is not undeserved; and that in his life and character you will find, if not sufficient to justify the extravagant eulogium of Pope, which gave

“ To Berkeley every virtue under heaven,”

yet more than enough to make good the opinion of his contemporaries, who saw in him the union of great in-

tellectual qualities, with high moral virtues,—an opinion which has come down to us in the appellation which described him as “the great and good Bishop of Cloyne.”

The task I have assigned to myself is not an easy one. I cannot present to you the intellectual, indeed the moral, character of Berkeley without some attempt at explaining the peculiar views with which his name has been associated. I am conscious of the difficulty of doing so without wandering far beyond the limits of a lecture such as this. I can only hope for your indulgence when I ask you to accept what I say, as an attempt, however imperfect, to offer a tribute to the memory of a great man in whom our country feels a just and honourable pride.

In common opinion Bishop Berkeley is best known in connection with that celebrated theory which denies the existence of any material world. In philosophic circles his fame rests upon his “new theory of vision,” in which he is supposed to have made the discovery that the ideas we derive from sight and touch are wholly unlike each other, and that our inference of either distance or extension from the form presented to the eye is, in reality, a judgment of the mind, correcting our visual perceptions by the experience we derive from the sense of touch. This theory of vision has been, I might say, almost universally accepted, while his theory of non-existence of matter has been as generally rejected; yet, in the mind of Berkeley, they were intimately connected, and it may be that, in strict reasoning, they are not very distinct.



His theory of vision was first given to the world in 1709, in a work entitled, "An Essay towards a New Theory of Vision." Twenty-four years afterwards he defended his theory in a tract\* which is not published in any collected edition of his works, but which has been reproduced within the last few years by the pious care of an Englishman. In 1710 he published that which (adopting the usual, though inaccurate, designation) I may call his immaterial theory. He did so in a work entitled, "The Principles of Human Knowledge." This argument was supplemented a few years afterwards, in "Dialogues between Philonous and Hylas," a mode of stating his opinions of which Berkeley was particularly fond. Upon these essays rests his character as the originator of the system of mental philosophy which has borne his name.

Perhaps, indeed, I ought to add to these the essays in which he proved that mathematical doctrines do not rest on axioms of absolute certainty, but involve a belief in mysteries and an assumption of metaphysical contradictions. These mathematical tracts pursue a train of thought not wholly unconnected with his views as to the existence of the material world.

The most generally read of all his writings was one entitled, "The Minute Philosopher," a series of dialogues discussing the objections raised by infidels to the Christian revelation. "The resemblance of these

---

\* "The Theory of Vision Vindicated and Explained. By the Right Reverend G. Berkeley, D.D., Lord Bishop of Cloyne. Edited, with annotations, by H. V. H. Cowell, Associate of King's College, London. Macmillan and Co., 1860."

dialogues to the writings of Plato," writes Wm. Archer Butler,\* "has been observed—and, making due allowance for the difference of the position which an instructor of the public mind had to assume in the days of ancient and modern scepticism, the criticism is perfectly just." I am not so sure that the next sentence is in itself perfectly just. Butler continues, "Indeed the similarity is sometimes so strong that the imitation becomes perceptible, and the style falls into the disagreeable fault of reading like a translation."

To his philosophical works, strange to say, we must add his marvellous "*Siris*," or treatise on the virtues of tar-water, in which, from unfolding the virtues of his favourite medicine, he ascends to one of the most beautiful disquisitions on the nature of life which is on record.

Perhaps the best illustration of his genius is to be found in a little publication entitled "*The Querist*," containing five hundred and ninety-five questions upon subjects of social and economic interest, some of which I will take the liberty of proposing for your solution, or, if you cannot solve them, for your reflection. Of the tract containing these five hundred and ninety-five questions, Sir James Macintosh observes, "that it contains more hints still unapplied in legislation and political economy than are to be found in any equal space."

When I add to these some sermons in which Berkeley inculcated the doctrine of passive obedience, and which

---

\* "*Dublin University Magazine*," March, 1835.

are remarkable as unfolding all the theory of moral obligation, which Paley, I cannot help thinking, misunderstood—and some occasional tracts, I believe I have exhausted the catalogue of the writings by which his extraordinary reputation has been acquired and preserved.

Intellectually, these writings are distinguished by an acuteness and a clearness of reasoning which have never been surpassed. In Berkeley's writings we never observe either obscurity or confusion of thought. I cannot remember that any one of his opponents has ever pointed out an occasion in which he has fallen into the sophism so universal in metaphysical, and, I must add, in economical reasoning, of using a word in a double sense. But greater still was the merit he unquestionably possessed—that of original thought. The motto which he prefixed to his first tract on mathematics, written when he was but twenty, is, in truth, the best description of his genius: "*Neminem transcripsi, nullius scrinium expilavi.*" It may be that the clearness of his reasonings is owing in a great measure to the fact that none of them were borrowed. He who works out his own thoughts is more likely to have clear perceptions than he who adopts, however intelligently, those of others. It is essential to the progress of human knowledge that we should often take into our minds the thoughts and conclusions of others. But in doing so we are very apt to confuse them. It is difficult to preserve clearness in the transfer, as human sentiments, like liquors, are apt to be muddled in being emptied from one vessel into another. All criticism, even the most hostile, has

awarded to Berkeley the praise of unrivalled originality and acuteness of thought.

It may be presumptuous in me to say it, but, with all this originality and acuteness, there is a deficiency in the writings of Berkeley which I cannot better describe than by saying that they want grandeur and comprehensiveness of thought. There is, indeed, a sense in which the criticism would be unjust to one who has started metaphysical propositions of the grandest character. Yet, in the highest and best sense, it is true. Butler felt the contrast between the dialogues of Berkeley and those of Plato. If Berkeley could have combined with his own clearness and acuteness the breadth and comprehensiveness of the Greek philosopher, he would have given us a specimen of a perfect intellect as far as human faculties could be perfect. Both, perhaps, cannot be combined. We can never gain an extensive prospect without perceiving the far-off distance sinking in a haze.

We might learn the moral character of the man from his writings. They are pervaded by a simple-minded love of truth, and an utter absence of the indirectness of thought which may be said to constitute a moral obliquity of intellectual vision. Their most prominent characteristic is the perfect, the unhesitating, the undoubting belief in the truths of revelation, and a deep sense of the reality of these truths. In his ideal philosophy he had disencumbered himself of all the difficulties which were started by the then prevalent scepticism. He had made the Divine presence the constant condition of his existence. His placidity of temper is never

Before he completed his twentieth year he composed a mathematical tract entitled, "*Arithmetica absque Algebra aut Euclide demonstrata.*" At the close of the six years which had elapsed after his election as Fellow he had given to the world the works upon which his fame still rests.

This mathematical tract was only remarkable for the early age at which it was written; but in 1709 he published his "*Essay towards a New Theory of Vision,*" a work which, in general opinion, entitles him to rank as a discoverer in the science of mind. That year he startled society by his bold denial of the common notion of a material world, and in 1713 appeared "*Philonous and Hylas,*" in which, after the Platonic model of dialogue, he reproduced and illustrated his metaphysical theory.

Upon that theory I will venture presently to offer some observations. It is sufficient now to say that, following immediately on his "*Essay on Vision,*" it attracted an attention due perhaps in great measure to the unrivalled force and clearness of his style. Swift tells us that immediately on its appearance it made many eminent proselytes and admirers; the audacious impugner of the doctrines, which are termed those of common sense, instead of being despised as a dreamer, became the favourite of the highest social circles not only rich in the brilliancy of genius, but also distinguished by vigour and energy in the practical pursuits of political life.

Before passing from his university life, I must notice the three sermons upon passive obedience which he preached in the pulpit of Trinity College in the year

1712. I will not inquire into the truth or error of the principles inculcated in these remarkable sermons. The Queen of George II. was satisfied that they contained nothing inconsistent with the most profound loyalty to the Revolution of 1688. I only observe upon them that the selection of such a topic at the time indicated very strongly that fearless following of truth which was the chief characteristic, in a great degree the strength, of Berkeley's moral and intellectual nature; and that those who have been accustomed to receive with admiration Paley's theory of moral obligation, will find all that is true in that theory far better expressed in the sermons in which Berkeley taught the Christian duty of obedience to the civil power.

In 1713 he went abroad with Lord Peterborough, who had been sent on an embassy to Sicily. In 1715 he left England a second time for a continental tour. He did so in the capacity of companion to the son of his old college tutor, then Bishop of Clogher. Five years were spent in this tour, and Berkeley did not return to England until 1720.

The letters, written from abroad to Pope, to Arbuthnot, and Thomas Prior, the founder of our Royal Dublin Society, are quite sufficient to prove the loss which our literature has sustained in the accidental destruction of the manuscripts in which Berkeley had recorded the diary of his travels, and had also written on the natural history of Sicily, an island in which, on his second visit to the Continent, he had passed a considerable time. These manuscripts were lost at Naples, and never were recovered or replaced.

May I quote a passage from a paper on Berkeley by W. Archer Butler, upon which I cannot look, after an interval of thirty years, without a mournful recollection of a friendship which death too soon severed,—a sorrowing tribute to the genius of one whose early grave has closed upon prospects of intellectual glories as bright as those of Berkeley. The paper from which I quote appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine* of April, 1836.

“We cannot,” he writes of Berkeley’s connection with Lord Peterborough, “we cannot represent to ourselves the temporary union of the ambassador and his chaplain, without feeling it strikingly illustrates the inadequate permanence of the representations which are built on the balances of action and speculative life. Peterborough, the hero of his country, the subjugator of Spain, the courtier and the diplomatist, is remembered by few who do not depend for their remembrance upon a couplet of Pope’s. His humble companion lives in this day omnipresent by his writings, diffusing alike instruction and admiration in every clime where knowledge and virtue are known and recognized.”

I quote this passage as one of the many proofs of the estimation in which all men of true genius and intellect have held the originator of the ideal theory.

It was to the friendship of Swift that Berkeley was indebted for the recommendation to Lord Peterborough, and for an introduction to his own relative, Lord Berkeley of Stratton—an introduction conveyed with the characteristic commendation that “the bearer was good for something.”

There is a melancholy passage in the connection between Swift and Berkeley. When the ill-fated Miss Vanhomrigh was dying of a broken heart, she marked her admiration and respect for Berkeley by leaving him heir to one half the fortune she had previously bequeathed to the Dean. The tribute was the more remarkable, if we suppose it probable she had not seen him for years. To his care, as her executor, she confided the correspondence of which it was said she solemnly enjoined the publication—whether in justice to her own memory, or from the less womanly feeling of punishing the perfidy of Swift. We know now that there is no such injunction in her will; and there appears to be no foundation for the supposition that Berkeley had received her dying instructions and witnessed the parting miseries of a broken heart. There is, however, a coldness and a reserve in the manner in which he writes, afterwards, even of the death of Swift, perhaps to be accounted for by his memory of the wronged Vanessa.

Through Pope, Berkeley acquired the friendship of Lord Burlington, and Lord Burlington obtained for him the appointment of Chaplain to the Duke of Grafton, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. I am following the general belief, for it has been denied that he ever held such a chaplaincy, and I confess I have not had time to investigate the not very accessible materials from which a judgment could be formed as to the merits of the dispute. No adequate life of Berkeley has yet been written; and he would perform a pious service to Ireland and to literature who would collect the scattered



fragments which exist into a biography more worthy of the name than the meagre and unsatisfactory performance of Bishop Stock, to whom is attributed the life prefixed to the collected editions of his works. Certain it is that he did return to Ireland, and that in 1724 he was appointed to the Deanery of Derry and took up his residence in the north.

His stay in London was made remarkable by a work which he published directed chiefly against the gambling and money-loving spirit of the age, a spirit which he describes as the atheistical love of private gain.

Just then the South Sea speculations had involved multitudes in ruin, and disclosed an amount of dishonesty in high places which could not fail to attract attention to evils nearly as great as those which in our own days have infested Change Alley and Capel Court. The simplicity of Berkeley's goodness went straight to the origin of the mischief, and his tracts were little more than an expansion of the Apostolic maxim, that love of money is the root of all evil. Possibly political economists may quarrel with the opinion that gambling on the stock exchange made it expedient to enact sumptuary laws. But Berkeley's vehement denunciation had its effect in the celebrated statute known as Sir John Barrano's, a statute which remained on the statute book till within the last few years, making it a highly penal offence to enter into transactions known as time bargains for stock.

Berkeley's hatred of such transactions appears in his "*Querist*," when he asks, "Whether the real foundation of wealth must not be laid in the numbers, the

frugality, and the industry of the people, and whether all attempts to enrich or prosper by other means, as raising the coin, stock-jobbing, and such arts are not vain? Whether a door ought not to be shut against all other modes of getting rich save only by industry and merit, and whether wealth got otherwise would not be ruinous to the public?"

During the same stay in London he contributed some papers, said not to be very brilliant, to the *Guardian*. We may add the name of the illustrious Bishop to the list of those who have enriched and ennobled periodical literature. For his contributions to the *Guardian* he was in the habit, we are told, of receiving a guinea and his dinner.

This portion of his life can scarcely be passed over without mentioning his interview with Malebranche. The illustrious French philosopher had an ideal theory of his own, with which that of Berkeley has been frequently confounded, but which, as Berkeley justly and vehemently protested, was altogether different. Malebranche supposed that material substances were not the objects of obvert perceptions by the human mind. All things that compose the external world have their images in the Divine mind, and these images we perceive. The theory had too many points in common with that of Berkeley not to give rise between them to great and vehement disputation. In his impetuous anxiety to recal to reason the apostle of a still more daring creed of idealism, the aged speculator shortened his own days. He had attained the good old age of eighty-seven years, and was suffering at the time of the

•

interview from the effects of inflammation of the lungs. The old man forgot everything except the presence of a listener worthy of his argument. The effort he made in his conversation with Berkeley brought on an access of his disorder, which carried him off in a few days.

It was after Berkeley's return to Ireland that he formed, or rather attempted to execute, his noble plan of establishing in the isles of the Western Atlantic a college for the education of clergyman for the American colonies of England. His mind was deeply impressed with the neglected state of the Church in those colonies, with the irreligious condition of the colonists, and especially with the absence of all efforts to Christianise the slaves. He purposed to establish a college at Bermuda, which was to become the general university of the Transatlantic possessions of England, to train men for the Church and educate others for the pursuits of common life; and with the institution of this college he purposed in time to connect the establishment of an American episcopate, which might raise the Churches in the colonies to a level with those at home. Berkeley proved his sincerity in the project by offering to resign his deanery and accept the presidency of the new college, with a salary of £100 a-year. He persuaded three Fellows of the University to accompany him, with a salary of 40*l.* a-year. In 1725 he published his proposal on this subject. The year before he had been introduced to Lord Carteret by Swift, in a letter too interesting to be passed over.

"There is," writes Swift, "a gentleman of this kingdom, just gone from England. It is Dr. George

Berkeley, Dean of Derry, the best preferment among us, being worth 1000*l.* a-year . . . He is an absolute philosopher, with regard to money, titles, and power, and for three years past he hath been struck with a notion of founding a University at Bermuda, by a charter from the crown. He hath seduced several of the hopefulest young clergymen and others here, many of them well provided for and all in the fairest way of preferment; but in England his conquests are greater, and I doubt will spread very far this winter. He showed me a little tract which he designs to publish, and there your Excellency will see his whole scheme of a life academico-philosophical (I shall make you remember what you were) of a college founded for Indian scholars and missionaries, where he most exorbitantly appropriates a whole hundred a-year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow, and ten for a student. His heart will break if his Deanery be not taken from him, and left at your Excellency's disposal."

"I do humbly entreat your Excellency either to use such persuasion as will keep one of the first men in this kingdom for virtue and learning quiet at home, or assist him by your credit to accomplish his romantic design."

The personal influence of the King, to whose notice Berkeley found means of bringing his proposal, at last secured its being submitted to Parliament. The English House of Commons, in an address which Berkeley tells us, with intense satisfaction, was carried with but few dissentients, responded to the message of the King; and the Dean of Derry, on the first of

September, 1728, sailed with high hopes and a glad heart for his remote destination.

Notwithstanding these favourable auspices he was doomed to disappointment. The funds appropriated to the endowment of the College were applied to other purposes. The Bishop of London applied to Sir Robert Walpole and received the characteristic answer :—

“ If you put this question to me as a minister, I must and can assure you that the money will most undoubtedly be paid as soon as suits public convenience ; but if you ask me as a friend whether Dean Berkeley should continue in America, expecting the payment of 20,000*l.*, I advise him by all means to give up his present expectations, and return to Europe.”

After spending nearly two years in Rhode Island, Berkeley was compelled to return to Ireland, and abandon the undertaking to which he was ready to devote his life. It is not long since a writer in the *Times* has collected evidences of the traditions which are still preserved of his visit to the West. That visit had no small effect in giving an impetus to some, at least, of the colleges which have in some degree supplied the place of the meditated University of Bermuda. Thoughtful men will, perhaps, compare the wisdom of the speculator with the careless inattention of the practical politician. Who will say what influence might have been exerted over the whole destiny of the Transatlantic nation if Berkeley's University had been established, more closely to identify their habits, their feelings, and their interests with those of home.

Berkeley found a partner willing to share with him his intended life in the Far West. Just before he left Ireland for America he married the daughter of Mr. Foster, the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. Of the genius and accomplishments of this lady Berkeley writes, in after years, with an amiable exaggeration, especially of her skill in painting. It is said that the portrait of the Bishop, which adorns the theatre of our College, was the production of her pencil. If this be true, it goes far to justify her husband's eulogies upon her pictorial skill.

During his residence in Rhode Island, Berkeley found time to write the "Dialogues," which, on his return, he published under the title of "The Minute Philosopher." These "Dialogues" were intended as a refutation of the sceptical opinions then prevalent. I wish that time permitted me to quote passages I had marked for extracts. Yet extracts could scarcely convey an adequate idea of a work of which the chief merit is that it is throughout equally sustained. Has any answer to the subtle absurdities, by which men try to persuade us that miracles are incredible, been ever given equal to that which Berkeley supplies in one suggestive sentence?—"If we admit a thing so extraordinary as the creation of this world, it should seem we admit something strange and odd, and to most human apprehensions beyond any other miracle whatsoever." How many of the arguments of Butler's "Analogy" are to be found in the few pages, which he concludes by saying, that "we do not dishonour our reason by an implicit belief in points relating to schemes we do

not know, or subjects to which our talents are, perhaps, disproportionate. Our reason is never so much dishonoured as when it is foiled, and never in more danger of being foiled than by judging where it hath neither means nor right to judge."

It was, I believe, "The Minute Philosopher" which recommended Berkeley to the notice of Queen Caroline. When once her Majesty was satisfied that his sermons on passive obedience implied no disloyalty to the Hanoverian dynasty, she admitted him to those receptions at which Clarke and Hoadley and others discussed metaphysical questions with the Queen. Her first design for his promotion was frustrated when the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland preferred for the Deanery of Down a divine whose chief distinction consisted in his having preached a state sermon, in which he described Pompey as an unfortunate gentleman. Her Majesty, however, was not to be foiled. With proper spirit, she declared that if Berkeley could not be a Dean, he should be a Bishop; and in the year 1734 he was, through her influence, appointed to the see of Cloyne.

For nearly twenty years Berkeley presided over that diocese. In the quaint and unpretending "see house" (it was never dignified with the name of palace), under the shadow of the venerable round tower, which rises over the cathedral and the residence of the Bishop, in the broad terrace walks and the gardens, sheltered by old trees from the breeze that comes direct over but a few miles of land from the Southern Ocean,—the philosopher spent, in the enjoyment of a calm and tranquil retreat, the most of his remaining days. A volume

might easily be written of the memoirs that could still be collected of his residence at Cloyne.

I can only glance at the years of his episcopate. He set himself earnestly to improve the condition of the people about him. He taught them manufacturing industry, and wore himself the coarse frieze which was wrought by the hands of "his poor people." His attachment to Cloyne was great. In its scenery his eye was charmed by beauties which he described so vividly to Pope that the poet was on the point of setting out to visit a place of which the Bishop wrote so warmly. In 1745, Lord Chesterfield offered him the rich bishopric of Clogher; but he preferred to retain his poor one, refusing, as he said, to leave the neighbours who had learned to love him, and whom he loved. Few things in the history of literature are more interesting than the letters of his in which he replies to the solicitations of friends who were anxious that he should make interest for the Primacy. Worldly ambition or love of gain had really no place in Berkeley's heart.

His bearing to the Roman Catholics of his diocese formed a striking contrast to the intolerant opinions of the times in which he lived. In 1745, during the rebellion, he addressed to them an affectionate warning against insurrectionary movements, which is said to have had a great effect. There is extant a very curious address of his to the Roman Catholic Clergy, in which he earnestly implores of them to use their great influence with their flocks by preaching sermons against idleness, and inculcating industry. There is throughout an earnest simplicity in this appeal, which proves that



the good bishop really expected that the nation might thus be brought to industrious habits. The concluding passage expresses sentiments which may not be without their use even in the present day :—" When a leak is to be stopped or a fire extinguished, do not all hands co-operate without distinction of sect or party? Or, if I am fallen into a ditch, shall I not suffer a man to help me out until I have first examined his creed? Or, when I am sick, shall I refuse the physic because my physician doth or doth not believe the Pope's supremacy? *Fas est ab hoste doceri.* But, in truth, I am no enemy to your persons, whatever I may think of your tenets. On the contrary, I am your sincere well-wisher. I consider you as my countrymen, as fellow-subjects, as professing belief in the same Christ. And I do most sincerely wish that there was no other contest between us, but who shall most completely practise the precepts of Him by whose name we are called, and whose disciples we all profess to be." The *Dublin Journal*, of November 18, 1744, contains some resolutions passed at a meeting of Roman Catholic clergymen in reply to this appeal. Of the address of the Bishop they say—" In every passage it contains a proof of the author's extensive charity—his views are only towards the public good. The means he prescribes are easily complied with, and his manner of treating persons in their condition so very singular, that they plainly show the good man, the polite gentleman, and the true Christian."

Some of the questions in "The Querist" show that the feelings expressed in these letters were the result of

reflections which led him to entertain principles of liberality almost unknown in his age. In one of those questions he asks—"Whether a scheme for the welfare of this nation should not take in the whole of the inhabitants? and whether it be not a vain attempt to project the flourishing of our Protestant gentry, exclusive of the bulk of the natives?" In another—"Whether there is any such thing as a body of inhabitants in any Roman Catholic country under the sun that profess an absolute submission to the Pope's notions in matters of an indifferent nature, or that in such points do not think it their duty to obey the civil government?" And again, in a sarcastic question, he assails the wisdom of the penal law, which prohibited Roman Catholics from possessing land—"Whether a squire possessed of lands to the value of a thousand a year, or a merchant worth twenty thousand pounds in cash, would have most power to do good or evil on any emergency? And whether suffering the Roman Catholics to purchase forfeited estates would not be good policy, as tending to unite their interest with those of the government?"

A sketch of Bishop Berkeley's life would be very incomplete which omitted all reference to his strange belief in the virtues of tar water. It is difficult to read the good bishop's accounts of the almost miraculous cures which he tells us were wrought at Cloyne by its use, without a persuasion that there must have been some foundation for his belief. I can only advert to the subject one which in his later years occupied Berkeley's whole mind. His opinion of the universal remedial properties of tar water originated in his own experience

of its virtues when draughts of it restored him to health from an illness which made, as he tells us, for some months his life a burden to himself.

I remember perfectly in my college days a tradition that a skeleton of gigantic dimensions, which is preserved in the museum of the Anatomy House, is the skeleton of a young man whom Bishop Berkeley had forced into an unnatural growth by feeding him with tar water. In the annual register of 1761, there is a curious passage illustrating the origin of this tradition.

Under the date of the 20th of May is recorded the death of Cornelius Magrath in Dublin. He died at the age of twenty-four, having attained the stature of eight feet. For some years before his death he had exhibited himself in the various capitals of Europe. The obituary records the fact that when about sixteen years old he had been seized with pains so violent as to cause him to lose the use of his limbs. Within one year he had grown from five feet to nearly seven. The narrative proceeds:—"The good Dr. Berkeley, then Bishop of Cloyne, lodged him at his house for two or three months, and was very charitable and humane to him until he recovered the use of his limbs."

We may be very certain that in the year 1752 no invalid passed three months in Berkeley's house without being copiously dosed with tar water; and as Magrath was eight feet high when he died, the dietary of the Bishop, if it did not cause, did not impede his growth. The annual register tells us that "upon his death his body was carried to the dissecting room of the college, where his skeleton, on account of its extraordinary

size, will amuse the curious and fill posterity with wonder."

I must now attempt to place before you, in a few words, a brief outline of the metaphysical speculations which are the chief associations of his name. I need not say that those who know most of the subject will best appreciate the difficulties and most indulgently receive the imperfections of that attempt. His grand essay on the theory of vision was published two years after he had obtained his fellowship, and when he had not completed his twenty-fifth year. He adopts, in the first instance, the statement made some years before by Locke, that the image presented to the eye in vision is that of a flat surface variously coloured—a statement to which Locke appends the remark that this is evident from painting. Berkeley goes on to lay down that vision only gives us idea of colour, and none of either form or extension. If we were left to the unaided sensations of sight, we would suppose all objects to be in contact with our eyes. The varieties of light and shade and the distinctions of colour convey to us the idea of distance of extension and of form, only because experience has taught us that they are connected with these sensations which we derive solely from the sense of touch. The power by which sight enables us to know that one object is bigger or more distant from us than another, is one of many instances in which the reasoning is, from habit, so instantaneous as to be unobserved. But there is no necessary connection whatever between the perception of a flat surface differently coloured, and close to the eye, and the ideas of size and of distance, which

experience has taught us to connect with these appearances. According to this theory there is no resemblance whatever between any perception of sight and any perception of extension or distance. Visual perceptions are, in this philosophy, the language of God. Their only connection with the ideas with which we associate them is, that God has chosen them to signify to us something, but they no more resemble that something than the sound which I form when I say "murder" resembles the killing of a man, or than the six letters of the word, when printed, resemble either the sound or the transaction. From the time of its first proposal the Berkleian theory of vision has been generally accepted by the greatest and most profound thinkers. The Bishop himself before his death had the satisfaction of seeing the results at which he had arrived, by reflection in his own mind, verified in a remarkable manner by the test of actual experience. In some letters which the Bishop addressed in 1732 to the *Daily Post*, a paper then published in Dublin, he was able to refer to the results ascertained in the case of a young man who had been blind from his birth, but who obtained sight by the operation of couching. This occurred twenty years after the Bishop had published his theory. If the results were accurately recorded, they supply the most wonderful verification of that theory from the test of actual experiment. Cheselden's patient manifested the feelings and experienced the sensations which Berkeley had stated a person under such circumstances would do. The Bishop must tell this in his own words:—"Before I conclude," he says, "it may not be amiss to annex

the following extract from the Philosophical Transactions relating to a person blind from his infancy, but not long ago made to see. When he first saw, he was so far from making any judgment about distances, that he thought all objects whatever ‘touched his eyes,’ as he expressed it; that he felt with his skin, and thought no objects so agreeable as those which were smooth and regular, though he could form no judgment of their shape, or guess what it was, in anything that was pleasing to him. He knew not the shape of anything, nor any one thing from another, however different in shape or magnitude; but upon being told what things were, before observed from feeling, he would carefully observe them that he might know them again; but having too many objects to learn at once, he forgot many of them; and (as he said) at first he learned to know, and again forgot, a thousand things in a day. Several weeks after he was couched, being deceived by pictures, he asked which was the lying sense, feeling or seeing? He was never able to imagine any lines beyond the bounds he saw. The room he was in, he said, he knew to be part of the house, yet he could not conceive that the whole house could look bigger. He said every new object was a new delight, and the pleasure was so great that he wanted ways to express it. Thus, by facts and experiments, those points of the theory which seem the most remote from common apprehensions, were not a little confirmed many years after I had been led into the discovery of them by reasoning.” Similar instances have since occurred, and, as is generally believed, with a similar confirmation of Berkeley’s theory. The letters to the

*Daily Post*, strange to say, were not included in the edition of the Bishop's collected works. Five years ago they were reprinted in London, with a preface and notes, by Mr. Cowell, of King's College. Last year, Mr. Abbott, one of the Fellows of our own University, published a very remarkable treatise, in which he endeavours to upset the general belief in the Berkleian theory. I may perhaps say that in the tracts of Mr. Cowell and Mr. Abbott all the information that can throw light on the facts relating to the controversy will be found.

I must now endeavour to place before you an outline of that celebrated speculation in which Berkeley is commonly supposed to have denied the reality of the external world. A very little thought will satisfy you that there is in his theory nothing very difficult to understand—may I venture to add, nothing very shocking to our notions of common sense. The reasonings of the theory of vision carried Berkeley on to his still more celebrated speculation of immaterialism. The first step in that speculation is the truth that all our ideas or perceptions exist in the mind, and are not external to it; the next is that which appeared established by the theory of vision, that these ideas are not images or resemblances of anything external, but are impressions produced entirely within the mind itself. We know, indeed, that those perceptions are in our mind, and know also that they are caused by something external to our own mind. But that external cause may be something not bearing the remotest resemblance to the impression in the mind. Let these things be conceded, and, according to Ber-

keley's reasoning, all the evidence of a material world is gone. The impressions in our mind only tell us that there is some external force which produces them. But that force is the creative power of God—a power constantly exerted to produce upon the intellects which He has called into being impressions which He wills. The universe exists only in intellect and thought, or rather in the mind of the great Creator, and His constant and never-ceasing action on the intellects which He has formed. The laws of nature are the laws by which God has ordained and regulated the course and order in which the impressions which He calls into being shall succeed one to the other in all created minds.

I am endeavouring to state the theory, not attempting to prove it, or even to bring before you the reasonings by which it has been sustained. I may, perhaps, say that it by no means implies any want of reality in those impressions which form to us the external or material world. On the contrary, it gives them an awful reality, in representing them as the direct agency of God upon our mind. That they would cease if God withdrew that agency takes nothing from their reality. The most inveterate believer in the existence of matter would scarcely say that is beyond the power of Omnipotence to annihilate any portion of it. In Berkeley's theory, the annihilation would be produced simply by the withdrawal of the power which presented that impression to created minds. Berkeley literally understood the words, "In Him we live and move and have our being," and saw in the Deity not merely the first cause that set all things in motion, then left them to themselves, but



the Supreme and Ever-present Author of being, "who upholdeth all things by the word of His power."

I need scarcely say that such a theory is not to be answered by telling us that if you do not turn away from danger, you will soon find the external world a reality. The laws in Berkeley's theory by which one impression follows another are just as inexorable and as binding as those by which materialists tell us that one physical effect follows another. In that theory all the phenomena of life and of the universe resolve themselves into the action of the Deity upon intellect without the intervention of a senseless and inert mass which we call matter; but that agency is just as resistless and as regular as any of the laws which they who hold the contrary hypothesis can suppose the Creator to have impressed upon the physical nature of the material world.

Those who have thought most upon this subject will probably acquiesce in the observation that all we can say of Berkeley's theory is, that it presents fewer difficulties than any other that has ever attempted to solve the mystery of our existence. Those who would be little disposed to adopt the criticism of Byron may probably not as promptly reject another, which, I believe, we owe to a popular periodical:—

"What is mind? It is no matter.

What is matter? Never mind."

If Berkeley has succeeded in showing that our mental perceptions are not images of anything external, but signs and symbols which the Creator has ordained, it may be it is beyond our faculties, in our present state, to know the full meaning of those symbols. It is

enough for us that they guide our conduct. All these speculations do little more than trace for us the limits of human knowledge. They are but the beating of the wings of the bird against the bars of its cage. Yet, after all, it is something to know the limit, and to feel that the bars are not realities of our existence, and that there are bright fields of air and light beyond to which we yet may flee away.

Shall I wander beyond the proper province of this lecture if I venture to suggest a view which has presented itself to my own mind? It is, I think, impossible to reflect upon the nature of our own perceptions—impossible, certainly, to read the works of Berkeley—without receiving the conviction that our senses do not give us full information of the external world, even of the portion of it which we imagine to be cognizable by sense.

Reflecting upon these things, I have often been struck by a view which I do not remember to have seen in print, although it must have suggested itself to other minds. No one, I apprehend, will deny that if it had pleased God to create and sustain human beings without the endowment of sight, but with all our present intellectual faculties, our notions of the external world would be very different from those which we now entertain. Of all that vision conveys to us we should not only be wholly ignorant, but the remotest imagination could not enter our minds. In the case in which I suppose, sight would be a thing unthought of, unimagined, and unconceived. But have we any reason to believe that the senses with which we are now

endowed, are all of which even the physical organization of our present frame is capable? May not that frame be capable of being endowed with some sense as remote from all our present conceptions as vision would be from those of a race who had been from creation blind—a sense which might alter and correct all our perceptions of the external world as completely as the gift of vision would enlighten and change the ideas formed of it by the blind? How unwise, then, and how rash is the judgment which would bring those things which appear to us the mysteries of religion, to the test of sense, while we can have no assurance that these senses give us full information, even of matters within the regions of sense. It may be something as trifling as a minute film across the eye which prevents the development in our bodily senses of some power of which we have never dreamed; some power which would show us that statements which appear to our ignorance to contradict the evidence of our senses are only inconsistent with their imperfect testimony; a power, in the absence of which we are as incapable of taking in all that even sense can tell us of the external world as man admittedly would be in the absence of sight. We never can be certain that our senses convey to us all the knowledge as to the external world which our nature is fitted, even by this mode of information, to receive. Plurality of senses is, perhaps, given to us to understand that it cannot be so. But all the probability is that they do not. In the few cases of persons born blind, who subsequently attained the faculty of sight, we are struck by the accounts they give of indescribable yearnings after something, which were

satisfied by sight. No doubt this may have been produced by conversation about vision ; but I cannot help thinking that it was produced by the existence in the mind of a mental faculty adapted to receive the ideas of sight—a faculty in the soul which sought its proper object.

Is it fanciful to say that all of us, in our communings with external nature, have felt these yearnings for a sense which would reveal to us something of which we now have strange and unrealized dreams? In the voice of the waves, in the moanings of the wind, who has not heard, if I may use the expression, something which sound did not convey? How often, in the glories, the grandeur, or the gloom of scenery, have we felt that there was something which sight could not realize? Poets have in vain endeavoured to embody these vague feelings in words. Byron felt it when he wrote of

“ Those orbs of light,  
So wildly, spiritually bright,  
Who ever gazed upon their shining,  
And turn'd to earth without repining,  
Nor long'd for wings to flee away  
And mix with their eternal ray?”

The more philosophic Wordsworth has spoken of

“ Those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings ;  
Blank misgivings of a Creature  
Moving about in worlds not realized ;  
High instincts before which our mortal nature  
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised.”

Is not this the feeling that “ now we see through a glass darkly,” the yearning for something for which our

nature has capacities by which we might realize all that we thus dimly feel, and know even as we are known?—

“ Hence, in a season of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither;  
Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.”

Is it unphilosophical to say that feelings like these are but the voice of our nature telling us that we have faculties that yearn for information from the external world which we might receive from senses yet unknown, and that a slight change in our organization might pour upon our perceptions a flood of light which would irradiate and glorify, and make intelligible them all, and show us that even in these forms which we supposed in our presumption that we fully comprehended there are visions of beauty which no sense we now enjoy can realize, and which, therefore, our mind never framed—“good things which eye has not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive?”

It is time that I should draw to a conclusion, and I pass on to the closing scene of the Christian philosopher. For eighteen years he had presided over his See, when he left it to place one of his sons at Oxford. His wish was now to resign a position to the duties of which he found himself unequal; but George II, expressing a desire to see the extraordinary person who made such a proposal, positively refused to permit the resignation,

and declared that Berkeley must die a Bishop. The good old man left his residence at Cloyne with a presentiment that he should never return. The evening of his days was closing in, and amid its lengthening shadows, the intimations of failing health, like the sound of a vesper bell, reminded him that the day was drawing to an end, and the hour was nigh that was to call him to God and to repose. When he left Cloyne, he was followed by a crowd, who prayed blessings on the departing prelate. No man, perhaps, ever had the same power of making himself loved and admired. Atterbury declared that until he knew him he did not think that so much understanding, so much knowledge, so much innocence, and so much humility had been the portion of angels. Warburton described him as "indeed a great man—the only visionary he ever knew that was so." It was no common character that won the eulogy of Pope, and created something like affection in the stern heart of Swift. Yet, after all, the testimony he would most have prized himself was that of the poor of Cloyne, where, even down to a recent period, the memory of his name and of his character was affectionately preserved.

The character of Berkeley has been well summed up by the distinguished gentleman who now occupies the chair of Butler in our University. "The character," writes Mr. Webb, "of this great and good man is not the exclusive property of his country; it is the common glory of the human race. His life was one of ideal purity. The metaphysician of idealism was an ideal man. He was, perhaps, as nearly a realization of the

Stoic sage as the imperfection of humanity permits." He died at Oxford on the 14th of January, 1753. He suddenly dropped down, while engaged either in reading the Bible to his wife and son, or in listening to the reading of one of them. His remains repose in the vaults of Christ Church. Over his last resting-place a monument, with an inscription by Archbishop Markham, tells every Christian man, every patriot, to feel proud that Berkeley lived—

*"Si Christianus fueris, si amans patriæ,  
Utroque nomine gloriari potes Berkeleium vixisse."*

I feel how inadequately I have been able to convey to you the interest which such a subject as I have chosen might well excite. I do not think, as I have said in the commencement, that I have been unduly influenced by feelings which naturally arise in my mind from even a remote relationship to Berkeley. Accident has given me other associations in connection with his name. More than thirty years have passed since I became familiar with the manse house of Berkeley's See, when it was occupied by one who justly recalled the title of his predecessor in another great and good Bishop of Cloyne. It was from the lips of the great astronomer whose discovery of the parallax of the fixed stars made his name famous throughout Europe, that I first heard an explanation of Berkeley's theory, walking on the garden terrace which Berkeley's taste had formed. It was under the roof of the house in which he lived—I believe in the very room in which he studied—that a copy of his works was first placed in my hand; and

I was invited to study the theory which denied the existence of the material world by one whose genius had done so much to explain its wonders. I have still a vivid remembrance of being brought by Bishop Brinkley to look at the jars of tar water discovered at the roots of hedges in the palace gardens, which had been torn up in some improvements, in ignorance of the fact that the trees were planted by the hand of the author of "Siris." The name of Berkeley recalls to me memories more sacred still :—

"The touch of a vanish'd hand,  
The sound of a voice that is gone."

Yet I do not think that associations like these have led me astray in believing that the subject was one calculated to interest you ; and even if this lecture is unworthy to close a series which, up to this day, has been brilliant and successful, I am not sure that you could carry away a last impression more suited to the objects of these meetings than that which must be left by the calm and lustrous dignity of Berkeley's character and mind. Within the range of the subjects of these lectures I might easily have found topics more exciting and more popular—subjects which would have cost myself less time and thought in preparation ; but I am not sure that I could have found any which would have conveyed a more useful or more attractive lesson. His singleminded love of truth, his large and sincere charity, his deep and reverential piety, his mild and gentle spirit of toleration—these are qualities which all of us may strive to imitate, although it is not given



to us to ascend with him to those pure regions of contemplation, in which he saw the human intellect face to face with its Creator; and here, within sight of the University he adorned, and speaking on the soil of the land he loved, I may repeat with a deeper significance the words which, in another country, strangers inscribed upon his tomb. In the kindred feelings of love for our religion and our country all Irishmen may well feel proud that Berkeley lived—that he consecrated a mighty intellect to the defence of those immortal truths, upon which are reposed our common hopes—and bequeathed to our common country the splendid inheritance of his genius, his virtue, and his fame:—

“Si Christianus fueris, si amans patriæ,  
Utroque nomine gloriari potes Berkeleium vixisse.”

THE END.

186, FLEET STREET,  
*December, 1865.*

MESSRS. BELL AND DALDY'S  
NEW AND STANDARD PUBLICATIONS.



NEW BOOKS.



LEGENDS AND LYRICS. By Adelaide Anne Procter. With additional Poems, and an Introduction by CHARLES DICKENS, a Portrait by Jeens, and twenty Illustrations by W. C. T. Dobson, A.R.A., Samuel Palmer, J. Tenniel, George Thomas, Lorenz Fröhlich, W. H. Millais, G. Du Maurier, W. P. Burton, J. D. Watson, Charles Keene, J. M. Carrick, M. E. Edwards, and T. Morton. Fcap 4to. ornamental cloth, 21s.; morocco, 36s.

THE GREAT WORKS OF RAPHAEL. A Series of Twenty Photographs from the best Engravings of his most celebrated Paintings, with the Life written by Giorgio Vasari, translated, with Notes and Illustrations, by Mrs. Jonathan Foster; and an Appendix, containing a complete list of the authenticated Works of Raphael, translated from Passavant's "Rafael Von Urbino und Sein Vater." 4to. cloth, gilt edges, 31s. 6d.

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER, rendered into English blank Verse. By George Musgrave, M.A., Brasenose College, Oxford. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

SHADOWS OF THE OLD BOOKSELLERS. By Charles Knight. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

COMMON WORDS WITH CURIOUS DERIVATIONS. By the Ven. C. J. Smith, M. A., Vicar of Erith, and late Archdeacon of Jamaica. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

**DOMESTIC PICTURES AND TALES.** By Mrs. Alfred Gatty. Small 8vo. With six illustrations, by M. E. G. 3s. 6d. [*Shortly*

**VERSES—NEW AND OLD.** By Arthur Munby. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

**THE DUBLIN AFTERNOON LECTURES.** Third Series. Delivered in the Theatre of the Museum of Industry, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, in 1865. Fcap. 8vo. [*Shortly*

*Lately published,*

**THE FIRST SERIES, 1863—ON ENGLISH LITERATURE, 5s.**

**THE SECOND SERIES, 1864—ON LITERATURE AND ART, 6s.**

**LITTLE FOXES;** or, the Insignificant *Little* Habits which mar Domestic Happiness. By MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

POPULAR EDITION, fcap. 8vo. 1s.

**A DICTIONARY OF THE NAMES OF NOTED FICTITIOUS PERSONS AND PLACES.** By W. A. Wheeler, M.A.

[*In December*

**SERMONS ON THE HOLY COMMUNION.** Preached in Hagley Church by Rev. Julius Lloyd, Curate of Trysull; Rev. J. Gregory Smith, Rector of Tedstone Delamere; Rev. F. A. Marriott, Vicar of Chaddeley Corbet; Rev. T. E. Espin, Professor of Theology in Queen's College, Birmingham; Rev. W. Lea, Incumbent of St. Peter's, Droitwich; and the Editor. Edited by the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttelton, Rector of Hagley. Fcap. 8vo. 3s.

**SERMONS PREACHED IN THE CHAPEL OF CHELTENHAM COLLEGE,** by the Rev. Alfred Barry, D.D., Principal. Post 8vo. [*In the press*

**MEHEMET, THE KURD, AND OTHER TALES FROM EASTERN SOURCES.** By Charles Wells, Turkish Prizeman of King's College, and Member of the Royal Asiatic Society. Crown 8vo. 5s.

**THE LIVES OF THE SEVEN BISHOPS.** By Agnes Strickland, Author of "Lives of the Queens of England." [*Preparing*

**THE NATURAL HISTORY, ANCIENT AND MODERN, OF PRECIOUS STONES AND GEMS, AND OF THE PRECIOUS METALS.** By C. W. King, M.A., Author of "Antique Gems," &c. Royal 8vo. 21s.

*By the same Author.*

**THE Gnostics AND THEIR REMAINS,** Ancient and Mediæval. Medium 8vo. 15s.

**THE GAME OF PALLONE**, from its origin to the present day, historically considered, by A. L. Fisher, M.D. Royal 8vo. with fourteen full page illustrations. 3s. 6d., or cloth extra, 5s.

**THE ENTIRE WORKS OF THE LATE J. W. GILBART**, uniformly printed in 6 vols. 8vo.

PRACTICAL TREATISE ON BANKING. 2 vols. 1l. 1s.

LOGIC OF BANKING. 16s.

THE HISTORY AND PRINCIPLES OF BANKING AND BANKING IN IRELAND. [*Immediately.*]

ANCIENT COMMERCE AND MISCELLANIES. [*Shortly.*]

LOGIC FOR THE MILLION. [*In the Press.*]

**COWPER'S POETICAL WORKS**, including his Translations. Aldine New Edition. Edited, with Memoir, and additional Copyright Poems, by John Bruce, Esq., F.S.A. 3 vols. 15s.



## ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

**M**RS. GATTY'S Parables from Nature; with Notes on the Natural History. The Four Series complete in one Vol. Illustrated by W. Holman Hunt, Otto Speckter, C. W. Cope, R.A., E. Warren, W. Millais, G. Thomas, P. H. Calderon, A. R. A., Lorenz Fröhlich, W. B. Scott, E. B. Jones, H. Weir, J. Tenniel, J. Wolf, W. P. Burton, M. E. Edwards, and C. Keene. Imp. 8vo., ornamental cloth. 21s.

FIRST AND SECOND SERIES, 16 Illustrations. 10s. 6d.

THIRD AND FOURTH SERIES, 15 Illustrations. 10s. 6d.

**Aunt Sally's Life.** By Mrs. Alfred Gatty. With 6 Illustrations by G. Thomas. Square 16mo. 3s. 6d. (Revised reprint from "Aunt Judy's Letters.")

**The "Artist's Edition" of Washington Irving's Sketch-Book.** Small 4to., with 220 Illustrations. 31s. 6d.

**Fac-Similes of Original Studies by Michael Angelo**, in the University Galleries, Oxford. Etched by Joseph Fisher. 4to., half morocco. 21s.

**Fac-Similes of Original Studies by Raffaele**, in the University Galleries, Oxford. Etched by Joseph Fisher, with Introduction and Descriptions. 4to., half morocco. 31s. 6d.

These volumes give faithful representations of this matchless Collection of Drawings, made by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, and purchased by the University for 7000*l*.

- Flaxman's Illustrations to Dante.** 108 plates, long folio, 36s.
- Flaxman's Illustrations of Homer.** 2 vols. long folio, 75 plates, 2l. 2s.
- Flaxman's Illustrations of Æschylus.** Long folio, 36 plates, 21s.
- Flaxman's Illustrations of Hesiod.** Long folio, 37 plates, 21s.
- Flaxman's Illustrations of the Acts of Mercy.** Long folio, 8 plates, 16s.
- The Ferns and Fern Allies of Great Britain,** illustrated with 80 plates by John E. Sowerby. The descriptions, synonyms, &c., by Charles Johnson. 8vo. 10s. 6d.; royal paper, coloured plates, 25s.
- British Seaweeds.** Drawn from Professor Harvey's "*Phycologia Britannica*," with Descriptions in popular language by Mrs. Alfred Gatty. 4to. 3l. 3s.
- This volume contains drawings of the British Seaweeds in 803 figures, coloured after nature, with descriptions of each, including all the newly discovered species; an Introduction, an Amateur's Synopsis, Rules for preserving and laying out Seaweeds, and the Order of their arrangement in the Herbarium.
- British Beetles.** Transferred in 259 plates from Curtis's "*British Entomology*;" with Descriptions by E. W. Janson, Esq., Secretary of the Entomological Society. 4to. 18s. Coloured, 1l. 11s. 6d.
- Jerusalem Explored;** being a Description of the Ancient and Modern City, with upwards of One Hundred Illustrations, consisting of Views, Ground-plans, and Sections. By Dr. Ermete Pierotti, Doctor of Mathematics, Architect-Engineer to His Excellency Scorraya Pasha of Jerusalem, and Architect of the Holy Land. (Translated by the Rev. R. G. Bonney, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.) 2 vols. Impl. 4to. 5l. 5s.
- Costume in England: a History of Dress from the earliest period until the close of the 18th Century.** By F. H. Fairholt, F. S. A., 700 engravings, crown 8vo. 12s.
- The Works of Henry Fielding, complete.** With Memoir of the Author by Thomas Roscoe, and 20 plates by Cruikshank, medium 8vo. 14s.
- The Miscellaneous Works of Tobias Smollett.** Complete in one vol. With Memoir of the Author by Thomas Roscoe. 21 plates by Cruikshank. Medium 8vo. 14s.
- The Works of Jonathan Swift, D.D.** Containing interesting and valuable passages not hitherto published, with Memoir of the Author by Thomas Roscoe. 2 vols. medium 8vo. 24s.
- Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.** With 300 Wood Engravings after Harvey. Post 8vo. 6s.; calf antique, 13s.

**BOHN'S ROYAL ILLUSTRATED SERIES.**

- History of the Irish Rebellion in 1798.** By W. H. Maxwell. With Portraits and Etchings on steel by G. Cruikshank, 7s. 6d.
- Book of the Passions.** By G. P. R. James. With 16 beautiful line engravings, crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- Poor Jack.** By Captain Marryat, R.N. With 46 illustrations by Clarkson Stanfield, 6s.
- Andersen's Tales for Children.** Translated by A. Wehnert. With 105 Illustrations by E. H. Wehnert, W. Thomas, and others. Uniform with the above. Crown 8vo. Cloth, gilt edges. 7s. 6d.
- Footsteps of our Lord and His Apostles in Syria, Greece, and Italy.** By W. H. Bartlett. 22 steel engravings, 7s. 6d.
- Forty Days in the Desert on the track of the Israelites.** By W. H. Bartlett. 27 steel engravings, 7s. 6d.
- The Nile Boat; a Glimpse of the Land of Egypt.** By W. H. Bartlett. 35 steel engravings, 7s. 6d.
- Leila; or, the Siege of Granada, and Calderon the Courtier.** By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. 8vo. 6s.
- Wanderings and Excursions in North and South Wales.** By Thomas Roscoe. With routes, and 100 line engravings, 2 vols. crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. each.



**CHOICE LIBRARIES OF**

**STANDARD AUTHORS.**

**The Library of English Worthies.**

**A Series of reprints of the best Authors carefully edited and collated with the Early Copies, and handsomely printed by Whittingham in Octavo.**



**PENSER'S Complete Works; with Life, Notes, and Glossary, by John Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A. 5 vols. 3l. 15s. Antique calf, 6l. 6s.**

**Herbert's Poems and Remains; with S. T. Coleridge's Notes; and Life by Isaak Walton. Revised, with additional Notes, by Mr. J. Yeowell. 2 vols. 1l. 1s. Morocco, antique calf or morocco, 2l. 2s.**

**Bishop Butler's Analogy of Religion ; with Analytical Index, by the Rev. Edward Steere, LL.D.** 12s. Antique calf, 1l. 1s.

"The present edition has been furnished with an Index of the Texts of Scripture quoted, and an Index of Words and Things considerably fuller than any hitherto published."—*Editor's Preface.*

**Bishop Jeremy Taylor's Rule and Exercises of Holy Living and Dying.** 2 vols. 1l. 1s. Morocco, antique calf or morocco, 2l. 2s.

**Gower's Confessio Amantis, with Life by Dr. Pauli, and a Glossary.** 3 vols. 2l. 2s. Antique calf, 3l. 6s. Only a limited number of Copies printed.

*This important work is so scarce that it can seldom be met with even in large libraries. It is wanting in nearly every collection of English Poetry.*

### **The Aldine Edition of the British Poets.**



**KENSIDE'S Poetical Works, with Memoir by the Rev. A. Dyce, and additional Letters, carefully revised.** 5s. Morocco, or antique morocco, 10s. 6d.

**Collins's Poems, with Memoir and Notes by W. Moy Thomas, Esq.** 3s. 6d. Morocco, or antique morocco, 5s. 6d.

**Gray's Poetical Works, with Notes and Memoir by the Rev. John Mitford.** 5s. Morocco, or antique morocco, 10s. 6d.

**Kirke White's Poems, with Memoir by Sir H. Nicolas, and additional notes. Carefully revised.** 5s. Morocco, or antique morocco, 10s. 6d.

**Shakespeare's Poems, with Memoir by the Rev. A. Dyce.** 5s. Morocco, or antique morocco, 10s. 6d.

**Young's Poems, with Memoir by the Rev. John Mitford, and additional Poems.** 2 vols. 10s. Morocco, or antique morocco, 1l. 1s.

**Thomson's Poems, with Memoir by Sir H. Nicolas, annotated by Peter Cunningham, Esq., F.S.A., and additional Poems, carefully revised.** 2 vols. 10s. Morocco, or antique morocco, 1l. 1s.

**Thomson's Seasons, and Castle of Indolence, with Memoir.** 6s. Morocco, or antique morocco, 1l. 6d.

**Dryden's Poetical Works, with Memoir by the Rev. R. Hooper, F.S.A.** Carefully revised. 5 vols. 25s.

**Cowper's Poetical Works, including his Translations. Edited, with Memoir, and Additional Copyright Pieces, by John Bruce, Esq., F.S.A.** 3 vols. 15s.

\* \* \* *The other volumes, completing the Series, are at press, and will be ready early in 1863.*

*Uniform with the Aldine Edition of the Poets.*

The Works of Gray, edited by the Rev. John Mitford. With his Correspondence with Mr. Chute and others, Journal kept at Rome. Criticism on the Sculptures, &c. *New Edition.* 5 vols. 1*l.* 5*s.*

The Temple and other Poems. By George Herbert, with Coleridge's Notes. *New Edition.* 5*s.* Morocco, or antique calf, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Vaughan's Sacred Poems and Pious Ejaculations, with Memoir by the Rev. H. F. Lyte. *New Edition.* 5*s.* Antique calf or morocco, 10*s.* 6*d.* *Large Paper,* 7*s.* 6*d.* Antique calf, 14*s.* Antique morocco, 15*s.*

"Preserving all the piety of George Herbert, they have less of his quaint and fantastic turns, with a much larger infusion of poetic feeling and expression."—*Lyte.*

Bishop Jeremy Taylor's Rule and Exercises of Holy Living and Holy Dying. 2 vols. 2*s.* 6*d.* each. Morocco, antique calf or morocco, 7*s.* 6*d.* each. In one volume, 5*s.* Morocco or antique calf, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Bishop Butler's Analogy of Religion; with Analytical Introduction and copious Index, by the Rev. Dr. Steere. 6*s.* Antique calf, 11*s.* 6*d.*

Bishop Butler's Sermons and Remains; with Memoir, by the Rev. E. Steere, LL.D. 6*s.*

\*.\* This volume contains some additional remains, which are copyright, and render it the most complete edition extant.

Bishop Butler's Complete Works; with Memoir by the Rev. Dr. Steere. 2 vols. 12*s.*

Bacon's Advancement of Learning. Edited, with short Notes, by the Rev. G. W. Kitchin, M.A., Christ Church, Oxford. 6*s.*; Morocco, or antique calf, 11*s.* 6*d.*

Bacon's Essays; or, Counsels Civil and Moral, with the Wisdom of the Ancients. With References and Notes by S. W. Singer, F.S.A. 5*s.* Morocco, or antique calf, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Bacon's Novum Organum. Newly translated, with short Notes, by the Rev. Andrew Johnson, M.A. 6*s.* Antique calf, 11*s.* 6*d.*

Locke on the Conduct of the Human Understanding; edited by Bolton Corney, Esq., M. B. S. L. 3*s.* 6*d.* Antique calf, 8*s.* 6*d.*

"I cannot think any parent or instructor justified in neglecting to put this little treatise into the hands of a boy about the time when the reasoning faculties become developed."—*Hallam,*

The Thoughts of the Emperor M. Aurelius Antoninus. Translated by George Long. 6*s.*

The Schole Master. By Roger Ascham. Edited, with copious Notes and a Glossary, by the Rev. J. E. B. Mayor, M.A. 6*s.*



**B**ELL and DALDY'S ELZEVIK SERIES OF STANDARD  
AUTHORS. Small fcap. 8vo.

Messrs. BELL and DALDY, having been favoured with many requests that their Pocket Volumes should appear in a larger size, so as to be more suitable for Presents and School Prizes, are now printing New Editions in accordance with these suggestions.

They are issued under the general title of "ELZEVIK SERIES," to distinguish them from their other collections. This general title has been adopted to indicate the spirit in which they are prepared, that is to say, with the greatest possible accuracy as regards text, and the highest degree of beauty that can be attained in the workmanship.

They are printed at the Chiswick Press, on fine paper, with rich margins, and are issued in tasteful bindings at prices varying from 3s. 6d. to 6s.

BURNS'S POEMS, 4s. 6d. } *These editions contain all the copyright*  
BURNS'S SONGS, 4s. 6d. } *pieces published in the Aldine Edition.*

COLERIDGE'S POEMS, 4s. 6d.

IRVING'S SKETCH BOOK, 5s.

IRVING'S TALES OF A TRAVELLER, 5s.

LONGFELLOW'S POEMS, 4s. 6d.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST, 4s. 6d.

MILTON'S PARADISE REGAINED, and other Poems, 4s. 6d.

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS. Edited by Thomas Keightley, 6 vols.  
5s. each.

WALTON'S ANGLER, 4s. 6d.

WALTON'S LIVES, 5s.

*Shortly.*

LONGFELLOW'S SONG OF HIAWATHA AND THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

LONGFELLOW'S SPANISH STUDENT and Later Poems.

SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF NELSON, with Portrait.

LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE.



**ELL and DALDY'S POCKET VOLUMES. A Series of**

Select Works of Favourite Authors, adapted for general reading, moderate in price, compact and elegant in form, and executed in a style fitting them to be permanently preserved. 32mo.

*Ready.*

- BURNS'S POEMS. 2s. 6d.  
BURNS'S SONGS. 2s. 6d.  
COLERIDGE'S POEMS. 2s. 6d.  
GEORGE HERBERT'S POEMS. 2s.  
GEORGE HERBERT'S REMAINS. 1s. 6d.  
GEORGE HERBERT'S WORKS. 3s.  
LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. 2s. 6d.  
LONGFELLOW'S POEMS. 2s. 6d.  
MILTON'S PARADISE LOST. 2s. 6d.  
MILTON'S PARADISE REGAINED, and other Poems. 2s. 6d.  
SEA SONGS AND BALLADS. By Charles Dibdin and others. 2s. 6d.  
SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF NELSON. 2s. 6d.  
THE LIEUTENANT AND COMMANDER. By Capt. Basil Hall, R.N. 3s.  
THE MIDSHIPMAN.—Sketches of his own early career, by the same Author. 3s.  
THE ROBIN HOOD BALLADS. 2s. 6d.  
WALTON'S LIVES OF DONNE, WOTTON, HOOKER, &c. 3s.  
WALTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER. 2s. 6d.  
WASHINGTON IRVING'S SKETCH BOOK. 3s.  
WHITE'S NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE. 3s.

*Preparing.*

- GRAY'S POEMS.  
GOLDSMITH'S POEMS.  
SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS. Edited by Thomas Keightley. To be completed in six monthly volumes. [Vol. I. now ready  
And others.

In cloth, top edge gilt, at 6d. per volume extra ; in half morocco, Roxburgh style, at 1s. extra ; in antique or best plain morocco at 4s. 6d. extra.

## POETRY.



**LEGENDS AND LYRICS.** By Adelaide Anne Procter. With additional Poems, and an Introduction by CHARLES DICKENS, a Portrait by Jeens, and Twenty Illustrations by W. C. T. Dobson, A.R.A., Samuel Palmer, J. Tenniel, George Thomas, Lorenz Fröhlich, W. H. Millais, G. Du Maurier, W. P. Burton, J. D. Watson, Charles Keene, J. M. Carrick, M. E. Edwards, and T. Morton. Fcap. 4to. ornamental cloth, 2ls.; morocco, 36s.

**Legends and Lyrics, by Adelaide Anne Procter. First Series. Ninth Edition.** Fcap. 5s. Antique or best plain morocco, 10s. 6d.

—— **Second Series. Fourth Edition.** Fcap. 8vo. 5s.; antique or best plain morocco, 10s. 6d.

**Fifty Modern Poems, by W. Allingham, Author of "Day and Night Songs," and "Laurence Bloomfield."** Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

**Nightingale Valley; a Collection of Choice Lyrics and Short Poems.** From the time of Shakespeare to the present day. Edited by William Allingham. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.; morocco or antique calf, 10s. 6d.

**Day and Night Songs; and the Music Master. A Love Poem.** By William Allingham. With nine Woodcuts, seven designed by Arthur Hughes, one by D. G. Rossetti, and one by John E. Millais, A. R. A. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

**Latin Translations of English Hymns.** By Charles Buchanan Pearson, M. A., Rector of Knebworth. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

**Hymns of Love and Praise for the Church's Year.** By the Rev. J. S. B. Monsell, LL.D., Vicar of Egham, Surrey. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

**Verses for Holy Seasons.** By C. F. Alexander. Edited by the Very Rev. W. F. Hook, D.D. *Fourth Edition.* Fcap. 8s. 6d.; morocco or antique calf, 8s. 6d.

**The Legend of the Golden Prayers, and other Poems.** By the same Author. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.; antique or best plain morocco, 10s. 6d.

**Ballads and Songs.** By Bessie Rayner Parkes. Fcap. 5s.

**The Story of Queen Isabel, and other Verses.** By M. S., Author of "Twice Lost," and "The Linnet's Trial." 3s. 6d.

**Love and Mammon, and other Poems.** By F. S. Wyvill, Author of "Pansies." Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

**The Frithiof Saga. A Poem.** Translated from the Norwegian. By the Rev. R. Muckleston, M.A., Rector of Dinedor. Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

- Axel.** A Poem. Translated from the Swedish. By the Rev. R. Muckleston, M.A., Rector of Dinedor, Herefordshire. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Saul, a Dramatic Poem; Elizabeth, an Historical Ode; and other Poems.** By William Fulford, M.A. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.
- Lays and Poems on Italy.** By F. A. Mackay. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.
- Poems from the German.** By Richard Garnett, Author of "In Egypt, and other Poems." Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- The Monks of Kilcrea, and other Poems.** 3rd Edition. Post. 7s. 6d.
- The Layman's Creed.** By C. J. Riethmüller, author of "Teuton," "Alexander Hamilton," &c. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Teuton.** A Poem. By the same author. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- Pictures; and other Poems.** By Thomas Ashe, Author of "Dryope," &c. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.
- Dryope, and other Poems.** By the same Author. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.
- David Mallet's Poems.** With Notes and Illustrations by F. Dinsdale, LL.D., F.S.A. New Edition. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Ballads and Songs of Yorkshire.** With Notes and a Glossary. By C. J. D. Ingledeu, M.A., Ph.D., F.G.H.S. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.
- Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.** 3 vols. sm. 8vo. 15s. Half-bound, 18s. Antique calf, or morocco, 1l. 11s. 6d.
- Lays of the Western Gael, and other Poems.** By Samuel Ferguson, Author of "The Forging of the Anchor." Fcap. 8vo. 5s.
- My Vis-a-Vis; and other Poems.** By Mary Eliza Rogers, Author of "Domestic Life in Palestine." Small 8vo. 4s.
- The Agamemnon, Choephoroi, and Eumenides of Æschylus.** Translated by A. Swanwick. Crown 8vo. 6s.
- Longfellow's Poetical Works.** With Portrait and 220 Illustrations by Birket Foster, Gilbert, &c. 8vo. 15s.; morocco, 25s.  
*This is the only illustrated edition which contains all his works.*
- The Imperial Elzevir Shakespeare.** Edited by Thos. Keightley. In One handsome Volume, printed at the Chiswick Press on the finest paper, with Initials and Ornaments. Imp. 8vo. 18s.
- Shakespeare's Plays and Poems.** With Notes, and Life, by Charles Knight, and 40 engravings on wood by Harvey. Royal 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.; morocco extra, 25s.
- Shakespeare's Plays and Poems.** (Valpy's Cabinet Pictorial Edition), with Glossarial Notes, Digests, &c., and 171 outline plates, 15 vols. fcap 8vo. 2l. 5s.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.



**HISTORY** of England, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the end of the Reign of George II., by Hume and Smollett. With the Continuation, to the Accession of Queen Victoria, by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D. late Canon of Peterborough. *New Edition*, containing Historical Illustrations, Autographs, and Portraits, copious Notes, and the Author's last Corrections and Improvements. In 18 vols. crown 8vo. 4s. each.

Vols. I. to VI. (Hume's portion), 1l. 4s.

Vols. VII. to X. (Smollett's ditto), 16s.

Vols. XI. to XVIII. (Hughes's ditto), 1l. 12s.

Hume, Smollett, and Hughes's History of England. *New Library Edition*. 15 vols. 8vo. 7l. 13s. 6d.

Hume and Smollett's portion, vols. 1 to 8, 4l.

Hughes's portion, vols. 9 to 15, 3l. 13s. 6d.

••• Copies of the 15 volume octavo edition of Hume, Smollett, and Hughes, may be had of Messrs. Bell and Daldy with continuous titles and 40 portraits without extra charge.

**The Early and Middle Ages of England.** By C. H. Pearson, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, and Professor of Modern History, King's College, London. 8vo. 12s.

**A Neglected Fact in English History.** By Henry Charles Coote, F.S.A. Post 8vo. 6s.

**Master Wace's Chronicle of the Conquest of England.** Translated from the Norman by Sir Alexander Malet, Bart., H.B.M. Plenipotentiary, Frankfurt. With Photograph Illustrations of the Bayeux Tapestry. Medium 4to. Half-morocco, Roxburgh, 2l. 2s.

**The Decline of the Roman Republic.** By George Long, M.A. 8vo. Vol. I. 14s. Vol. II. *preparing*.

**Elements of General History, Ancient and Modern.** By Professor Tytler. With additions, corrections, and illustrations, and a continuation to the present time. 12mo. 3s. 6d.; roan, 4s.

**The Customs and Traditions of Palestine.** Illustrating the Manners of the Ancient Hebrews. By Dr. E. Pierotti, Author of "Jerusalem Explored." 8vo. 9s.

**Vestminster Abbey (The Gem of Thorney Island): its History, Pageants, and Royal Memorials, from the Foundation by Edward the Confessor, A. D. 1065, to the Funeral of Henry V., A. D. 1422.** By the Rev. J. Ridgway, M.A. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**Alexander Hamilton and his Contemporaries; or, the Rise of the American Constitution.** By C. J. Riethmüller, Esq., Author of "Teuton," a Poem, and "Frederick Lucas," a Biography. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**Frederick Lucas. A Biography.** By C. J. Riethmüller, author of "Teuton," a Poem. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

**A Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Painters and Engravers.** By Michael Bryan. New Edition, revised, enlarged, and continued to the present time, by George Stanley. Imp. 8vo. 42s.

**Athenæ Cantabrigienses.** By C. H. Cooper, F.S.A., and Thompson Cooper. Volume I. 1500—1585. 8vo. 18s. Vol. II. 1586—1609. 8vo. 18s.

This work, in illustration of the biography of notable and eminent men who have been members of the University of Cambridge, comprehends notices of:—1. Authors. 2. Cardinals, archbishops, bishops, abbots, heads of religious houses and other church dignitaries. 3. Statesmen, diplomatists, military and naval commanders. 4. Judges and eminent practitioners of the civil or common law. 5. Sufferers for religious or political opinions. 6. Persons distinguished for success in tuition. 7. Eminent physicians and medical practitioners. 8. Artists, musicians, and heralds. 9. Heads of colleges, professors, and principal officers of the university. 10. Benefactors to the university and colleges, or to the public at large.

**Walton's Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson.** A New Edition, to which is now added a Memoir of Mr. Isaac Walton, by William Dowling, Esq. of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. With Illustrative Notes, numerous Portraits, and other Engravings, Index, &c. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. Calf antique, 15s. Morocco, 18s.



## BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

### MRS. ALFRED GATTY'S POPULAR WORKS.

"Mrs. Gatty is *facile princeps* in the art of writing for the young. She is to the altered tastes of this generation almost what Miss Edgeworth was to the last. And we have the rare satisfaction of knowing that Mrs. Gatty's usefulness will not terminate with herself. Her peculiar talent is hereditary. 'Melchior's Dream' is the production of the veritable 'Aunt Judy' herself, and the very pretty illustrations which adorn it are from the pencil of another sister."—*Guardian*.



**PARABLES from Nature ; a Handsomely Illustrated Edition ; with Notes on the Natural History.** The four Series complete in one volume, imperial 8vo. The Illustrations by eminent artists, ornamental cloth, gilt edges, 11. 1s.

First and Second Series, from the above. 10s. 6d.

Third and Fourth Series, ditto. 10s. 6d.

**Parables from Nature.** 16mo. with Illustrations. First Series, *Eleventh Edition.* 1s. 6d. Second Series. *Seventh Edition.* 2s. Or the two Series in one volume. 3s. 6d. Third Series. *Third Edition.* 2s. Fourth Series. *Second Edition.* 2s. Or the two Series in one volume. 4s.

**Worlds not Realized.** 16mo. *Third Edition.* 2s.

**Proverbs Illustrated.** 16mo. with Illustrations. *4th Edition.* 2s.

\*\* These little works have been found useful for Sunday reading in the family circle, and instructive and interesting to school children.

**Domestic Pictures and Tales.** Fcap. 8vo. With 6 Illustrations by M. S. G. 3s. 6d.

**Aunt Judy's Tales.** Illustrated by Clara S. Lane. Fcap. 8vo. *Fourth Edition.* 3s. 6d.

**Aunt Judy's Letters.** Illustrated by Clara S. Lane. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

**The Human Face Divine, and other Tales.** With Illustrations by C. S. Lane. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

**The Fairy Godmothers and other Tales.** *Fourth Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. with Frontispiece. 2s. 6d.

**Legendary Tales.** With Illustrations by Phiz. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

**The Poor Incumbent.** Fcap. 8vo. Sewed, 1s. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

**The Old Folks from Home; or, a Holiday in Ireland.** *Second Edition.* Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**Aunt Sally's Life.** With 6 Illustrations by G. Thomas. Square 16mo. 3s. 6d. (Revised reprint from "Aunt Judy's Letters.")

---

**Melchior's Dream, and other Tales.** By J. H. G. Edited by Mrs. Gatty. Illustrated. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

"Melchior's Dream is an exquisite little story, charming by original humour, buoyant spirits and tender pathos."—*Athenæum*.

---

BY THE REV. J. ERSKINE CLARKE, of Derby.



**HEART Music, for the Hearth-Ring; the Street-Walk; the Country Stroll; the Work-Hours; the Rest-Day; the Trouble-Time.** *New Edition.* 1s.

**The Giant's Arrows.** A Book for the Children of Working People. 16mo. 6d.; cloth, 1s.

**Church Stories.** Edited by the Rev. J. E. Clarke. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

---

BY THE LATE MRS. WOODROOFFE.



**COTTAGE Dialogues.** *New Edition.* 12mo. 4s. 6d.


**Michael Kemp, the Happy Farmer's Lad.** *8th Edition.* 12mo. 4s.

**Sequel to Michael Kemp.** *New Edition.* 12mo. 6s. 6d.

### **The Children's Picture Book Series.**

Written expressly for Young People, super-royal 16mo.

*Cloth, 3s. 6d. each; cloth, gilt edges, 5s. each.*

 **BIBLE** Picture Book. Eighty Illustrations. (Coloured, 9s.)

English History. Sixty Illustrations. (Coloured, 9s.)

Good and Great Men. Fifty Illustrations. (Coloured, 9s.)

Useful Knowledge. One Hundred and Thirty Figures.

---

Scripture Parables and Bible Miracles. Thirty-two Illustrations. Cloth, gilt edges, 5s. (Coloured, 7s. 6d.)

---

*Cloth, red edges, price 2s. 6d. each. (Coloured, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.)*


Scripture Parables. By Rev. J. E. Clarke. 16 Illustrations.

Bible Miracles. By Rev. J. E. Clarke, M.A. 16 Illustrations.

The Life of Joseph. Sixteen Illustrations.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Sixteen Illustrations.

---

 **THE** Adventures of a Little French Boy. With 50 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth, gilt edges. 7s. 6d.

The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. By Daniel Defoe. With 100 Illustrations by E. H. Wehnert. Uniform with the above. Crown 8vo. Cloth, gilt edges. 7s. 6d.

Katie; or the Simple Heart. By D. Richmond, Author of "Annie Maitland." Illustrated by M. I. Booth. Crown 8vo. 6s.

The Feasts of Camelot, with the Tales that were told there. A collection of Stories told by the Knights of King Arthur. By Mrs. T. K. Hervey. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Glimpses into Petland. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., with Frontispiece by Crane. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Mildred's Last Night; or, the Franklyns. By the Author of "Aggesden Vicarage." Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

The Lights of the Will o' the Wisp. Translated by Lady Maxwell Wallace. With a coloured Frontispiece. Imperial 16mo. Cloth, gilt edges, 5s.



**The Life of Christopher Columbus, in Short Words.** By Sarah Crompton. Super royal 16mo. 2s. 6d. Also an Edition for Schools, 1s.

**Guessing Stories; or, the Surprising Adventures of the Man with the Extra Pair of Eyes.** A Book for Young People. By Rev. P. Freeman. *Second Edition.* Super-royal 16mo. Cloth, gilt edges. 2s. 6d.

**Giles Witherne; or, The Reward of Disobedience. A Village Tale for the Young.** By the Rev. J. P. Parkinson, D.C.L. *Sixth Edition.* Illustrated by the Rev. F. W. Mann. Super-royal 16mo. 1s. Cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

**Nursery Tales.** By Mrs. Motherly. With Illustrations by C. S. Lane. Imperial 16mo. 2s. 6d. Coloured, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

**Nursery Poetry.** By Mrs. Motherly. With Eight Illustrations by C. S. Lane. Imperial 16mo. 2s. 6d. Coloured, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

**Baptista: A Quiet Story.** By the Author of "The Four Sisters." With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. 6s.

**Arnold Delahaize; or, the Huguenot Pastor.** By Francisca Ingram Onvry. With a Frontispiece. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

**Henri de Rohan: by the Author of "Arnold Delahaize."** With 4 Illustrations. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**Little Maggie and her Brother.** By Mrs. G. Hooper, Author of "Arbell," &c. With a Frontispiece. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

**The White Lady and Undine, translated from the German by the Hon. C. L. Lyttelton.** With numerous Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. Or, separately, 2s. 6d. each.

**Old Nursery Rhymes and Chimes.** Collected and Arranged by a Peal of Bells. Fcap. 4to. Ornamental binding. 2s. 6d.

**A Poetry Book for Children.** Illustrated with Thirty-seven highly-finished Engravings, by C. W. Cope, R. A., Helmsley, Palmer, Skill, Thomas, and H. Weir. *New Edition.* Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

**Nursery Carols.** Illustrated with 120 Pictures. By Ludwig Riether and Oscar Pletsch. Imperial 16mo. Ornamental Binding. 3s. 6d. Coloured, 6s.


**Poetry for Play-Hours.** By Gerda Fay. With Eight large Illustrations. Imperial 16mo. 3s. 6d. Coloured, gilt edges, 4s. 6d.

**Very Little Tales for Very Little Children.** In single Syllables of *Four* and *Five* letters. *New Edition.* Illustrated. 2 vols. 16mo. 1s. 6d. each, or in 1 vol. 3s.

**Progressive Tales for Little Children.** In words of *One* and *Two* Syllables. Forming the sequel to "Very Little Tales." *New Edition.* Illustrated. 2 vols. 16mo. 1s. 6d. each, or in 1 vol. 3s.

## **THEOLOGY AND SERMONS.**

### **Sermons.**

**PARISH SERMONS.** By the Rev. M. F. Sadler, M.A.,  
 Vicar of St. Paul's, Bedford, Author of "Church Doctrine,"  
 "Bible Truth," and "The Second Adam and the New Birth."  
 Fcap. 8vo. Vol. I, Advent to Trinity; Vol. II, Trinity to  
 Advent. 7s. 6d. each.

**Twenty-four Sermons on Christian Doctrine and Practice, and  
 on the Church,** By C. J. Blomfield, D.D., late Lord Bishop of London.  
*(Hitherto unpublished.)* 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**Norwich School Sermons; Preached at the Sunday Evening  
 Service of King Edward VI. School, Norwich.** By Augustus Jessopp,  
 M.A., Head Master. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

**King's College Sermons.** By the Rev. E. H. Plumptre, M.A.,  
 Divinity Professor. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

**Sermons.** By the Rev. A. Gatty, D.D., Vicar of Ecclesfield.  
 12mo. 8s.

**Twenty Plain Sermons for Country Congregations and Family  
 Reading.** By the Rev. A. Gatty, D.D., Vicar of Ecclesfield. Fcap. 5s.

**Sermons Suggested by the Miracles of our Lord and Saviour Jesus  
 Christ.** By the Very Rev. Dean Hook. 2 vols. Fcap. 8vo. 12s.

**Five Sermons Preached before the University of Oxford.** By the  
 Very Rev. W. F. Hook, D.D., Dean of Chichester. *Third Edition.* 3s.

**Sermons, chiefly Practical.** By the Rev. T. Nunns, M.A. Edited  
 by the Very Rev. W. F. Hook, D.D., Dean of Chichester. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

**Sermons preached in Westminster.** By the Rev. C. F. Secretan,  
 M.A., Incumbent of Holy Trinity, Vauxhall-Bridge Road. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

**Sermons to a Country Congregation—Advent to Trinity.** By the  
 Rev. Hastings Gordon, M.A. 12mo. 6s.

**Sermons on Popular Subjects, preached in the Collegiate Church,  
 Wolverhampton.** By the Rev. Julius Lloyd, M.A. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

**The Redeemer: a Series of Sermons on Certain Aspects of the  
 Person and Work of our Lord Jesus Christ.** By W. R. Clark, M.A.,  
 Vicar of Taunton. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

**The Fulness of the Manifestation of Jesus Christ; being a Course  
 of Epiphany Lectures.** By Hilksia Bedford Hall, B.C.L., Afternoon  
 Lecturer of the Parish Church, Halifax, Author of "A Companion to the  
 Authorized Version of the New Testament." Fcap. 8vo. 2s.

Plain Parochial Sermons. By the Rev. C. F. C. Pigott, B. A., late Curate of St. Michael's, Handsworth. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

Sermons, Preached in the Parish Church of Godalming, Surrey, by the Rev. E. J. Boyce, M.A., Vicar. *Second Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

Life in Christ. By the Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies, M.A., Rector of Christ Church, Marylebone. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

The Church of England; its Constitution, Mission, and Trials. By the Rt. Rev. Bishop Broughton. Edited, with a Prefatory Memoir, by the Ven. Archdeacon Harrison. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Plain Sermons, Addressed to a Country Congregation. By the late E. Blencowe, M.A. 1st and 3rd Series, fcap. 8vo. 7s. 6d. each.

Missionary Sermons preached at Hagley. Fcap. 3s. 6d.

Westminster Abbey Sermons for the Working Classes. Fcap. *Authorized Edition.* 1858. 2s. : 1859. 2s. 6d.

Sermons preached at St. Paul's Cathedral. *Authorized Edition.* 1859. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

The Christian's Life in Heaven and on Earth. A Selection from the Sermons of the Rev. Richard Sankey, M.A., late Rector of Witney, Oxon. Fcap. 8vo. 4s.

Types of Christ in Nature. Nine Sermons preached in the Parish Church of Staines. By the Rev. T. W. Fowle, M.A., Oxon, late Curate of the Parish, and now Curate in Charge of the Parish of Holy Trinity, Hoxton. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Sermons by the Right Rev. J. G. Mountain, D.D., Bishop of Quebec. Small 8vo. 6s. 6d.



DAILY Readings for a Year, on the Life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. By the Rev. Peter Young, M.A. *Third Edition*, improved. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s. Antique calf, 1l. 16s. Morocco, 2l.

Short Sunday Evening Readings, Selected and Abridged from various Authors by the Dowager Countess of Cawdor. In large type. 8vo. 5s.

The Book of Psalms; a New Translation, with Introductions and Notes, Critical and Explanatory. By the Rev. J. J. Stewart Perowne, B.D., Vice-Principal of Lampeter College, and Examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Norwich. 8vo. Vol. I. 14s.

A Commentary on the Gospels for the Sundays and other Holy Days of the Christian Year. By the Rev. W. Denton, A.M., Worcester College, Oxford, and Incumbent of St. Bartholomew's, Cripplegate. 3 vols. 8vo. 42s. Vol. I. Advent to Easter, 15s. Vol. II. Easter to the Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity, 14s. Vol. III. Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity to Advent; and Holy Days, 13s.

**Church Doctrine.—Bible Truth.** By Rev. M. F. Sadler, Author of "The Sacrament of Responsibility," and "The Second Adam." Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

**The Second Adam, and the New Birth ; or, the Doctrine of Baptism as contained in Holy Scripture.** By the Rev. M. F. Sadler, M.A. Vicar of Bridgewater, Author of "The Sacrament of Responsibility." *Third Edition*, greatly enlarged. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

**The Sacrament of Responsibility ; or, Testimony of the Scripture to the teaching of the Church on Holy Baptism, with especial reference to the Cases of Infants ; and Answers to Objections.** *Sixth Edition.* 6d.

**Popular Illustrations of some Remarkable Events recorded in the Old Testament.** By the Rev. J. F. Dawson, LL.B., Rector of Toynton. Post 8vo. 8s. 6d.

**The Acts and Writings of the Apostles.** By C. Pickering Clarke, M.A. Post 8vo. Vol. I., with Map., 7s. 6d.

**A Manual for Communion Classes and Communicant Meetings.** Addressed specially to the Parish Priests and Deacons of the Church of England. By C. Pickering Clarke, M.A. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

**The Wisdom of the Son of David : an Exposition of the First Nine Chapters of the Book of Proverbs.** Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

**A Companion to the Authorized Version of the New Testament : being Explanatory Notes, together with Explanatory Observations and an Introduction.** By the Rev. H. B. Hall, B.C.L. *Second and cheaper Edition*, revised and enlarged. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

**Reasons of Faith ; or, the Order of the Christian Argument developed and explained.** By the Rev. G. S. Drew, M.A. Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

**Bishop Colenso's Examination of the Pentateuch Examined.** By the Rev. G. S. Drew, Author of "Scripture Lands," "Reasons of Faith." Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

**The Divine Authority of the Pentateuch Vindicated.** By Daniel Moore, M.A., Camberwell. Crown 8vo. 6s. 6d.

**The Elohist and Jehovist Theory Minutely Examined, with some remarks on Scripture and Science.** By the Rev. Edward Biley, late Fellow of Clare College, Cambridge. Small 8vo. 6s.

**Replies to the First and Second Parts of the Right Rev. the Bishop of Natal's "Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined."** By Franke Parker, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, and Rector of Luffingcott, Devon. 8vo. 9s. 6d. Replies to the Third and Fourth Part. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

**Charles and Josiah ; or, Friendly Conversations between a Churchman and a Quaker.** Crown 8vo. 5s.

- Isaiah's Testimony for Jesus.** With an Historical Appendix, and Copious Tabular View of the Chronology, from the Original Authorities. By W. B. Galloway, M.A., Incumbent of St. Mark's, Regent's Park, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Viscount Hawarden. 8vo. 14s.
- Notes and Dissertations, principally on Difficulties in the Scriptures of the New Covenant.** By A. H. Wratislaw, M.A., Head Master of King Edward VI. Grammar School, Bury St. Edmunds, formerly Fellow and Tutor of Christ's College, Cambridge. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- Readings on the Morning and Evening Prayer and the Litany.** By J. S. Blunt. *Third Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Confirmation.** By J. S. Blunt, Author of "Readings on the Morning and Evening Prayer," &c. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Life after Confirmation.** By the same Author. 18mo. 1s.
- Confirmation Register.** Oblong 4to. Various thicknesses. Bound in Vellum. 4s. and upwards.
- A History of the Church of England from the Accession of James II. to the Rise of the Bangorian Controversy in 1717.** By the Rev. T. Debarry, M.A. 8vo. 14s.
- Aids to Pastoral Visitation, selected and arranged by the Rev. H. B. Browning, M.A., Curate of St. George, Stamford. *Second Edition.*** Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- The English Churchman's Signal.** By the Writer of "A Plain Word to the Wise in Heart." Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- A Plain Word to the Wise in Heart on our Duties at Church, and on our Prayer Book.** *Fourth Edition.* Sewed, 1s. 6d.
- Family Prayers :—containing Psalms, Lessons, and Prayers, for every Morning and Evening in the Week.** By the Rev. Ernest Hawkins, B.D., Prebendary of St. Paul's. *Eighth Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 1s.
- Household Prayers on Scriptural Subjects, for Four Weeks.** With Forms for various occasions. By a Member of the Church of England. *Second Edition, enlarged.* 8vo. 4s. 6d.
- Forms of Prayer adapted to each Day of the Week.** For use in Families or Households. By the Rev. John Jebb, D.D., 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- The Doctrine of Election.** An Essay. By Edward Fry. Cr. 8vo. 4s. 6d.
- The Relations of the Sin-Offering and the Trespass-Offering to the Sacrifice of Christ.** By W. Roscoe Burgess, B.A. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Household Devotions; or, Family Prayers for the Church Seasons.** By Lewis Hensley, M.A., Vicar of Hitchin, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Crown 8vo. 6s. 6d.

**Shorter Household Devotions.** By the same Author. 1s.

**The Book of Common Prayer.** Ornamented with Head-pieces and Initial Letters specially designed for this edition. Printed in red and black at the Cambridge University Press. 24mo. Best morocco. 10s. 6d. Also in ornamental bindings, at various prices.

**A large paper Edition, crown 8vo.** Best morocco, 18s. Also in ornamental bindings, at various prices.

**The Church Hymnal, (with or without Psalms.)** 12mo. Large Type, 1s. 6d. 18mo. 1s. 32mo. for Parochial Schools, 6d.

This book is now in use in every English Diocese, and is the *Authorized Book* in some of the Colonial Dioceses.

**Church Reading:** according to the method advised by Thomas Sheridan. By the Rev. J. J. Halcombe, M.A. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

**The Offertory:** the most excellent way of contributing Money for Christian Purposes. By J. H. Markland, D.C.L., F.R.S., S.A. *Second Edition, enlarged, 2d.*

**Cruden's Concordance to the Old and New Testament.** Revised and condensed by G. H. Hannay. 18mo. 3s. 6d.



**HORT Meditations for Every Day in the Year.** Edited by the Very Rev. W. F. Hook, D. D. *New Edition, carefully revised.* 2 vols. Fcap. 8vo., large type, 14s.

**The Christian taught by the Church's Services.** Edited by the Very Rev. W. F. Hook, D. D. *New Edition, revised, fcap. 8vo. large type.* 6s. 6d. Antique calf, or morocco, 11s. 6d.

**Holy Thoughts and Prayers, arranged for Daily Use on each Day of the Week, according to the stated Hours of Prayer.** *Fifth Edition, with additions.* 16mo. Cloth, red edges, 2s.; calf, gilt edges, 3s.

**A Companion to the Altar.** Being Prayers, Thanksgivings, and Meditations, and the Office of the Holy Communion. Edited by the Very Rev. W. F. Hook, D. D. *Second Edition.* Handsomely printed in red and black. 32mo. Cloth, red edges, 2s. Morocco, 3s. 6d.

**The Church Sunday School Hymn Book.** Edited by W. F. Hook, D. D. *Large paper.* Cloth, 1s. 6d.; calf, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

\*.\* For cheap editions of the above, see the Devotional Library.

### The Devotional Library.

Edited by the Very Rev. W. F. Hook, D.D., Dean of Chichester.

A Series of Works, original or selected from well-known Church of England Divines, published at the lowest price, and suitable, from their practical character and cheapness, for Parochial distribution.



**SHORT Meditations for Every Day in the Year.** 2 vols. (1260 pages.) 32mo. Cloth, 5s.; calf, gilt edges, 9s. Calf antique, 12s.

*In Separate Parts.*

**ADVENT to LENT**, cloth, 1s.; limp calf, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.; **LENT**, cloth, 9d.; calf, 2s. 3d. **EASTER**, cloth, 9d.; calf, 2s. 3d. **TRINITY**, Part I. 1s.; calf, 2s. 6d. **TRINITY**, Part II. 1s.; calf, 2s. 6d.

\* \* *Large Paper Edition, revised and corrected.* 2 vols. fcap. 8vo. large type. 14s. Morocco or antique calf, 24s.

**The Christian taught by the Church's Services.** (490 pages), royal 32mo. Cloth, 2s. 6d.; calf, gilt edges, 4s. 6d. Calf antique, 6s.

*In Separate Parts.*

**ADVENT TO TRINITY**, cloth, 1s.; limp calf, gilt edges, 2s. 6d. **TRINITY**, cloth, 8d.; calf, 2s. 2d. **MINOR FESTIVALS**, 8d.; calf, 2s. 2d.

\* \* *Large Paper Edition, revised.* Fcap. 8vo. large type. 6s. 6d. Calf antique, or morocco, 11s. 6d.

**Devotions for Domestic Use.** 32mo. cloth, 2s.; calf, gilt edges, 4s. Calf antique, 5s. 6d. Containing:—

The Common Prayer Book the best Companion in the Family as well as in the Temple. 3d.

Litanies for Domestic Use, 2d.

Family Prayers; or, Morning and Evening Services for every Day in the Week. By the Bishop of Salisbury; cloth, 6d.; calf, 2s.

Bishop Hall's Sacred Aphorisms. Selected and arranged with the Texts to which they refer. By the Rev. R. B. Exton, M.A.; cloth, 9d.

\* \* These are arranged together as being suitable for Domestic Use; but they may be had separately at the prices affixed.

**Aids to a Holy Life. First Series.** 32mo. Cloth, 1s. 6d.; calf, gilt edges, 3s. 6d. Calf antique, 5s. Containing:—

Prayers for the Young. By Dr. Hook, ½d.

Pastoral Address to a Young Communicant. By Dr. Hook, ½d.

Helps to Self-Examination. By W. F. Hook, D.D., ½d.

Directions for Spending One Day Well. By Archbishop Synge, ½d.

Rules for the Conduct of Human Life. By Archbishop Synge. 1d.

The Sum of Christianity, wherein a short and plain Account is given of the Christian Faith; Christian's Duty; Christian Prayer; Christian Sacrament. By C. Ellis, 1d.

Ejaculatory Prayer; or, the Duty of Offering up Short Prayers to God on all Occasions. By R. Cook. 2d.

Prayers for a Week. From J. Sorocold, 2d.

Companion to the Altar; being Prayers, Thanksgivings, and Meditations. Edited by Dr. Hook. Cloth, 6d.

\* \* Any of the above may be had for distribution at the prices affixed; they are arranged together as being suitable for Young Persons and for Private Devotion.

**Aids to a Holy Life. Second Series. 32mo. Cloth, 2s.; calf, gilt edges, 4s. Calf antique, 5s. 6d. Containing:—**

Holy Thoughts and Prayers, arranged for Daily Use on each Day in the Week, 3d.

The Retired Christian exercised on Divine Thoughts and Heavenly Meditations. By Bishop Ken. 3d.

Penitential Reflections for the Holy Season of Lent, and other Days of Fasting and Abstinence during the Year. 6d.

The Crucified Jesus; a Devotional Commentary on the XXII and XXIII Chapters of St. Luke. By A. Horneck, D.D. 3d.

Short Reflections for every Morning and Evening during the Week. By N. Spinckes, 2d.

The Sick Man Visited; or, Meditations and Prayers for the Sick Room. By N. Spinckes, 3d.

\*\* These are arranged together as being suitable for Private Meditation and Prayer: they may be had separately at the prices affixed.

**Helps to Daily Devotion. 32mo. Cloth, 8d. Containing:—**

The Sum of Christianity, 1d.

Directions for spending One Day Well,  $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

Helps to Self-Examination,  $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

Short Reflections for Morning and Evening, 2d.

Prayers for a Week, 2d.

**The History of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; in Three Parts, with suitable Meditations and Prayers. By W. Reading, M.A. 32mo. Cloth, 2s.; calf, gilt edges, 4s. Calf antique, 5s. 6d.**

**Hall's Sacred Aphorisms. Selected and arranged with the Texts to which they refer, by the Rev. R. B. Exton, M.A. 32mo. cloth, 9d.; limp calf, gilt edges, 2s. 3d.**

**Devout Musings on the Book of Psalms. 2 vols. 32mo. Cloth, 5s.; calf, gilt edges, 9s.; calf antique, 12s. Or, in four parts, price 1s. each; limp calf, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.**

**The Church Sunday School Hymn Book. 32mo. cloth, 8d.; calf, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.**

\*\* A Large Paper Edition for Prizes, &c. 1s. 6d.; calf, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

THE LATE ISAAC TAYLOR'S POPULAR WORKS.



**NATURAL History of Enthusiasm. 5s.**

**Elements of Thought. 4s.**

**Fanaticism. 6s.**

**Saturday Evening. 5s.**

**Ultimate Civilization. 6s.**

**Logic in Theology. 6s.**

**Physical Theory of Another Life. 5s.; 8vo. 10s. 6d.**

**Wesley and Methodism. 5s.**

**Loyola and Jesuitism. 5s.**

**Home Education. 5s.**

**The Spirit of the Hebrew Poetry. 10s. 6d.**



## MISCELLANEOUS.



**HAND-BOOK** of Mottoes borne by the Nobility, Gentry, Cities, Public Companies, &c. Translated and Illustrated with Notes and Quotations, by C. N. Elvin, M.A. 6s.

**Anecdotes of Heraldry**; in which is set forth the Origin of the Armorial Bearings of many Families. With 100 Illustrations. By C. N. Elvin, M.A. Fcap. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**Book of Family Crests and Mottoes**, with *Four Thousand Engravings* of the Crests of the Peers, Baronets, and Gentry of England and Wales, and Scotland and Ireland. A Dictionary of Mottoes, &c. *Tenth Edition, enlarged.* 2 vols. small 8vo. 1l. 4s.

"Perhaps the best recommendation to its utility and correctness (in the main) is, that it has been used as a work of reference in the Herald's College. No wonder it sells."—*Spectator*.

**Architectural Studies in France.** By the Rev. J. L. Petit, M.A., F.S.A. With Illustrations from Drawings by the Author and P. H. Delamotte. Imp. 8vo. 2l. 2s.

**A Few Notes on the Temple Organ.** By Edmund Macrory, M.A. *Second Edition.* Super-royal 16mo. Half morocco, Roxburgh, 3s. 6d.

**Scudamore Organs, or Practical Hints respecting Organs for Village Churches and small Chancels, on improved principles.** By the Rev. John Baron, M.A., Rector of Upton Scudamore, Wilts. With Designs by G. E. Street, F.S.A. *Second Edition, revised and enlarged.* 8vo. 6s.

**The Bell; its Origin, History, and Uses.** By Rev. A. Gatty. 3s.

**Practical Remarks on Belfries and Ringers.** By the Rev. H. T. Ellacombe, M.A., F.A.S., Rector of Clyst St. George, Devonshire. *Second Edition*, with an Appendix on Chiming. Illustrated. 8vo. 3s.

**Engravings of Unedited or Rare Greek Coins.** With Descriptions. By General C. R. Fox. 4to. Part I, Europe. Part II, Asia and Africa. 7s. 6d. each.

**The Leadbeater Papers: a Selection from the MSS. and Correspondence of Mary Leadbeater, containing her Annals of Ballitore, a Memoir of the Author; Unpublished Letters of Burke; and the Correspondence of Mrs. R. Trench and Rev. G. Crabbe.** *Second Edition.* 2 vols. crown 8vo. 14s.

**Magdalen Stafford.** A Tale. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

**The Home Life of English Ladies in the Seventeenth Century.** By the Author of "Magdalen Stafford." *Second Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

**The Romance and its Hero.** By the Author of "Magdalen Stafford." 2 vols. Fcap. 8vo. 12s.

**Denise.** By the Author of "Mademoiselle Mori." *New Edition.* Crown 8vo. 6s.

**Sydonie's Dowry.** By the Author of "Denise" and "Mademoiselle Mori." Crown 8vo. 6s.

**Domestic Life in Palestine.** By M. E. Rogers. *Second Edition.* Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**The Boat and the Caravan.** A Family Tour through Egypt and Syria. *New and cheaper Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

**Fragments of Voyages and Travels.** By Captain Basil Hall, R.N. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Series in one volume. Royal 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**Host and Guest: a Book about Dinners, Wines, and Desserts.** By A. V. Kirwan, of the Middle Temple, Esq. Crown 8vo. 9s.

**Charades, Enigmas, and Riddles.** Collected by a Cantab. *Fourth Edition, enlarged.* Illustrated. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

**Original Acrostics.** By a Circle of Friends. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

**Choice Notes from "Notes and Queries,"** by the Editor. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. each.

VOL. I.—HISTORY. VOL. II.—FOLK LORE.

**A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe.** By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

**The Works of Oliver Goldsmith.** Frontispieces by Cruikshank. 4 vols. fcap. 8vo. 12s.

**The Cottage Gardener's Dictionary.** Edited by George W. Johnson. 5s.

**Political Philosophy.** By Henry Lord Brougham, F.R.S. 3 vols. 8vo. 21s.

**Geology in the Garden: or, The Fossils in the Flint Pebbles.** With 106 Illustrations. By the Rev. Henry Eley, M.A. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

**Halcyon: or Rod-Fishing with Fly, Minnow, and Worm.** To which is added a short and easy method of dressing Flies, with a description of the materials used. By Henry Wade, Honorary Secretary to the Wear Valley Angling Association. With 8 Coloured Plates, containing 117 Specimens of natural and artificial Flies, Materials, &c., and 4 Plates illustrating Fishes, Baiting, &c. Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**A Handy Book of the Chemistry of Soils :** Explanatory of their Composition, and the Influence of Manures in ameliorating them, with Outlines of the various Processes of Agricultural Analysis. By John Scoffern, M.B. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

**Flax and its Products in Ireland.** By William Charley, J. P., Juror and Reporter Class XIV, Great Exhibition 1851 ; also appointed in 1862 for Class XIX. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo. 5s.

**Papers on Preaching and Public Speaking.** By a Wykehamist. *Second Thousand.* Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

This volume is an enlargement and extension, with corrections, of the Papers which appeared in the "Guardian" in 1858-9.

**The Speaker at Home.** Chapters on Public Speaking and Reading aloud, by the Rev. J. J. Halcombe, M.A., and on the Physiology of Speech, by W. H. Stone, M.A., M.B. *Second Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

**Plain Papers on the Social Economy of the People.** Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

No. 1. Recreations of the People.—No. 2. Penny Banks.—No. 3, out of print.—No. 4. Children of the People. 6d. each.

**Lacon in Council.** By J. F. Boyes, author of "Illustrations of *Æschylus*," &c. Crown 8vo. 6s. 6d.

**Life and Books ; or, Records of Thought and Reading.** By J. F. Boyes, M.A. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. ; calf, 8s. 6d.

**Life's Problems.** By Sir Rutherford Alcock, K. C. B. *Second Edition*, revised and enlarged. Fcap. 5s.

**Parliamentary Short-Hand (Official System).** By Thompson Cooper. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

This is the system *universally practised by the Government Official Reporters*. It has many advantages over the system ordinarily adopted, and has hitherto been inaccessible, except in a high-priced volume.

**The Pleasures of Literature.** By R. Aris Willmott, M.A. *Fifth Edition*, enlarged. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. Morocco, 10s. 6d.

**The Afternoon Lectures on English Literature.** Delivered in the Theatre of the Museum of Industry, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, in May and June, 1863. By the Rev. James Byrne, M.A., William Rush-ton, M.A., John K. Ingram, LL.D., Arthur Houston, M.A., the Rev. E. Whately, M.A., R. W. M'Donnell, Esq. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

**SECOND SERIES—ON LITERATURE AND ART.** Delivered in April and May, 1864. By the Right Hon. Joseph Napier, LL.D., Samuel Ferguson, LL.D., Q.C., Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A., Captain Meadows Taylor, M.R., I.A., John Hunter, LL.D., M.A., I.A., Regius Professor of Civil Law in the University of Dublin, The Very Rev. William Alexander, Dean of Emly, and John O'Hagan, Esq. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

**THIRD SERIES—1865.**

[*Shortly*

**On the Influence of Mechanical and Physiological Rest in the Treatment of Accidents and Surgical Diseases, and the Diagnostic Value of Pain.** A course of Lectures, delivered at the Royal College of Surgeons of England in the years 1860, 1861, and 1862. By John Hilton, F.R.S., F.R.C.S., Member of the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, late Professor of Anatomy and Surgery to the College, Surgeon and Lecturer on Surgery at the University of London, &c., &c. 8vo. 16s.

---

By WILLIAM G. T. BARTER, Esq., BARRISTER AT LAW.

**The Iliad of Homer literally rendered in Spenserian Stanza.** With Preface and Notes. *Re-issue.* 8vo. 18s.

**Homer and English Metre.** An Essay on the Translating of the Iliad and Odyssey. With a Literal Rendering in the Spenserian Stanza of the First Book of the Odyssey, and Specimens of the Iliad. Crown 8vo. 6s. 6d.

**Life, Law, and Literature; Essays on Various Subjects.** Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

**Adventures of a Summer's Eve.** And other Poems. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

---

**Hints and Helps for Youths leaving School.** By the Rev. J. S. Gliderdale, M.A. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. Calf, 8s. 6d.

**Hints for Pedestrians, Practical and Medical.** By G. C. Watson, M.D. *Third Edition, enlarged.* Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

**Hints to Maid Servants in Small Households, on Manners, Dress, and Duties.** By Mrs. Motherly. Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

**A Wife's Home Duties; containing Hints to inexperienced Housekeepers.** Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

**Tables of Interest, enlarged and Improved; calculated at Five per Cent.; Showing at one view the Interest of any Sum, from £1 to £365: they are also carried on by hundreds to £1,000, and by thousands to £10,000, from one day to 365 days. To which are added, Tables of Interest, from one to 12 months, and from two to 13 years. Also Tables for calculating Commission on Sales of Goods or Banking Accounts, from  $\frac{1}{4}$  to 5 per Cent., with several useful additions, among which are Tables for calculating Interest on large sums for 1 day, at the several rates of 4 and 5 per Cent. to £100,000,000. By Joseph King, of Liverpool. 24th Edition. With a Table showing the number of days from any one day to any other day in the Year. 8vo. 1l. 1s.**

**The Housekeeping Book, or Family Ledger.** An Improved Principle, by which an exact Account can be kept of Income and Expenditure; suitable for any Year, and may be begun at any time. With Hints on Household Management, Receipts, &c. By Mrs. Hamilton. 8vo. Cloth, 1s. 6d. sewed, 1s.

## EDUCATIONAL BOOKS.



**R. RICHARDSON'S New Dictionary of the English Language.** Combining Explanation with Etymology, and copiously illustrated by Quotations from the best authorities. *New Edition*, with a Supplement containing additional Words and further Illustrations. In Two Vols. 4to. 4l. 14s. 6d.

Half bound in russia, 5l. 15s. 6d. Russia, 6l. 12s.

The WORDS—with those of the same Family—are traced to their Origin.

The EXPLANATIONS are deduced from the Primitive Meaning through the various Usages.

The QUOTATIONS are arranged Chronologically, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time.

\* \* The Supplement separately, 4to. 12s.

**AN 8vo. EDITION**, without the Quotations, 15s. Half-russia, 20s. Russia, 24s

"It is an admirable addition to our Lexicography, supplying a great desideratum, as exhibiting the biography of each word—its birth, parentage and education, the changes that have befallen it, the company it has kept, and the connexions it has formed—by rich series of quotations, all in chronological order. This is such a Dictionary as perhaps no other language could ever boast."—*Quarterly Review*.

**Dr. Richardson on the Study of Language: an Exposition of Horne Tooke's Diversions of Purley.** Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

**Webster's Complete Dictionary of the English Language.** *New Edition*, revised and greatly enlarged, by CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH, Professor in Yale College. 4to. (1624 pp.) 1l. 11s. 6d.; half calf, 2l.; calf, or half russia, 2l. 2s.; russia, 2l. 10s.

## Bibliotheca Classica.

**A Series of Greek and Latin Authors.** With English Notes. 8vo. Edited by various Scholars, under the direction of G. Long, Esq., M.A., Classical Lecturer of Brighton College: and the late Rev. A. J. Maclean, M.A., Head Master of King Edward's School, Bath.



**ESCHYLUS.** By F. A. Paley, M.A. 18s.

Cicero's Orations. Edited by G. Long, M.A. 4 vols.  
Vol. I. 16s.; Vol. II. 14s.; Vol. III. 16s.; Vol. IV. 18s.

Demosthenes. By R. Whiston, M.A., Head Master of Rochester Grammar School. Vol. I. 16s. Vol. II. *preparing*.

Euripides. By F. A. Paley, M.A. 3 vols. 16s. each.

- Herodotus. By J. W. Blakesley, B.D., late Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. 2 vols. 32s.
- Hesiod. By F. A. Paley, M.A. 10s. 6d.
- Homer. By F. A. Paley, M.A. Vol. I. [In the Press.
- Horace. By A. J. Maclean, M.A. 18s.
- Juvenal and Persius. By A. J. Maclean, M.A. 14s.
- Plato. By W. H. Thompson, M.A. Vol. I. [Preparing.
- Sophocles. By F. H. Blaydes, M.A. Vol. I. 18s.
- Terence. By E. St. J. Parry, M.A., Balliol College, Oxford. 18s.
- Virgil. By J. Conington, M.A., Professor of Latin at Oxford. Vol. I. containing the Bucolies and Georgics. 12s. Vol. II. containing the Æneid, Books I. to VI. 14s. Vol. III. preparing.

### Grammar-School Classics.

A Series of Greek and Latin Authors. Newly Edited, with English Notes for Schools. Fcap. 8vo.



CAESARIS Commentarii de Bello Gallico. Second Edition. By G. Long, M.A. 5s. 6d.

Caesar de Bello Gallico, Books 1 to 3. With English Notes for Junior Classes. By G. Long, M.A. 2s. 6d.

M. Tullii Ciceronis Cato Major, Sive de Senectute, Laelius, Sive de Amicitia, et Epistolae Selectae. By G. Long, M.A. 4s. 6d.

Quinti Horatii Flacci Opera Omnia. By A. J. Maclean, 6s. 6d.

Juvenalis Satirae XVI. By H. Prior, M.A. (Expurgated Edition.) 4s. 6d.

P. Ovidii Nasonis Fastorum Libri Sex. By F. A. Paley. 5s.

C. Sallustii Crispi Catilina et Jugurtha. By G. Long, M.A. 5s.

Taciti Germania et Agricola. By P. Frost, M.A. 3s. 6d.

Xenophontis Anabasis, with Introduction; Geographical and other Notes, Itinerary, and Three Maps compiled from recent surveys. By J. F. Macmichael, B.A. New Edition. 5s.

Xenophontis Cyropaedia. By G. M. Gorham, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 6s.

Uniform with the above.

The New Testament in Greek. With English Notes and Prefaces by J. F. Macmichael, B.A. 730 pages. 7s. 6d.

### Cambridge Greek and Latin Texts.

THIS series is intended to supply for the use of Schools and Students cheap and accurate editions of the Classics, which shall be superior in mechanical execution to the small German editions now current in this country, and more convenient in form.

The texts of the *Bibliotheca Classica* and *Grammar School Classics*, so far as they have been published, will be adopted. These editions have taken their place amongst scholars as valuable contributions to the Classical Literature of this country, and are admitted to be good examples of the judicious and practical nature of English scholarship; and as the editors have formed their texts from a careful examination of the best editions extant, it is believed that no texts better for general use can be found.

The volumes will be well printed at the Cambridge University Press, in a 16mo. size, and will be issued at short intervals.



ESCHYLUS, ex novissima recensione F. A. Paley. 3s.

Cæsar de Bello Gallico, recensuit G. Long, A.M. 2s.

Cicero de Senectute et de Amicitia et Epistolæ Selectæ, recensuit G. Long, A.M. 1s. 6d.

Euripides, ex recensione F. A. Paley, A. M. 3 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Herodotus, recensuit J. W. Blakesley, S.T.B. 2 vols. 7s.

Horatius, ex recensione A. J. Macleane, A.M. 2s. 6d.

Lucretius, recognovit H. A. J. Munro, A.M. 2s. 6d.

Sallusti Crispi Catilina et Jugurtha, recognovit G. Long, A.M. 1s. 6d.

Thucydides, recensuit J. G. Donaldson, S.T.P. 2 vols. 7s.

Vergilius, ex recensione J. Conington, A.M. 3s. 6d.

Xenophontis Anabasis recensuit J. F. Macmichael, A.B. 2s. 6d.

Ciceronis Orationes. Vol. I. (Verrine Orations.) G. Long, M.A. [In the Press.]

Juvenal and Persius, A. J. Macleane, A.M. [In the Press.]

Novum Testamentum Graecum Textus Stephanici, 1550. Accedunt variae Lectiones editionum Bezae, Elzeviri, Lachmanni, Tischendorfii, Tregellesii, curante F. H. Scrivener, A.M. 4s. 6d.

Also, on 4to. writing paper, for MSS. notes. Half bound, gilt top, 12s

### Foreign Classics.

With English Notes for Schools. Uniform with the GRAMMAR SCHOOL CLASSICS. Fcap. 8vo.



GERMAN Ballads from Uhland, Goethe, and Schiller, with Introductions to each Poem, copious Explanatory Notes, and Biographical Notices. Edited by C. L. Bielefeld. 3s. 6d.  
Schiller's Wallenstein, complete Text. Edited by Dr. A. Buchheim, Professor of German in King's College, London. 6s. 6d.

**Picciola**, by X. B. Saintine. Edited by Dr. Dubuc. *Third Edition, revised.* 3s. 6d.

This interesting story has been selected with the intention of providing for schools and young persons a good specimen of contemporary French literature, free from the solecisms which are frequently met with in writers of a past age.

Picciola is appointed for the Cambridge Middle Class Examination.

**Select Fables of La Fontaine.** *Third Edition, revised.* Edited by F. Gasc, M.A. 3s.

"None need now be afraid to introduce this eminently French author, either on account of the difficulty of translating him, or the occasional licence of thought and expression in which he indulges. The renderings of idiomatic passages are unusually good, and the purity of English perfect."—*Athenæum*.

**Histoire de Charles XII. par Voltaire.** Edited by L. Direy. *Third Edition, revised.* 3s. 6d.

**Aventures de Télémaque, par Fénelon.** Edited by C. J. Delille. *Second Edition, revised.* 4s. 6d.

### Classical Tables. 8vo.



**NOTABILIA** Quædam : or, the principal tenses of such Irregular Greek Verbs and such elementary Greek, Latin, and French Constructions as are of constant occurrence. New Edition. 1s. 6d.

**Greek Accidence.** By the Rev. P. Frost, M.A. 1s.

**Latin Accidence.** By the Rev. P. Frost, M.A. 1s.

**Latin Versification.** 1s.

**The Principles of Latin Syntax.** 1s.

**Homeric Dialect : its leading Forms and Peculiarities.** By J. S. Baird, T.C.D. 1s. 6d.

**A Catalogue of Greek Verbs, Irregular and Defective ; their leading formations, tenses in use, and dialectic inflexions ; with a copious Appendix, containing Paradigms for conjugation, Rules for formation of tenses, &c. &c.** By J. S. Baird, T.C.D. *New Edition, revised.* 2s. 6d.

**Richmond Rules to form the Ovidian Distich, &c.** By J. Tate, M.A. *New Edition, revised.* 1s. 6d.



**N** Atlas of Classical Geography, containing 24 Maps, constructed by W. Hughes, and edited by G. Long. *New Edition*, with coloured outlines, and an Index of Places. 12s. 6d.

**A** Grammar School Atlas of Classical Geography. The Maps constructed by W. Hughes, and edited by G. Long. Imp. 8vo. 5s.



**First Classical Maps, with Chronological Tables of Grecian and Roman History, Tables of Jewish Chronology, and a Map of Palestine.** By the Rev. J. Tate, M.A. *Third Edition.* Imp. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

BY THE REV. P. FROST, M.A., ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE,  
CAMBRIDGE.

**Eclogæ Latinæ.** A New Elementary Latin Reading Book, with a Dictionary. By the Rev. Percival Frost, late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. 2s. 6d.

This volume is arranged like the "*Analecta Græca Minora*," it has a Lexicon at the end, and is graduated so that the pupil after passing through it may take up Ovid or Cæsar.

**Materials for Latin Prose Composition.** *Third Edition.* 12mo. 2s. 6d. Key, 4s.

**Materials for Greek Prose Composition.** Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Key, 5s.

**Analecta Græca Minora.** With Introductory Sentences, English Notes, and a Dictionary. *New Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

**Corpus Poetarum Latinorum.** Edited by Walker. One thick vol. 8vo. 18s.

**Titi Livii Historiæ.** The first five Books, with English Notes. By J. Prendeville. 12mo. roan, 5s.

Books I. to III. separately, cloth, 3s. 6d.

„ IV. and V., cloth, 3s. 6d.

**Anthologia Latina.** A Selection of choice Latin Poetry, with Notes. By Rev. F. St. John Thackeray, Assistant Master, Eton College. Fcap. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

"Selections from the Latin Poets, from Nævius to Claudian. The passages are well chosen, and the appearance of the book is exceedingly pretty."—*Edinburgh Review.*

**The Choephoræ of Æschylus and Scholia.** Revised and interpreted by J. F. Davies, Esq., B.A., Trin. Coll., Dublin. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

**A Latin Grammar.** By T. Hewitt Key, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Comparative Grammar, and Head Master of the Junior School, in University College. *Third Edition, revised.* Post 8vo. 8s.

**A Short Latin Grammar, for Schools.** By T. H. Key, M.A., F.R.S. *Fifth Edition.* Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

**Latin Accidence.** Consisting of the Forms, and intended to prepare boys for Key's Short Latin Grammar. Post 8vo. 2s.

- A First Cheque Book for Latin Verse Makers. By the Rev. F. Gretton, Stamford Free Grammar School. 1s. 6d. Key, 2s. 6d.
- Reddenda; or Passages with Parallel Hints for translation into Latin Prose and Verse. By the Rev. F. E. Gretton. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.
- Latin Prose Lessons. By the Rev. A. Church, M.A., one of the Masters of Merchant Taylors' School. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- The Odes and Carmen Sæculare of Horace. Translated into English Verse by John Conington, M.A., Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford. *Third Edition revised.* Fcap. 8vo. Roxburgh binding. 5s. 6d.
- Quintus Horatius Flaccus. Illustrated with 50 Engravings from the Antique. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. Morocco, 9s.
- Selections from Ovid: Amores, Tristia, Heroides, Metamorphoses. With English Notes, by the Rev. A. J. Maclean, M.A. *New Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Sabrinæ Corolla in hortulis Regiæ Scholæ Salopiensis contextuerunt tres viri floribus legendis. *Editio Altera.* 8vo. 12s. Morocco, 21s.
- Dual Arithmetic, a New Art, by Oliver Byrne, formerly Professor of Mathematics at the late College of Civil Engineers, Putney. *New issue, with complete analysis of all the processes.* 8vo. 14s.  
Copies of this analysis, with a new title-page, will be supplied at 3s. 6d. to purchasers of the former issue upon returning the old title-page to the Publishers direct, or through their booksellers.
- The Elements of Euclid. Books I.—VI. XI. 1—21; XII. 1, 2; a new text, based on that of Simson, with Exercises. Edited by H. J. Hose, late Mathematical Master of Westminster School. Fcap. 4s. 6d.
- A Graduated Series of Exercises on the Elements of Euclid: Books I.—VI.; XI. 1—21; XII. 1, 2. Selected and arranged by Henry J. Hose, M.A. 12mo. 1s.
- The Elements of Euclid. The first six Books, with a Commentary by Dr. Dionysius Lardner. 8vo, 10th Edition, 6s.
- The Enunciations and Figures belonging to the Propositions in the First Six and part of the Eleventh Books of Euclid's Elements, (usually read in the Universities,) prepared for Students in Geometry. By the Rev. J. Brasse, D.D. *New Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 1s. On cards, in case, 5s. 6d.; without the Figures, 6d.
- A Compendium of Facts and Formulæ in Pure and Mixed Mathematics. For the use of Mathematical Students. By G. R. Smalley, B.A., F.R.A.S. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- A Table of Anti-Logarithms; containing to seven places of decimals, natural numbers, answering to all Logarithms from '00001 to '99999; and an improved table of Gauss' Logarithms, by which may be found the Logarithm of the sum or difference of two quantities. With an Appendix, containing a Table of Annuities for three Joint Lives at 3 per cent. Carlisle. By H. E. Filipowski. *Third Edition.* 8vo. 15s.

**Handbook of the Slide Rule:** showing its applicability to Arithmetic, including Interest and Annuities; Mensuration, including Land Surveying. With numerous Examples and useful Tables. By W. H. Bayley, (late) H. M. East India Civil Service. 12mo. 6s.

**Handbook of the Double Slide Rule,** showing its applicability to Navigation, including some remarks on Great Circle Sailing, with useful Astronomical Memoranda. By W. H. Bayley. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

**The Mechanics of Construction;** including the Theories on the Strength of Materials, Roofs, Arches, and Suspension Bridges. With numerous Examples. By Stephen Fenwick, Esq., of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. 8vo. 12s.

A NEW FRENCH COURSE, BY MONS. F. E. A. GASC, M.A.

**FIRST French Book;** being a New, Practical, and Easy Method of Learning the Elements of the French Language. *New Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

**French Fables, for Beginners, in Prose,** with an Index of all the words at the end of the work. *New Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 2s.

**Second French Book;** being a Grammar and Exercise Book, on a new and practical plan, and intended as a sequel to the "First French Book." *New Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

**A Key to the First and Second French Books.** Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

**Histoires Amusantes et Instructives;** or, Selections of Complete Stories from the best French Modern Authors who have written for the Young. With English Notes. *New Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

**Practical Guide to Modern French Conversation:** containing:—  
I. The most current and useful Phrases in Every-Day Talk: II. Everybody's Necessary Questions and Answers in Travel-Talk. *New Edition.* Fcap. 2s. 6d.

**French Poetry for the Young.** With English Notes, and preceded by a few plain Rules of French Prosody. Fcap. 8vo. 2s.

**Materials for French Prose Composition;** or, Selections from the best English Prose Writers. With copious Foot Notes, and Hints for Idiomatic Renderings. *New Edition.* Fcap. 8vo. 4s. 6d. Key, 6s.

**Prosateurs Contemporains:** or Selections in Prose, chiefly from contemporary French Literature. With English Notes. Fcap. 8vo. 5s.

**Le Petit Compagnon:** a French Talk-book for Little Children. With 52 Illustrations. 16mo. 2s. 6d.



**THE French Drama**; being a Selection of the best Tragedies and Comedies of Molière, Racine, P. Corneille, T. Corneille, and Voltaire. With Arguments in English at the head of each scene, and Notes, Critical and Explanatory, by A. Gombert. 18mo. Sold separately at 1s. each. Half-bound, 1s. 6d. each.

## COMEDIES BY MOLIERE.

Le Misanthrope.	Les Précieuses Ridicules.
L'Avare.	L'Ecole des Femmes.
Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.	L'Ecole des Maris.
Le Tartuffe.	Le Médecin Malgré Lui.
Le Malade Imaginaire.	M. de Pourceaugnac.
Les Femmes Savantes.	Amphitryon.
Les Fourberies de Scapin.	

## TRAGEDIES, &amp;c. BY RACINE.

La Thébaïde, ou les Frères	Bajazet.
Ennemis.	Mithridate.
Alexandre le Grand.	Iphigénie.
Andromaque.	Phèdre.
Les Plaideurs, (Com.)	Esther.
Britannicus.	Athalie.
Bérénice.	

## TRAGEDIES, &amp;c. BY P. CORNEILLE.

Le Cid.	Pompée.
Horace.	
Cinna.	BY T. CORNEILLE.
Polyeucte.	Ariane.

## PLAYS BY VOLTAIRE.

Brutus.	Le Fanatisme.
Zaire.	Mérope.
Alsière.	La Mort de César.
Orestes.	Semiramis.

**Le Nouveau Trésor**: or, French Student's Companion: designed to facilitate the Translation of English into French at Sight. *Fifteenth Edition*, with Additions. By M. E\*\*\*\* S\*\*\*\*. 12mo. Roan, 3s. 6d.

**A Test-Book for Students**: Examination Papers for Students preparing for the Universities or for Appointments in the Army and Civil Service, and arranged for General Use in Schools. By the Rev. Thomas Stantial, M.A., Head Master of the Grammar School, Bridgewater. Part I.—History and Geography. 2s. 6d. Part II.—Language and Literature. 2s. 6d. Part III.—Mathematical Science. 2s. 6d. Part IV.—Physical Science. 1s. 6d. Or in 1 vol., Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

**Tables of Comparative Chronology**, illustrating the division of Universal History into Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern History; and containing a System of Combinations, distinguished by a particular type, to assist the Memory in retaining Dates. By W. E. Bickmore and the Rev. C. Bickmore, M.A. *Third Edition*. 4to. 5s.

- A Course of Historical and Chronological Instruction.** By W. E. Bickmore. Part 2. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
- A Practical Synopsis of English History; or, A General Summary of Dates and Events for the use of Schools, Families, and Candidates for Public Examinations.** By Arthur Bowes. *Fourth Edition.* 8vo. 2s.
- Under Government: an Official Key to the Civil Service, and Guide for Candidates seeking Appointments under the Crown.** By J. C. Parkinson, Inland Revenue, Somerset House. *Fourth Edition.* Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- The Student's Text-Book of English and General History, from B.C. 100 to the present time. With Genealogical Tables, and a Sketch of the English Constitution.** By D. Beale. *Sixth Edition.* Post 8vo. Sewed, 2s. Cloth, 2s. 6d.
- Chronological Maps.** By D. Beale, author of "The Text-Book of English and General History." No. I. England. 2s. 6d. No. II. Ancient History. 2s. Or bound together in One Vol., 3s. 6d.
- The Elements of the English Language for Schools and Colleges.** By Ernest Adams, Ph.D. University College School. *New Edition, enlarged, and improved.* Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.
- The Geographical Text-Book; a Practical Geography, calculated to facilitate the study of that useful science, by a constant reference to the Blank Maps.** By M. E. . . . 8 . . . . . *Second Edition.* 12mo. 2s.  
II. The Blank Maps done up separately. 4to. 2s. coloured.
- The Manual of Book-keeping; by an Experienced Clerk.** 12mo. *Eighth Edition.* 4s.
- Double Entry Elucidated.** By B. W. Foster. *Ninth Edition* 4to. 8s. 6d.
- The Young Ladies' School Record: or, Register of Studies and conduct.** 12mo. 6d.
- Welchman on the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, with Scriptural Proofs, &c.** 18mo. 2s. or interleaved for Students, 3s.
- Bishop Jewel's Apology for the Church of England, with his famous Epistle on the Council of Trent, and a Memoir.** 32mo. 2s.
- A Short Explanation of the Epistles and Gospels of the Christian Year, with Questions for Schools.** Royal 32mo. 2s. 6d.; calf, 4s. 6d.
- The First Book of Botany. Being a Plain and Brief Introduction to that Science for Schools and Young Persons.** By Mrs. London. Illustrated with 36 Wood Engravings. *Second Edition.* 18mo. 1s.
- English Poetry for Classical Schools; or, Florilegium Poeticum Anglicanum.** *New Edition.* 12mo. 1s. 6d.

## BELL AND DALDY'S ILLUSTRATED SERIES OF SCHOOL BOOKS.



THE Royal Commissioners on Popular Education, in their Report, strongly condemn the dull and desultory character of the School Books ordinarily used for reading-lessons. They point out that the proper object of a reading-lesson is not to impart information on the subject-matter, but to teach intelligent reading; and that this object cannot be attained "unless the book used is thoroughly suited to the child's understanding, and calculated to awaken its interest." They suggest the employment of continuous narratives, in place of those "collections of extracts upon every sort of subject."

The present series is published in accordance with this suggestion. The works are so arranged that the advantages of regular gradation may be secured, and they are classed in six grades, corresponding to the Standards of Examination in Reading under the Revised Code. Each grade will present a variety of books of the same average degree of difficulty. The list will be gradually extended.

The books are rendered still further attractive by numerous highly-finished illustrations by eminent artists.

### GRADE I.

School Primer. 65 Illustrations. 6d.

### GRADE II.

School Reader. By J. Tilleard, Hon. Mem. and Examiner,  
College of Preceptors. Numerous Illustrations. 1s.

Poetry Book for Schools. 37 Illustrations. 1s.

### GRADE III.

The Life of Joseph. 16 Illustrations. 1s.

Scripture Parables. By Rev. J. E. Clarke. 16 Illust. 1s.

Scripture Miracles. By Rev. J. E. Clarke. 16 Illust. 1s.

### GRADE IV.

New Testament History, in Simple Language. By the Rev.  
J. G. Wood, M.A. 16 Illustrations. 1s.

Old Testament History, in Simple Language. By the Rev.  
J. G. Wood, M.A. 17 Illustrations. 1s.

### GRADE V.

The Story of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. 16 Illust. 1s.

### GRADE VI.

Robinson Crusoe. With Illustrations.

[Shortly.

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

[Preparing.

Sandford and Merton.

[Preparing.

Andersen's Tales (Selected). With Illustrations.

[Preparing.

Sketch Book. By Washington Irving.

[Preparing.

Tales of a Traveller. By Washington Irving.

[Preparing.

## COURSE OF INSTRUCTION FOR THE YOUNG, BY HORACE GRANT.



**EXERCISES** for the Improvement of the Senses; for Young Children. 18mo. 1s.

**Geography** for Young Children. *New Edition.* 18mo. 2s.

**Arithmetic** for Young Children. *New Edition.* 18mo. 1s. 6d.

**Arithmetic.** Second Stage. *New Edition.* 18mo. 3s.



## CLARKE'S COMMERCIAL COPY-BOOKS.

Price 4d. A liberal allowance to Schools and Colleges.

The **FIRST** COPY-BOOK contains *elementary turns*, with a broad mark like a T, which divides a well-formed turn into two equal parts. This exercise enables the learner to judge of *form, distance, and proportion*.

The **SECOND** contains *large-hand letters*, and the means by which such letters may be properly combined.

The **THIRD** contains additional *large-hand practice*.

The **FOURTH** contains *large-hand words*, commencing with *unflourished* capitals; and the words being short, the capitals in question receive the attention they demand.

The **FIFTH** contains the essentials of a useful kind of *small-hand*.

The **SIXTH** contains *small-hand copies*, with instructions as to the manner in which the pupil should hold his pen, so that when he leaves school he may not merely have some facility in copying, but really possess the information on the subject of writing which he may need at any future time.

The **SEVENTH** contains the foundation for a style of *small-hand*, adapted to females, *moderately pointed*.

The **EIGHTH** contains copies for females; and the holding of the pen is, of course, the subject to which they specially relate.

*This Series is specially adapted for those who are preparing for a commercial life. It is generally found when a boy leaves school that his writing is of such a character that it is some months before it is available for book-keeping or accounts. The special object of this Series of Copy-Books is to form his writing in such a style that he may be put to the work of a counting-house at once. By following this course from the first the writing is kept free and legible, whilst it avoids unnecessary flourishing.*

## PERIODICALS.



THE Parish Magazine. Edited by J. Erskine Clarke, M.A., Derby. Monthly, price 1d. Volumes for 1859, 1860, 1861, 1862, 1863, and 1864, limp cloth, 1s. 6d.; cloth boards, 2s. each.

The Mission Field: a Monthly Record of the Proceedings of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Vols. II. to IX. post 8vo. 3s. each. (Vol. I. is out of print.) Continued in Numbers, from January, 1864, 1d. each.

The Gospel Missionary. Published for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, Monthly at 3d. Vols. II. to XIV. in cloth, 1s. each. (Vol. I. is out of print.)

\*\* Messrs. Bell and Daldy are Agents for the Publications of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

## RECENT ADDITIONS.

## BOHN'S ROYAL ILLUSTRATED SERIES.



FOOTSTEPS OF OUR LORD and His Apostles in Syria, Greece, and Italy. By W. H. Bartlett. 22 steel engravings, 7s. 6d.

Forty Days in the Desert on the track of the Israelites. By W. H. Bartlett. 27 steel engravings, 7s. 6d.

The Nile Boat; a Glimpse of the Land of Egypt. By W. H. Bartlett. 35 steel engravings, 7s. 6d.

Book of the Passions. By G. P. R. James. With 16 beautiful line engravings, crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Poor Jack. By Captain Marryat, R.N. With 46 illustrations by Clarkson Stanfield, 6s.

History of the Irish Rebellion in 1798. By W. H. Maxwell. With Portraits and Etchings on steel by G. Cruikshank, 7s. 6d.

Leila; or, the Siege of Granada, and Calderon the Courtier. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. 8vo. 6s.

Wanderings and Excursions in North and South Wales. By Thomas Roscoe. With routes, and 100 line engravings, 2 vols. crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. each.

Andersen's Tales for Children. Translated by A. Wehnert. With 105 illustrations by E. H. Wehnert, W. Thomas, and others. Uniform with the above. Crown 8vo. Cloth, gilt edges. 7s. 6d.

Political Philosophy. By Henry Lord Brougham, F.R.S. 3 vols. 8vo. 21s.

A Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. By Michael Bryan. New Edition, revised, enlarged, and continued to the present time, by George Stanley. Imp. 8vo. 42s.



- The image consists of a solid black vertical bar positioned along the left edge of a white background. The bar is uniform in width and height, extending from the top to the bottom of the frame.